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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

VOLUME LXXVII.

FIFTH SERIES, VOLUME XV.

JULY, SEPTEMBER, NOVEMBER, 1864.

"Porro si sapientia Deus est, verus philosophus est amator Dei."—ST. AUGUSTINE.

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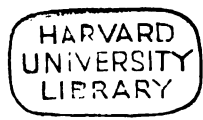
1864.

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West Ford

July 5th
1864



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THE

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THOS. B. FOX,
JOS. HENRY ALLEN,

Boston, March 1, 1864.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1864.

ART. I.—CHARACTER AND HISTORICAL POSITION OF
THEODORE PARKER.

Life and Correspondence of Theodore Parker, Minister of the Twenty-eighth Congregational Society, Boston. By JOHN WEISS. In Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

THEODORE PARKER was an American of Americans. No man in the nation was more penetrated with the idea of the national life; none was either more intrepid and assiduous or more efficient in its propagation. It seems, therefore, somewhat less than fitting that his *Life* should come before the American people only as a re-impression, slightly mutilated, from foreign plates; above all, when the peculiar circumstances of the republic are taken into account. We could have wished, also, that these goodly volumes might issue from the city that will be associated with his name so long as either endures,—the city which gave him so much of both love and hate, and to which he gave so much both of love and of reproof,—the city that first afforded him a hearing and a publisher,—the city that, with all its faults, has done more to nourish ideas than all the other cities of America together,—from conservative, radical, earnest, indispensable Boston.

But we are thankful for the book, come whence it may, and are not ungrateful to the love and labor which have given it to the world.

It is a book of much positive merit and of marked imperfection. It is evidently the work of a man whose abilities are

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brilliant, whose heart was in his labor, who has courage to speak his mind, and whose fitness for this particular task is in some respects peculiar : and one would give evidence of prejudice not to bestow upon it and on the writer some cordiality of admiration.

But Mr. Weiss's nature differs radically from that of Mr. Parker ; and though his capability of dramatic sympathy is quite unusual, it cannot perfectly bridge, or rather no more than bridge, the dissociating space between them. Parker kept the broad, beaten highway of humanity, always and inevitably ; Mr. Weiss is fond of separate and select ways. Parker was plain, direct, sometimes bold and blunt ; Mr. Weiss is nice, curious, fanciful. Parker, with all his immense learning, was solely intent on moral and practical results. In him the tastes of the scholar were to the interests of the man as one to a thousand ; he lived and loved more than he learned, and the eye of his hope and endeavor was ever on the *life* of mankind : so that his place is less among men of letters than among the great workers, — the men who aim at effects in history, and who hardly know how to value their own lives save with reference to these effects. Mr. Weiss is an intellectualist ; the tastes of the scholar and man of thought are in him predominating forces.

This difference appears in the styles of the two men. Parker's style may be compared to a soldier on a campaign, making forced marches to meet the enemy : the beads of sweat are on his brow, the dust is on his garments, attitude is not considered ; he is intent only on keeping his place, getting over the ground, and reaching the goal in season ; manner is nothing, result everything. Mr. Weiss's style may be compared to a soldier on dress parade, who is there legitimately, is not incited by vanity, but with whom manner is itself the chief result. His style has point and brilliancy, but lacks the capital merit of simplicity. Its point is not simple and effective, like that of a sword, but multiple, like the facets of a diamond on which the lapidary has labored. Hence the spirit of the two men is unlike to the last degree ; and only Mr. Weiss's social geniality, and his remarkable power of placing himself in mental positions foreign to his own, enable him to enter as he does into the character of his subject.

Again, Parker had a genius for letter-writing ; his broad and warm nature bred confidence ; his salient action made him conspicuous ; and his correspondence is, accordingly, full and rich, to the point of wonder. But it followed, of course, from this, that much was intrusted to him which should not be intrusted to the public. His own heart, moreover, was very near his lips, so that all its moods and heats were reflected in his speech. And as moral irascibility was one of the marked features of his character, his heart-beats were sudden and great. Hence his biographer finds great wealth of material, but also great demand for discretion in its use. This demand we think he does not fully meet. A little more of kindly and judicious reserve might have been brought to Mr. Parker's letters, and the privacy of his correspondents might have been more respected. Yet the principle upon which Mr. Weiss acted, that of a brave frankness, is one which healthy feeling and sound literary taste must alike approve.

The method and arrangement of the book we cannot praise. The abandonment of chronological order, and the attempt to distribute the correspondence under topics, would be of doubtful advantage in any case, but seems strictly inadmissible in the present case. It might be judicious when the writer was personally of small consequence, and where his circumstances gave to his letters an importance which belonged not to himself ; but we cannot think it judicious where the subject of the biography is personally worthy of a biography. We wish to know Theodore Parker ; we would gladly trace his spiritual progress from year to year ; but in the present work one obtains a total picture of the man at any given time only with extreme difficulty, only by collating passages from the full extent of two volumes. However, the author had a right to adopt the plan which seemed to him best, and criticism of it is, after all, matter of opinion only. But when chronological order is *needlessly* sacrificed the case is different, and we are obliged to confess our inability to see why the letters from the West Indies, for example, (one case out of many,) should not have followed the order of time. In truth, and to make a clean breast of it, we find the work in this respect not only unsatisfactory, but a little exasperating, and must needs won-

der that a man of Mr. Weiss's quality should have suffered it to assume sometimes a shape so nearly chaotic.

There are those who find the tone of the author nettling, irritating. Mr. Weiss, doubtless, will feel this complaint to be wholly groundless; but it is not so. He habitually argues sarcastically, and his sarcasm is rather stinging than crushing. It is not made grave and warm, like Parker's, by being saturated with moral passion, but is a kind of cool and gay torturing of his opponents. He presents their position as *contemptible*, and that is what men are least disposed to endure, and least bettered by enduring.

These faults would have spoiled the work of most men; they leave Mr. Weiss's work still attractive, in some respects admirable. His mind, to say the least, borders upon genius; and his intellect is so bright and vivid, his interest in his task so generous, his understanding of Parker's *theoretical* position so clear, and his dash and daring make him so brilliant at a charge, that his pages enchain even those whom they displease. Between his own character and that of his subject there is antipodal space; but he has a large infusion of the proper biographical genius, — the ability to assume and realize the mental position of another, — and thus the distance is well bridged, though beneath the bridge roll deep and sundering seas. In fine, his book is one which electrifies, delights, instructs, and vexes his readers.

“Here lies our good Edmund, whose genius was such,
We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much!”

I.

Theodore Parker was not a nice “model man,” but a broad, deep, rugged, bounteous nature, full of heart and religion, full of duty, belief, and spiritual daring. He was also a cardinal character in his time, and was placed in that very position, perhaps, where the largest door into the future might open upon him. In understanding ample and active, without pure speculative genius; in moral insight and intrepidity a man of the prophetic order; in duty exceeding; in love a great sea; and in religious sentiment an original testimony of Nature, — he is not fully explained even by this enumeration of his qual-

ities. The further fact about him is, that he was one of the few *inevitable* men. This fact gives to every other trait a new significance, vastly augmenting its import. He was not this or that, according to the wind and weather of his age, but a predetermined nature, the great breath of whose spirit must sooner or later blow down the rudest gale of his time. He is a Nature: he makes his own weather, and shines or thunders by a native law. The tide of his spiritual destiny, like that of the sea, obeys an influence which is beyond both the clearness and the cloud of earthly atmospheres; and though his ebb and flood might be affected, they could neither be induced nor forbidden by aught that the atmosphere of the day should breed.

Accordingly, he is designed to subserve the larger economies in history; not nice, but nobly efficient. Some men are mounds artificially made, merely superimposed upon the surface, pleasant to see, but only pleasant to see. Others are fertile fields, also pleasant to the eye, and moreover opulent of ordinary uses, rich in corn and wine. Another is a mountain range, with Rhines, Amazons, Missouris running down his rocky slopes, and going to water continents; with roots, too, that reach down and clutch the heart of the planet, communicating with her central fires. Theodore Parker was one of those mountain spirits, made to stand high and intercept the clouds, bringing down rain for the people. He did not originate the rain; that was the work of subtler and more diffusive minds, that answer to sunshine and the laws of evaporation,—minds that give to the skies of history their blue, and to dawn and sunset their amber, their scarlet, and gold. He was simply a great condenser of sky-truths; he was an originator only in the fields of use; but he was appointed to the uses, not of a day or year, but of the centuries.

There are those who refuse enough to extend their survey to take in the greater economies of the world. They have no more comprehensive brain than that which resides in their fingers' ends, and determines smoothness. To such men (and they are many) moral smoothness and Christian character are one and the same. To these Nature is an enigma, and one that they never guess. They are astonished that the earth, being made by a "good" God, should have icy poles and burning

tropics, — for they never go beyond the fact that ice is cold and that heat is hot. This so absorbs them that they have no eye for the greater, but remoter fact, that on this polar cold and tropic heat depend the rising and condensing of vapors and the circulation of winds, without which the air were not sweet nor the earth green. But only by that extension of view which such men decline is it possible to understand Parker; for he is a noble human energy rather than an ornamental figure, — rather an engine to drive wheels of saving duty in history than a statuette to place upon a bracket.

The world, with its dress-coat prescription of fashions to the soul, is always respectably intolerant of natures shaped by another hand than that of the time. But men who are epochal forces in faith and morals meet an unusual share of this supercilious reception. We should all know this well enough. What origin has Protestantism, to go no further back? Every child in New England knows that it dates from a man whom the great majority of the "religious world" prayed against in his time with all fervency and persistence of supplication. How many millions of honest prayers went up daily for thirty years, that God would "put a hook" in Luther's jaws! Alas! his torical examples liberate no man from the dominion of custom and his own conceit; for the ability to apply, the ability really to *see* them, is consequent upon a liberation already attained.

But there are kinds of spiritual power and productiveness to which Christendom is worse than indifferent or unfriendly: it positively excludes them, either by a dogma of its faith or by an assumption of its scepticism. Against mind and soul of the prophetic or revealing order, our time has issued a prohibition under penalty. In this prohibition two opposite classes concur, — traditional believers and bigoted modernists, Calvin and Comte, Vinet and Voltaire. The materialistic *savans* esteem all utterance out of the ~~deeps~~ of supernatural law as delusion, pardonable in the world's children, not pardonable in its adult minds. The ecclesiastical party, professing orthodoxy, has closed, bolted, barred, and set a seal on the gates of inspiration; and, were an angel from heaven to fly over them, it must greet him only with anathemas.

This, as we read, is a state of things which actually never

existed in this world until after the advent of European Protestantism. Everywhere else it has been admitted that the Absolute Intelligence has, or may have, a vital representation on earth. The admission might, indeed, be practically limited nearly to the point of nullity; the criteria connected with it might be absurd; but the gates of inspiration were theoretically left open, though a blind and doting porter had them in charge.

It was left for European Protestantism to say to God, "Enough!" It was left for this to put a legal injunction upon the inspirations of the Holy Ghost, and to make a Caspar Hauser of the highest intelligence of the human soul. Protestantism says to each young and glowing human spirit, "Think from your finite intelligence only, and you shall be reputable in this life and happy in the life to come. Try to think from God, and you shall be infamous here and damned hereafter." And then it marvels that materialism increases! Isaac Taylor openly welcomes any "motive of secular interest" which shall load man's thought and keep it from soaring, openly acknowledges that it is with him and his a desideratum to "cloud" the eye of human intelligence, to "impair," "blunt," "break" the higher powers of intellect, and to divert the aspiration for pure truth into the paths of selfish ambition!*

Yea, clip your goodly cedars, O Protestantism! Truncate, keep them down, make them ground creepers, if you can! Give them all liberty to grow laterally; praise them while they only spread about the earth; but if they *will* tower, if they will climb toward heaven, then cut them down root and branch, and cast them into unquenchable fire!

It is a new thing on this earth, unknown in human history until now, that intellect should be encouraged, praised, rewarded, so long as it will consent to be secular; and should be excommunicated so soon as, *without abatement of intrepidity*, it turns to the sacred problems of faith and duty. It is a new thing that "Religion" herself should curse an eye that looks bravely up, and bless one that looks down. It is a new thing,

* Natural History of Enthusiasm, pp. 82, 86.

doubt it who may, that it should be "infidel" to hear God's living voice with the living ear, and see his flame-garment with the living eye, and to put off the shoes because *this* also is holy ground; while it is "believing" to deny that speaking voice and luminous presence, and to limit the Spirit of Truth to mere correction of proof-sheets; — new that it should be unchristian to do as Christ did, and Christian to do as the Pharisees did, — unchristian to believe with Christ that light ever comes from heaven and fills him whose eye is single, and Christian to believe with the Pharisees and Isaac Taylor in a purely "documentary religion."

Well, here is a man who will assert the ancient eternal privilege of the soul. Here is a cedar that will grow toward heaven in the goodly fashion of early times, a cedar that no clipping can convert into a ground-creeper, and that no iron nor lightning of the time can lay low; — not elegant; knotted and gnarled, hacked and scarred; betraying the wounding of that time whose wounding it defies; nevertheless a cedar that will lift itself on this Lebanon of the new world, and stand, be it to bear the brunt of winter storm or to drink in the shine of summer days, high, broad, and green in the skies of to-day.

An inevitable man, then; inevitable in high directions; inhabited by an irrepressible "Thus saith the Lord." A man born to break through the fatal limitations of Protestantism, and to break through *on the side of duty and belief*.

Note next that the *quantity* of the man is prodigious. All his brooks are torrents, and all his rivers Missouriis; his ounce is another's ton, and his handful freights a ship. When to repose after study another would yawn in den or shade, he leaps over a table or two and a few chairs. If he would recreate himself by walking, he makes journeys to weary a horse. If he read, it must be by the hundred volumes. His love and his wrath, his faith and his fun, are immense. Instead of merely pointing his finger when he would say to wicked power, "Thou art the man," he fetches the culprit a buffet, that sets his ears beating a tattoo on their own drums! He loves God, he loves his friends and mankind, with such enormous heart-fuls of piety, affection, duty, and devotion, as are truly amazing. Quantity, — we are to carry the sense of this into all that is said of him.

These are the most general facts concerning him. And now coming to more precise analysis, we find the tap-root of the man to be *Religion* in the pure sense of the word. What is that sense? Surely not Schleiermacher's. Schleiermacher's definition of religion as a "sense of dependence" is well known and widely accepted; it was accepted, though provisionally, by Parker himself. It is here set aside. A mere selfish sense of dependence, — religion that? A man will be religious then in the measure of his weakness. But this is just what Plato's Polus and the brutal scoffers of all ages have pretended. They have stigmatized religion and morality alike as *weak* forms of selfishness, the product of man's imbecility, not of his power.

We think otherwise. We think religion the most powerful *achievement* of the human soul, the expression of man's vicegerency, or mediate sovereignty, in Nature; and it is in this profounder sense that Parker is here pronounced eminently and originally religious. He felt, that is, the presence in and above Nature of a Spirit cognate with his own, though infinitely superior. He *felt* this living mystery of the universe; he knew it as lovable, awful. His soul spontaneously built altars to this adorable, kindred Presence; claiming kindred in the lowliness of worship, and receiving acknowledgment of its claim in the fruitful following of that act.

It is this spontaneous enthronement of Personality above Nature, which, in our estimation, constitutes the pith of religion. The sense of dependence is one among several natural feelings which are exalted and made human by the virtue of this supreme act. An act it is, not a speech or thought; but could it resolve itself into speech, it would say, "There is an Essence whom these elements obey; it is akin to the essence of Me; and how to be loved and feared!"

In the sovereign dignity of that act man rises out of the servitude of nature. In that act he strikes the connection between earth and heaven, and becomes himself the mediation between them. In that, his forehead touches the stars, and a more exalted sense of his being renders him for the first time capable of humility.

Now, in Parker the pure religious consciousness exists in

great power. He is one of the generative centres of it in his time. It vitalizes all his other powers, and is an atmosphere and aroma about him. The central experience of the human race is thus not only central, but predominant in him. Hence in his speech a charm for men's hearts, of which the intellectual contest gives no hint.

To no man is the religious consciousness wanting, but in most it awaits social and sympathetic provocation. Hence the phenomena of "revivals," which bring out, by sympathetic heat, this invisible writing,—connecting it, alas! with much that can only in a very hot-headed state be believed. But Parker was one of the few men who are *creatively* religious. This profoundest element of the human consciousness awaits in him no social solicitation, but pushes forth from his very cradle, and enriches the customs of the world with new suggestions. He is one of the ganglia of this great sympathetic cord. It is no revivalistic spasm, but natural as *avoids*.

This masculine element of religion, this inward affirmation of universality, is beautifully accompanied, also, with its feminine correlative, the sentiment of piety. This is that reverential and affectionate dutifulness with which every being really human responds to the sense of his origin. It considers man as the receiver of his life, and divinely ennobles that sense of reception. And how sweetly it shows in this stalwart Parker! He has it in all womanly tenderness, this rugged man. In all loving fidelity and reverence he remembers father and mother, thinks of the human race, our common terrestrial parent, and looks up to his Infinite Parentage. In that "Father *and* Mother in heaven" of his, what love and duty! A shade of the pedagogic in his tone always; but always, too, such tender cordiality! In the cognate sentiment of *pity* he is perhaps equally rich. He commiserates, feels the wrongs of others as his own, feels, and feels nobly and tenderly, his community with his kind.

What vast tropic lovingness in the man, too, and what appetite for love! "The most loving soul of his century," writes to us one who knew him well; loving with brain and blood, with heart and soul. Mr. Weiss has taken affectionate pains to bring out this trait. It was well to give it prominence; for

few guessed what a warm woman's heart was hidden under the defiant exterior of this Ajax. Most men thought him an infidel pachyderm, all hide and hideousness, unfeeling, — him! They shot their arrows; he fell not, staggered not, nor writhed. They put poison on the barb, some of them, and then shot again; and again he gave them no comforting sign. And then they said, "Behold, he hath a devil, and the hardness of hell is upon him." And they saw not that every arrow went deep into a heart that loved greatly, and greatly hungered for love; and that only the vast heats of faith and duty consumed it and its venom away, and only the vast vitality of his believing soul healed the wounds, — leaving, however, scars. The last time, save one, that we heard him speak, was at a Lyceum lecture in Newburyport. He had then made no confession of physical weakness, and he hammered his reformatory iron as usual, with stout, ringing blows. But all through the lecture our thought was, how scarred with the wounding of many this large heart is! And we gave him inward tears and love. But an admirable woman near by saw the scars also, and thought them native deformities, and hated him. Nature is a painter to whom no Cromwell need say, "If you leave out the scars, I will pay you nothing." But in the eyes of Eternity the wounds that love and duty take, only because they *are* love and duty, are not deformities, — somewhat very different from that!

His moral vigor, again, is so great, that we think it must constitute him a feature of world-history, one of the ever-memorable men. Morality is duty interpreted and generalized by reason. One interpretation of it is given by immemorial custom. It is that to which the world has half seen, half groped its way; and it has this great practical advantage, that the inertia of men, and equally their appetite for approval and reward, favor their obedience to it. Morality of this half-indolent and half-interested kind is common; but a morality which has a purely spontaneous origination in an individual soul is not common. A morality which is wholly independent and active, a divine production of law in the heart of one man, is very rare. Rarer still, however, is that which distinguishes Parker, namely, a production of law, which is not only individual and spontaneous, but of power to go forth and vivify the

torpid earth of crowds, lifting the morality of an entire nation to higher levels. A genuine lawgiver once more.

There is, too, in this man a daring and indomitable love of truth, not often found among men. He will not lie to others, whether by speech or by silence; he will not palter with himself. He will know what he believes; he will say what he believes. Neither by fear to think nor by haste to reach results, neither by fear nor by haste to utter his thought, can his determined truthfulness be balked. The whole brood of mock-beliefs, make-beliefs, half-beliefs, he chases scornfully out of his soul; his fan is in his hand, and he winnows away at the chaff of consecrated verbiage and ceremonial faith with the zeal of an autumn gale. It comes of this truthfulness that he does not succeed at first in writing sermons. His slowly-ripening nature had not arrived at active and individual belief; and though he accepted conscientiously at that time the creed of his teachers, yet this mere conscience-belief chose to speak briefly, as conscience ever does. *I ought* is but two words. Rightly pronounced, indeed, and with due application, it would shake down half the pulpits of Christendom, and scare the well-dressed worshippers from their tottering sanctuaries. But before these applications can be attained, it must be multiplied by another factor, namely, *I see*, and for vision Parker was then waiting. But when the electrical connection between sight and duty had been struck, then indeed came the thunder and sky-flame and rain of believing words. No difficulty in sermonizing then!

Nothing shows in a stronger light this love of truth, than its power to cope with his most impetuous and consecrated prepossessions. He wars for the rights of the negro; consumes his heart's blood in the ardor of that battle; then goes dying to the West Indies, and observes the negro with an air of utter moral disengagement, intent only on seeing what he is, not on seeing somewhat to justify that faith and labor of his life. "Slow; a loose-jointed sort of animal; a great child." Wagner, Port Hudson, the expedition up the St. Mary's, the marches of the Peninsula, the bringing out of the "Planter," the schools of Port Royal, and much else which has taken place in the century (for America) since Theodore Parker died,

would have shown him that this "animal" has a faculty, upon occasion, of bestirring himself to eminent purpose ; but the ingenuousness of the observation remains, however its correctness be impugned. Did ever before a furnace-hot propagandist stand so coolly and faithfully aloof from his prepossessions in observing facts ?

There is a love of truth which is exclusive, jealous, sour, a Turk in the soul that endures no brother near the throne. In its jealousy of rivals and its zeal to propitiate the gods of the understanding, it immolates intuition, imagination, sentiment, every finer suggestion, every subtlest power of the soul. It is not rare in our day, and is a pretty miserable virtue. Looking on this sour sciolism, one grows charitable toward the will-belief, half-belief, ceremonial belief, word-belief, which were somewhat less than tolerable to him before. He perceives that the virtue of the world is to a great degree parcelled out between opposites, and that a narrow, "grumpy," low-headed fidelity to truth of the understanding is fairly enough offset by a hoodwinked, forced, or feather-headed fidelity to the traditional suggestion of those supreme truths which the former denies or ignores.

But in Parker this love of truth was warm, sweet, and believing, — how warm ! It did not name religion superstition, nor faith folly, nor sentiment childishness. However he might depart from the customary creeds, or make war upon them, it was ever as a *believer* that he strove. His reason was faithful to his heart, yet none the less faithful to itself. The great heats of heart-belief kept his whole being aglow ; the great impulses of it ran in spring-tides through his veins ; but his faithfulness to rational truth was not overwhelmed, was not imperilled, was not impressed with any fear of rivalry. So strong and sure, so deep and sane it was, that no doubt of itself made it doubtful of other powers, no mixture of impurity put it jealously on its guard, and troubled its harmony with religion, duty, faith, and all forces of the heart.

Add to these characteristics yet another, namely, his *simpli-city of spirit*. This should be noted well ; for much, nay, everything in his action depended largely upon it. As to the mode of obtaining truth, for example, he has, and can have,

no sickly modern dubitations. "God has given me an intelligence; my business is to use it honestly." Vain the effort to invalidate his trust in it. "God has given it me"; that is his answer. Pour on him threats of *post mortem* perditions; they run off like rain from the feathers of an eider duck. "God does not bestow powers, and then punish their use." Try to breed in him a suspicion of some double-dealing in Eternal Nature; tell him that eyes are given man in order that he may practise self-denial by closing them, and assure him that this voluntary blindness is "faith": vain again. "Eyes are put in the front of the head that man may walk *forward*; and an intelligence is given his soul that he may look before him and see the truth." The disastrous muddle of modern self-questioning has no place in him. He ignores it by an intrepid simplicity. Always and inevitably he takes the universe simply, believingly. Truth is that which the mind *troweth*; Parker's business is to trow, and he honestly attends to it; and any misgiving lest God should not keep *troth* with the human soul, should not justify the faculties he has given, is foreign, infinitely foreign, from his heart.

In fact, it is this indomitable, trustful simplicity of soul which chiefly makes him Theodore Parker. One answer to one question at that Delphos of the universe, the believing heart of man, suffices him. God's Yea is with him Yea. He does not pause to ask, Meanest thou as thou sayest? Sayest thou as thou seemest to say? May I believe? He *does* believe. He hears and goes. Nor does he go and then return to see if the Eternal was sincere with him, or continues of the same mind: he goes, content, sure; he is answered, it is enough.

This simplicity makes his speed. His was not a winged intelligence, it was not even swift of foot. It was slow, and toiled with prodigious labor to its results. It was an old English staghound, powerful, indefatigable, of a long scent, slow-footed. But it lost no time, wasted no effort. He took the scent and followed it, steady-paced, deep-breathed, undoubting. No question arises in him whether this scent be not deceiving, given him not to be trusted, but to be "humbled." This is the philosophy of the man, to take the universe at its

word, to take it simply, to believe that the spiritual powers of man are given him for simple, straight-forward, trustful use. He flies toward the tropic of the soul, and attains it, because, like a bird in its migration, he flies simply, believingly. Not fleet, and yet ever first at the goal.

It is the sceptic turnings and returnings of men, their hesitation and half-action, that defraud them of the fruit of effort. They ask a hundred questions, and have not faith to receive one answer. They draw back to make a leap, and then — draw back again. They think, and then think whether thinking is justifiable, and then think whether the word *justifiable* stands for something or nothing, and so breed in and in until their thoughts come to cretinism. Parker thought — and believed. He no more distrusted the data furnished by the soul and the history of man, than an eagle distrusts its eyesight, or a hound its sense of smell. Simplicity is his speed.

These are the major facts of his character. But there were secondary traits which so strongly influenced both his methods and his reception, that no account of him would be at all complete without statement of these.

The most important of them has been once named already. It is Moral Irascibility. He is *wroth* with wrong. All his blood rises up in choler against it. This is, indeed, but the chief aspect of a more general fact, namely, that in him ideas are associated with vast temperamental heat. All action of his mind is attended with a great combustion. In his prayers, in his affirmation of God and immortality, in all his expression of duty, piety, religion, one ever perceives the mingling of this sanguineous heat. One might compare him, too, to a steam-engine constructed on the high-pressure principle; a certain escape of steam attends its action, fuel being abundant in these regions. His uncontainable ire at injustice is a particular expression of this great temperamental combustion and high-pressure make, in their connection with a soul whose sense of justice is illimitable.

The taste of the time goes against moral passion. It is esteemed “unchristian.” An honorable, but worldly, gentleman once told us of seeing Parker at a time when his indignation was kindled, and described the expression of choler on his

countenance as evidence of his unholiness. Other times have thought differently. The Hebrew writers do not scruple to ascribe anger to the Eternal, nor to give of it the intensest physical description. They surely felt that anger *may* be among the holiest of emotions, and its visible symbols among the most honorable. Who says that Christianity has changed all this? Let him read the twenty-third of Matthew, with its consuming invective, — directed, observe, against the most reputable religionists of that day, — and forbear to intimate that Christianity presents moral passion, or its utmost issue in words, as an offence.

Parker was a *soldier* of Truth and Right. The decorums of the battle-field are his. No doubt those who opposed him, especially in theology, were often honest, pious men; and now that the fray is over, not a word of opprobrium shall be uttered against them. But he was *in* the fight, not *out* of it. Driven on by the vast heats of his believing spirit, and struck at on all sides by the crowding and mingling hands of piety and impiousness, of those whose thoughts were prayers, and of those whose thoughts were blasphemies, could he pause to make nice distinctions? Could he afford, like Hamlet, to take in his hand only a foil with a button on the end of it? No, with him it was real battle, God's battle. He must on and lay about him, two-handed and terrible. The spirit of the Lord came upon him, and he hewed the Agag of the time in pieces; but it was an Agag in armor, not in chains, and he struck for life in striking for truth and Heaven. Off the battle-field and without occasion, to prick one even with a pin is brutal; but in fight the warrior shall cleave his foe to the chin, and be not only blameless, but glorious. That which Parker did in the height of his imperative and imperial moral passion we do not apologize for; our aim is simply to make him intelligible. To defame him with weak excusing were worse than the bitterest of direct reproach.

Observe, however, that this element of moral passion has never been absent from any man who has made a profound and *immediate* moral impression on mankind. Luther, as everybody knows, was a very caldron of it. It places a man *en rapport* with the moral sense of masses in an immediate, semi-

physical way, almost without the intervention of intellect. Its expressions are a kind of gesticulation, which is universally understood, not demanding the delay of definite thought. The *action, action, action* of Demosthenes is well enough known, but seldom well enough interpreted. It is a truth, not merely of the forum, but of history. The highest power, not only of oratorical persuasion, but of initiating currents of tendency in history, is not intellectual, still less rhetorical. So far from residing in words or figures of speech, it resides not even in thoughts, not even in ideas as shaped by intellect and uttered by the voice. Ever it issues from action *which contains passion*. This is eloquence, this the fountain of persuasion. *Contains* passion, observe. If the action be shattered, be deformed by the passion, and spill it helplessly about, instantly eloquence ceases; but action which is continent, while full of passion, carries almost irresistible persuasion. Yet while duly contained, the passion must utter itself as passion,—always by some *cry*, some form of the primitive, sympathetic, inarticulate sign-language of mankind.

If now this be a passion of the *soul*; if it come as a wind or blast out of the spiritual being of man, out of the world of ideas, then does it blow against the mountain-tops of man's life such vapors as quickly descend in rain, and roll in rivers, giving growth to cities and green to hemispheres. Accordingly, it will be found that ideas never become popular forces in history, save through the medium either of words or events which carry this impassioned persuasion. The hemlock of Socrates has done more even than the genius of Plato to make Platonists. It is not the preaching, it is the cross, of Jesus which has converted the world: and Paul followed the sure instinct of the orator when he preached, not definite thoughts, but a Person, and him suffering. This, too, explains the force which the imagination of the passion of God has had in the modern world. Men cling to the doctrine of vicarious atonement ostensibly, not really, from affection to the legal fiction it contains, but in truth because the imagination of a suffering God moves and fertilizes them beyond their power to be moved by articulate ideas.

Thus the element of moral passion in Parker was indispen-

sable to his work. It might put choler in his countenance, but it also put there the working which wrought upon the people. It might make his words fire to scathe, but it likewise made them flame to illumine. It gave him power to convey moral ideas to men, not merely through their faculty of thinking, which is in most men small, but as it were through their nerves and pores.

We ourselves participate in the infirmity of modern culture, and have but a feeble taste for these stormy methods. But Parker, with all his learning, was ever more a *nature* than a scholar, ever chiefly an elemental force in history. We are to judge him, and be grateful for him, accordingly. Were his words, like Luther's, half-battles? Well, we have to-day the *whole* battle; and it is, for the most part, *on the same field, and with the same occasion*. He preoccupied that battle-field by moral foresight. Fifteen years before the nation, he was in the thick of the nation's fight; he lived in the thick of it, sleeping only upon his arms; the cannon of the enemy roared upon him, he was wounded with their shot; if half-battle damn him, what will whole battle, and on the same field, do for the nation?

We are next to notice his Humor, which also had much effect on his methods and on the welcome and the blame which he received. "His temperament," says Mr. Cranch brightly, "seemed one charged with electricity, so that he was literally *snapping* at times with sparks of fun and satire." Everything in him was tinged with the hues of this element. One saw it strangely inwrought with the rugged, solemn earnestness of his features; one heard it subtly relieving the peculiar inward resonance of his voice, with its deep gravity, that else would have been sombre; "it twinkled continually" in his intent, serious gray eyes, which none the less told of the weighty experience of his soul, — told that they had seen God in the great light, and seen also and defied the powers that dwell in darkness; "it lurked about the corners of his mouth," but took nothing from its tenderness in love, nor its strength and vigor in resolve. As a relief from the prodigious labors of his life, this became hilarious fun and drollery; he sat as in a cloud of laughing fancies; all the quaint sprites were at his call, and came in crowds.

He was, if he chose, a capital mimic. In the early days of "Spiritualism" (properly *Spiritism*), he, with some younger friends, was journeying in a stage-coach in company with a venerable clerical gentleman, who was among the first converts to the *spiritist* faith. The venerable gentleman was airing his convictions, when suddenly, without a word of preliminary, Parker seemed to be taken possession of by the spirit of a deceased *clericus* known to both parties; for he began speaking in the exact tone of this personage, giving, without a moment's hesitation, the most precise and detailed account of his whereabouts, and of his history since he "passed on"; and through all he observed so exquisitely this person's tone of thought and feeling, while observing also the proprieties of the spiritist doctrine, that the whole party were amazed. The venerable convert's delight was, however, quite equal to his astonishment; and when Parker passed suddenly to a second, and then to a third, and then to a fourth representation, giving them all with the same gravity and felicity, his elderly friend was in raptures, and cried out, "Had I doubted before, this would have ended my doubt forever!" The rest of the party, who were not spiritists, were dumbfounded, and began to think they must succumb to the new doctrine. But when one of them soon after met the "medium" on a pleasure excursion, and asked him about it, he confessed it a pleasantry. But those who knew him most intimately knew best the wealth of this humorous suffusion; for it mingled chiefly with his love. He gradually came to operate around him an elaborate dramatic machinery, so that his intercourse with household friends became *plays*. He had an imaginary society, "The Society," and loaded its personages, in a kind of De-Foe-Shakespeare style, with his most familiar communications. "Ruskin must be very innocent to have such animal spirits with so slender a stock of health," said to us an English philosopher; and we never knew how utter was Parker's innocence before learning of this irrepressible loving sportiveness of his most private life.

But it was this element which, in combination with moral passion, made that white-hot sarcasm with which, like Hercules, he seared the heads of the dragon. It was of vast service to him. It lightened, without lessening, the gravity of his thought;

it seasoned the simplicity of his style; it mollified, and yet winged, his invective; and last, but not least, it was the cork, the buoyancy, by whose aid his heart swam through the great sea of its surging experience.

Complaint is made of his sarcasm. As well complain of oak bark for being astringent, or of oak limbs for being angular. Where his wrath at wrong is, there *must* his humor be also. He is mostly unconscious of it. He denies being satirical in his serious writing; says his sole aim is to state the exact truth. Some marvel at this disclaimer. They do not know their man.

Last of these modifying qualities we name his love of homeliness. "Homeliness," says Thoreau, "is next to beauty, and a very high art." It is ingrained in Parker. His features are homely. Beneath a noble cranium and a broad forehead that presses down low upon the face, with Coleridge's "weighty thought-ridge above the brows," there are cheek-bones a little prominent; a sufficient nose, somewhat short on the vertical line of the face, and a very little *retroussé*; a lower lip that slightly pushes out its protest; a chin which is in comparison with this somewhat, not very noticeably, retreating; while in every feature there is rugged strength, and over all a suffusion of heroic intensity.

His style corresponds to this noble head and these rugged, intense, homely features. Along with his mental power and rhetorical affluence there is always a plain, blunt, homely simplicity. He likes plain words, steeped, if possible, in homely, motherly affections. He says "baby" instead of "babe," or "infant." He likes "handsome" better than "beautiful"; will talk of "handsome" fields, flowers, hills, even of "handsome" sunsets and stars!

Hence he uses a larger proportion of Saxon words than any other writer, perhaps, of his time. Fifteen years ago, having often heard Daniel Webster commended for the Saxon simplicity of his style, we instituted a comparison between him and Parker, adding also Sumner, taking for comparison Sumner's "True Grandeur of Nations," Parker's "Sermon of the Mexican War," and some principal speech of Webster's, we have now forgotten which. To the best of our recollec-

tion the result was as follows: in one hundred words of Parker, from eighty-eight to ninety-one were Saxon; in one hundred of Webster, from eighty-three to eighty-five; in one hundred of Sumner's, from seventy-one to seventy-four.

But the homely simplicity was not in his vocabulary alone; it was in the structure of his sentences, in his thought and feeling; it gives to his humor its touch of the grotesque, and it places him *en rapport* with the heart of the people. The people knew their man. How he grappled them to him! What a popularizer he was! When shall we again see the like of him? The Hogarth of theological and moral controversy, the De Foe of religious philosophy, — every thought and feeling of his held natural connection with the thought and heart of the people, of the best among the many. All his mental power, all his wealth of heart, would have fallen short of its popular effect without this element of homeliness, this homely truth, this homely lovingness, this homely sympathy with the heart and experience of mankind.

It accounts, they say, for the popularity of some writers, that they keep down to the level of average feeling and intelligence. Parker did *not* keep down to any such level. He towered high, he stood at a mountain height of moral elevation; but the more he towered, the more spread his Alpine base in the bosom of our average humanity; so that the better heart of the people lay lovingly, like secondary strata, against his descending sides.

And now, in conclusion of this personal analysis, we must pass to an estimation of his intellect, the most difficult clause in the present portion of our task.

Mass, Energy, and Steadiness are the chief characteristics of his mind. His understanding, that is, excels rather by quantity than by quality. Of course, this is a rude distinction; but it will serve. He has the intellect, in other words, rather of a statesman, man of affairs, man of learning, master (not discoverer) in science, than of an idealist or philosopher. He had a genius for use rather than for theory; a genius to apply and economize the highest truths, more than to enunciate them from an original insight.

His religious heart, his moral foresight, his opulent sensibil-

ity, did indeed supply him with data, as well as interests, unknown to most of the immediate leaders of men ; but his intellect, taken by itself, is of the same class. Great quantity he had, and great perfection of the average intellect. It was flanked, moreover, with any number of special gifts. He can "toil terribly"; he can remember everything; his steadiness of head and power of pursuit are almost Newtonian; and he methodizes as he breathes. He is as absorbed as Neander, and as quick of eye as a police detective. He is a fox-hound for a stretch, and a hare for a turn. In his study, or indeed out of it, he can follow a line for a lifetime, patient, dogged, indefatigable: put him on a platform before a stormy audience, and he is a very Beecher at repartee. His penetration and foresight astonish one. "We shall reach our Canaan, like the Israelites," he said, "only through a Red Sea." In the year 1856 he is coolly arranging his expenses with reference to a civil war that must come. Most of us were wiser and knew better then! We saw clearly that this prognostic came only from heat of brain and blood!

His intellectual powers are most extraordinary. What man in all history is known to have combined such extent of reading and remembering with practical labor so prodigious, and moral engagement so intense? Of course it is our ignorance merely which asks the question. Who will relieve us of this ignorance?

Nevertheless his intellectual powers, however in degree extraordinary, are in kind ordinary. Of himself he judged otherwise. Without a trace of self-conceit, without overrating his work really performed, he attributed to himself philosophical intellect. We think him in error. He had philosophical learning and sympathy with universal human truth; his nature was rich, as we have said, in the data which philosophy demands; while his facile method threw all his thoughts and facts at once into systematic form. He was thus not merely a prodigious popularizer, as a brilliant writer in the *Atlantic Monthly* suggests, but a remarkable systematizer as well; and it is this power of systematizing, colored by the underlying sympathy with truths of the highest order, which appears to his own eye a power of philosophizing.

But he lacked the capital quality of intellect, namely, imaginative intelligence. Rhetorical imagination he had ; power to conceive of scenes and events he had ; singular power to realize opinion he had ; power to divine the symbolism of nature and history he had not. His universe is one of straight lines. His method is mnemonic rather than creative, the method of a mower making hay, rather than of Nature in growing herdsgrass and clover. His moral insight is great, though his moral foresight or logic is greater ; but his imaginative insight is small. He is a diviner with regard to duty and events ; he is a *feeling* memorizer with regard to pure speculative truth.

His limitation in this particular renders him a poor judge of the greatest books and minds, — poor, we mean, as compared with himself in other respects : and he grew poorer as he grew older and gained in dogmatic momentum. In early life he had great enjoyment of Plato's *Phædrus* ; later he went to Plato drily, to see how *correct* were his moral and theological notions. He criticises Voltaire well (save in attributing to him wondrous "imagination" !), but thinks him, on the whole, a greater man than Goethe ! Say what one will, Goethe is the founder of the new time. But our mighty smith does not recognize in the *mine* the very metal he hammers. He loves and reverences Emerson ; but jeers at his poetry. He makes little of Allcott, nothing of Thoreau : the one a rare specimen of imaginative intellect unsupported by any stalwart strength of understanding ; and the other a specimen equally rare of imaginative humor and sympathy with Nature, associated with heroic morals, but also with a vein of wilfulness and extravagance. The failure to perceive the virtue of such natures is no small failure, and indicates a closed eye *somewhere*.

We find in his *Life* no evidence that he had ever read any great poem *as* a poem, unless the "Hero and Leander" of Musæus, whose sentiment charmed him, be reckoned among such. He studies Homer laboriously ; but of the nine heads which embody his results, eight refer to the manner of composition, and the ninth is as follows : " That the theology and morality are very high, considering the time, but not so high as those of the Old Testament." He delights in Sophocles ; but, so far

as the evidence goes, only for his pictures of moral excellence. The only reference to Shakespeare in his correspondence is disparaging, so far as it goes, and shows his point of view to be that of the moral *doctrinaire*. It is said, however, by one who knew and understood him personally as well, perhaps, as any other man in America, that he could have a truly poetic enjoyment of the greatest poems, provided that some accordance with his individual tastes, or some appeal to his moral sympathies, had once opened the door for his entrance into it.

His interpretation of history is penetrating and intrepid, but prosaic. He goes to it as with a moral yardstick. Calvinism, Catholicism, and Greek mythology alike, alike Juno and Jehovah, he estimates by their conformity to certain standards of morality, finding in this their sole significance. The religious imaginations of the Middle Ages, as represented in mediæval art, merely disgust him. The Greek figures of deities signify to him only "lusty fellows who ate and drank and begat children in joyfulness of heart." He meets no mythology on its own level; never seeks to divine it imaginatively, but only to measure it morally. The vast cloud-pictures of Brahminical belief, what are they? Only fog, he thinks, if you look near and sharply enough. But so are the scarlet and gold of sunset only fog, if you look near enough.

Owing to the like limitations, his philosophy never reached metaphysic proper, but paused at psychology, or mental physiology. He considers man as a collection of spiritual organs; just as Gall divides the brain into a number of cerebral organs. He accepts these as ultimate facts, and does not attempt to resolve and render them into their equivalents in pure truth. Man has an intellectual "faculty," a moral "faculty," a religious, an affectional "faculty"; he is a bundle of faculties or organs, each taken as an ultimate fact. That Whole in which these faculties become one, where is that? It is presupposed, not presented. The wholeness, the unity, does not appear; still less does it appear as a Cosmical Unit, a *universal* Whole. The soul is considered as a psychical mechanism, the work of God's hand; not his child, that is, the necessary and spherical interpretation of His being. He said "Father and Mother in heaven"; but it was pious sentiment, not speculative in-

sight, that spoke. *Intellectually*, he regarded man as a mechanism, made, not begotten ; and he did not even indicate well its unity as a mechanism, but dwelt chiefly on the parts as parts. The old, indirect way, the mythological or sky-picture way, of indicating the powers and the universality of the soul, he abandoned. It had become hopelessly literalized ; he took it at its estimation among those who held it, as mere literality ; he discarded it as such, and did well. He reverted to the direct or scientific method ; tried to tell in explicit, straight-forward terms what man and his supreme relations are. He took the road on which the centuries must travel, and he went *so* far upon it, — to psychology, to the consideration of man as a psychical mechanism, made by God, and designed to act according to the plan of its construction.

He took the right road. That is enough. How far he went upon it is a secondary question. He made a beginning, and a sane and manly beginning. He adopted, once for all, the direct, or scientific, point of view ; and adopted it strictly *in the interest of faith and morals*. That was his function in history. To assume this point of view RELIGIOUSLY, and *to give popular interest to it*, was a strictly cardinal act. It is impossible, in our gravest and most deliberate judgment, to emphasize this matter too much ; for we are not surer that the sun rises and sets, than that the interests of ages are turning upon this hinge.

Here, then, is the man. A nature profoundly religious and moral ; a massive and methodizing common-sense, devoted to the consideration chiefly of *uses*, and accompanied by great power of popular attraction ; the genuine push of Destiny behind him ; around him the bands of an invincible unity and simplicity. A man central in virtue of the independent equality in him of religion and intellect ; a man who, in virtue of his unconquerable simplicity of being, will not be divided, but will carry his whole being into all action, and thus affirm his centrality ; a man whose intellect is common in kind, and who therefore interprets his being by flights that are always within the scope of popular vision. And this was the man required.

II.

This was the man required. The want of modern history was unity, — spiritual unity. Civilization, once simple, whole, sincere, had by its very progress become duplex; half this, half that; an uncertain wavering between unrelated, if not antagonistic, principles. Life was parcelled out, and dubiously divided between sacred and profane, between faith and reason, between God and Nature; while what should be named sacred and what profane was little more than formally determined, the real interest of the largest and noblest natures by no means corresponding. The new epoch had, indeed, already opened before Parker came upon the scene; but the epoch from which ours is escaping was one spiritually divided against itself to a degree, in our deliberate judgment, never before equalled in the known history of man. It was, indeed, a great and splendid house, but divided against itself, and therefore tottering.

These words need explanation. To many they will seem hard. Is there not a progress in history? Is not each age more advanced than the preceding? There is progress; but it is very complicated, and perpetually includes special retrogressions. A growing child is now full, now hungry; and the advancing history of the world has its hunger and want, — a want as of beggary, a hunger as of famine.

We proceed, therefore, to indicate the historical position; nor, with all the demand for brevity, must this be done too briefly; for the ground to be covered is large, and the results to be reached not only determine the very significance of Parker's existence, but suggest the relation of our century to the future. At best, no more than a mere hint of the fact can be given in this place; but that hint is indispensable, and shall, at least, be explicit.

The old Catholic world was whole; crude indeed, narrow, ignorant, half-civilized indeed, — nevertheless whole. The essential idea of it may be expressed under two heads. First, it assumes the absolute supremacy of institutions over man; secondly, it makes these institutions representative of the loftiest spiritual imaginations known to the human race. Here the *ineffable* truth of the soul is imaged in wood, — in the

woodenness of popes, cardinals, councils, mechanical inspirations, and the like ; and then this conventionalized ideal, this materialized reflection of the soul's deepest dreams, is lifted up and fixed between man and heaven, — a foreign domination over the spirit that gave it birth. The special characteristic of these imaginations does not here concern us ; but we may repeat in passing a remark made in an earlier portion of this essay, that the root-imagination was that of the passion of God.

Imaginative truth, what is it? We can say no more here, than that it is truth of that profoundest kind which rational analysis forever advances upon and never exhausts. Always it vitally moves the heart of man ; but either lurks in him, the unseen fascination, the ineffable secret of his soul, or comes forth to paint marvellous pictures on the skies and on the canvas of the past. Once in a while, once in a great while, there comes into history a spirit so profound and ripe as to speak predominantly in the deepest tone of this order of spiritual truth. He makes mankind great ; he awakens its deeper genius ; he evokes from its bosom the same order of truth. His memory does the same after his death, and becomes the centre of a growing picture. Christianity dates from One who carried forward supremely these sublimest economies of history, and drew from the heart of the race its purest and least suspected resources.

Catholicism is a wooden embodiment of the imaginations which three centuries had contributed under the attractions of this Messianic spirit. With the hard framework of Roman imperialism it built these imaginations into a powerful wooden system, and set this up above the soul of man in the purest despotic sovereignty.

The method of the system was adapted to the time : the system did what was desired of it, and is surely one of the notable things in history. For a thousand years religion — and that, too, under the interpretations of a sublime, though crude, spirituality — stood at the centre and included the circumference of the social world. Nothing was above it, nothing beyond it, nothing beneath. All knowledge, all thought, all authority, stood in its embrace ; life, death, love, remorse, the blessing of

time and the hope of eternity, submitted to its supremacy. It anointed rule, consecrated covenant, commissioned discovery, gave data and direction to thought, established disciplines, shaped instructions; it was another and superior parent in every family, it was a third party in the rapturous plight of man and maid, it was higher conscience in the heart of the penitent; and, having walked with man through his earthly life, it stood by at his departure, and opened for him with authority the portals of immortality. It performed these functions and held this sovereignty for ten centuries, not by arbitrary wooden pressure merely, but by the commanding attractions and comprehension of its ideas.

Then began a change. Then stole into the most active and intrepid intellects a presentiment of *truth lying beyond this system*, — a vague feeling that there were outlying Americas of truth, of which it knew nothing. Abelard and Roger Bacon represent this dissatisfaction and forth-looking. Sad lives are theirs, oscillating, self-contradictory, satisfying neither themselves nor the eye of posterity. They are unsettled by the secret of their lives, by the consciousness of somewhat in their own thought which made them foreign, not only to their own time, but to *all* the times they had been taught to reverence, — foreign in their own homes, strangers at the hearthstone of mankind: unsettled, as such men almost always are. But they were suppressed, and the Church still flourished and decayed.

But ere long there came somewhat of more importance, — not a mere presentiment of outlying truth, but the final and definitive discovery of entire provinces of such. Classic literature and physical science, — these were the new worlds. The Church feared them, frowned on them, fell in love with them; and finally agreed to recognize them as provinces of “profane truth”! Profane truth! He whom this collocation does not shock should inquire after the health of his soul.

These then were to be recognized as provinces of truth, over which religion and spiritual truth were not sovereign. That is the beginning; what end shall follow? But the beginning is highly contented with itself at first. There is a fair compromise. “Profane” truth is not to invade “sacred” truth; the new knowledge is to carry back no lights, no infer-

ences, upon the old faith ; and the Church is, in consideration thereof, to forbear intermeddling with the other, and let it grow freely. And grow it does indeed.

The bargain is not badly kept. The Church brings no second Galileo to his knees ; science and learning carry their inferences outward only, not inward. But behold what happens. "Profane" truth quickly obtains the cestus of Venus, — commands the imagination. See the change in Italian art ; read the life of Kepler, pious heart ; observe the enthusiasm of Bacon, and of how many others. See with what all the really great intellects chiefly concern themselves : who can name one man of the first intellectual rank in the last four centuries — Milton and Swedenborg excepted — with whom "profane" truth was not more engaging than "sacred" ? Can that last ? He believes not in God who thinks it can last.

But it lasts long. Science goes in and takes full possession of the physical universe. Profane history enlarges itself, and makes sacred history a mere "poor relation." Then the great activities of the modern world step forth, and become independent. Commerce and all industries establish themselves on political economy, on natural science, — on "profane" truth, — and practically assert their liberation. Statesmanship follows suit. And lastly "sacred" truth — after noble Puritan spasms of effort to assume supremacy — definitely declares itself a purely special agency in the world, charged with the business of attending to the private interests of individuals after death. Its results are *post mortem*. "It is not the business of revelation to reveal a system of science." "Religion has nothing to do with politics." Revivalism arises among the earnest and timid ; formal priestly conservatism among cooler natures. "Sacred" truth will no longer attempt to pilot the ships of the world ; it only asks a place as passenger, with a predilection for comfortable state-rooms, though also many an earnest Methodist or missionary will content himself with the barest deck-passage. "Orthodoxy" begins to feel its weakness. Able worldlings are complimented upon exhibiting "a respect for religion" ! If a great man of science, like Newton, shows some secondary interest in dogmatic theology, there fail not to be those who remind us, a little swellingly, that

he "does not think it beneath him" to bestow attention on such subjects!

Thus at first that truth which is recognized as sacred, is equally recognized as universal. All sets out from it, all returns into it. In kingdoms and schools alike, alike in the realms of intellect and of action, it originates, contains, and concludes all. Then comes the fatal moment when it makes the *infinite* descent from the position of universality to one of special limitation. Then, falling farther, it ceases to occupy even the larger space in the eye of Thought and Culture, loses its charm for the Mind of Christendom, loses predominance in the world of affairs, and takes a subordinate or secondary position. Finally, it becomes confessedly an encumbrance upon this world in the interest of another.

The time now arrives when daring spirits begin to ask, What is this, then, that stands here in the way? Is it something, or nothing? truth, or pretence? And as the basis of their criticism upon it, they assume the great body of "profane" truth, and the vast activities which acknowledge this as their law.

That moment was inevitable. He is blind to the facts, or a child in his understanding of the laws of history, who doubts that it was inevitable. The compromise by which Reason and Revelation agreed to let each other alone, must share the fate of all compromises. Temporary expedients are for the time, not for perpetuity. The deep heart of man eternally craves unity, and abhors chasm. If unity, then, cannot be obtained on the old basis; if, by the existing scheme of that, we are to hang here forever, dangling dubiously between Sacred and Profane, and that Profane *not* a lie, but truth, and truth too that rules both in kingdoms and universities, and divides the interest of the churchman himself, — then, say some, in the name of Earth, if not of Heaven, let us assume the opposite basis, and see what will come of that. Let us assume Science, and apply it as criticism to the idea of Revelation.

This was the "infidelity" of the last century. It assumed Science as its measure, and "Cultivated Reason" as its spirit of truth. It measured the truth which had been called sacred by that which had been called profane. And its re-

sults were a persuasion that the idea of Revelation is preposterous, and that all which has grown on that soil was of the nature of fungus, fed from the decays of the world.

It would not do. Men craved a moral unity for their existence ; but a unity obtained by eliminating from their existence the element of the infinite, met not that desire. They would fain hear the voice of God as universal ; ill did it answer their wish to assure them wittily that God has no voice. There was a violent recoil from the Voltairean gospel, and a heated pious archaism arose from this attempt to modernize the creed of the world. Arose ; but the modern world is here, and we are of it. Religious antiquarianism must needs have the brevity, as well as the intensity, of a spasm. Revivalism backslides into common-sense ; mere worldly common-sense has its fits of devout remorse, in which it attempts to *Jerusalemize* the nineteenth century. The old halfness, the old contradiction, remains ; and Church and "world" alike oscillate between Voltaire and Jonathan Edwards. Meanwhile Voltaire and Edwards themselves for moments change places ; in fact, are held in their places only by opposition, only by the necessity of converting the world.

Nothing yet had been gained. Religion cannot be expelled from the heart of man, nor the idea of Revelation from history ; the mind of the modern world cannot again be got upon the old Catholic platform, mend, joint, and smooth-plane the same how one will. It is a drawn battle. Voltaireanism is a failure ; Revivalism is a failure. The one makes "sceptics," the other "saves souls" ; neither can give spiritual unity to modern civilization ; neither "sacred" truth nor "profane" truth can establish itself as universal.

But each of these partisanships can run out into abundant mischief. The French Revolution remains as the trophy of enlightened no-belief ; our civil war is one among several trophies of unenlightened half-belief. Religion cannot be expelled from the world, but it may immolate itself on the altars of "other-worldliness" ; it may make sacrifice of its virtue as a working force ; it may arrive at practical reconciliation with the basest moral essence of atheism. Drearier atheism this earth never knew than has been uttered from American pul-

pits by reverend doctors. Yet the doctors were really religious. Deity-worship and devil-worship are the two extremes of possibility always open to religious sentiment, accordingly as it is, or is not, guided by intelligence. It is well to have the steam and the engine; but much also will depend upon the engineer!

This is the world-sickness that cries for healing, namely, spiritual dividedness. A divided heart is at once restless and powerless; it does nothing with labor; it has all of toil but its hope, and all of care but its compensation.

Here Parker comes forward. Not the first, not the originator of a new philosophy. Thinkers had preceded him in our own country, and yet earlier in other countries; many cultivated men had passed clearly into the new epoch; in Unitarianism there had been an invaluable, though limited, movement of the more cultivated class; but a movement at once popular and adequate remained to be made. A statement remained to be made, and to be supported by daring action, which should have the triple virtue of being central and reconciling in its affirmation, of explaining itself instantly to common intelligence, and of making moving appeal to the fountains of faith and believing courage in the heart of the people.

Parker raised his voice. His primary affirmation is substantially this: *All truth of the universe is God's truth; all God's truth is sacred; all sacred truth makes a basis for sacred duty.* Proceeding farther he said: *In God's truth there are degrees; the sovereign degree is truth of the soul; of this truth the soul itself is a perpetual revelation.* And reasoning in support of these affirmations, he argued substantially as follows: *Where there is spiritual being, there is spiritual activity and power; where spiritual power articulates itself, as sooner or later it must, there is enunciation of spiritual truth; where spiritual truth is published, God's thought and will are revealed.*

Thus, using the word *religion* in its largest sense, we might say that religion and revelation are opposite sides of the same medal; *religion being revelation in the vital form, and revelation being religion in the intellectual form.* This affirmation is certainly central. If sustained, it meets the exigency, and heals the divided heart of the time.

An admirable writer in the North American Review, whose criticism has rare value, pronounces Parker's an "unsound philosophy." Parker mistook, he intimates, the nobleness of his private nature for a fact of human nature at large. We deny not that there is a sense in which this might be said truly. But if the eloquent critic in question means, as he seems, to assert that the spiritual consciousness of mankind has no unity, and that the heart of man does *not* answer to man as face to face in water, we must needs take issue with him, and very gravely. Individual diversity is not to be blinked ; it is vast ; but if we blink the unity that underlies it, for us chaos has come. A man and a whale are little alike, yet they belong to the same class of animals, the mammalia ; and science is annihilated for him to whom an unlikeness, even so extreme as this, passes for total.

This philosophy may indeed be rendered unsound by giving to it an interpretation purely individualistic ; and had one charged Parker with pushing it a little too much toward such interpretation, we might not feel called upon to contend against him. The eternal Gospel of God in the divine heart of man is not so published in every particular person as to be by its spontaneous and individual action sufficing. In many, it is almost wholly latent ; in many, though active, it is obscure. Even its power responds in many only to symbols, and oftenest only to symbols which time has consecrated. In few does it flow steadily toward rational expression. In still fewer does it attain to historical importance. Undoubtedly the law of it, as an historical fact, is, that in the multitudes it is capable of no more than of *responding* to a master voice ; that it must group itself around a centre in order to advance, and must have the advantage of social provocation in order to continue. But how were the grouping and the world-wide response possible, but for the unity of consciousness ? One voice in Galilee ; twenty centuries of Europe answering, " Yea, verily ! " Is a fact like that to have no significance ? Was it something, or nothing, that answered, Yea ?

Parker was not a philosophical genius, but the blood of a profound philosophy ran in his veins. He was one of those concrete, steam-engine presentments of an Idea, with which

the spirit of history effects all her greater revolutions. He struck the key-note for the time. He struck little more than the key-note, — thrummed, thrummed at that, on his vast instrument, with monotonous, resounding persistence. The simplicity and limitation of the movement were distressing to some. "How meagre!" they cried. "How ill does it compare with our three-octave range!" "Range?" he answered; "yes, range enough; but with two key-notes instead of one! Quit your jarring falsettos; catch the key-note, and then sing in heaven's name!" Whereupon he brought down no light hand upon the true key; not forbearing sometimes to illustrate the discord he hated in tones that well might make Echo herself put her fingers in her ears.

Assuming, then, in opposition to the eighteenth century, that Revelation exists; assuming in opposition to the eighth century that this Revelation is no green-house exotic, but native to the pastures of the soul, indestructible, equal to the rigors of all climates; assuming that Jesus and Christianity are majestic testimonies to a universal economy; assuming that the soul itself is the first Bible, and inexhaustible, — he became the propagator of a philosophy which we venture to think not shallow; which represents an heroic energy of believing; and which gives to modern civilization the unity of basis for want of which it was ready to perish.

Of that philosophy, Parker's intellect was not the measure. He served it, he never gauged it; whether he could have gauged it is, at best, doubtful. For this work he had contemporaries abler than himself; he had no contemporary, and he has left no successor, of half his ability to stir and provoke the sense of it in the heart of multitudes. He could popularly methodize and apply more truth than he could justify in theory; and this is part of his fitness for his work. Applied truth answers to the thought of the people, speculative truth to that of the scholar and thinker. Hence it was that the people understood him when scholars and thinkers did not.

In applying his thought, he went only to plain and broad moralities. It belonged to the prose limitations, no less than to the gigantic moral energy of his mind, to rest in these. This, too, is part of his fitness for his position.

He had made a central affirmation : that made him cardinal in history. He saw and uttered this idea chiefly by plain moral applications : these made him intelligible and attractive to the people, — for it is characteristic of them that they can give moral reception to an idea which would knock at the doors of intellect in vain. He did not advance to high theoretic explanations, to delicate imaginative spiritualities : had he, his uses as a prophet of the people, above all in our practical and intense America, would at once have been forfeited.

He was a pioneer. Seeing the greater part of the modern world trying in some way to live in the temple at Jerusalem, five thousand miles and two thousand years away, and meanwhile really living in dens and tents of Atheism and Ishmaelism, he seized an axe, felled trees, hewed these to a rough square, and made a timber house. In this, of stones and clay, he built a chimney to carry off the smoke, and then said, "Do this, and dwell in the land that God hath given you." And some thought it blasphemous to talk of living elsewhere than in the temple at Jerusalem, five thousand miles and two thousand years away. And to such he said, "Behold, ye live there only by a John-Doe-and-Richard-Roe style of fiction, and in truth your homes are dens of political atheism and tents of commercial Ishmaelism ; and lo, God hath called you to dwell *here* divinely, and I show you the fashion of a house." Of course, to many the words were exceeding sore. For there are many with whom it is the very underpinning of all orthodoxy to assert that God is less present and active on the earth now than formerly. This negation of his full revealing activity, now and universally, is with them the fundamental affirmation. And therefore to build Him a house out of mere "natural" American wood, — it was blasphemous.

Others objected on different grounds. They said, "This house of yours does not suffice for the imagination. We disdain to dwell *so*. You should send to Greece for Pentelic marble, and to Lebanon for cedars, and to Ophir for gold, and to Ethiopia for ivory, and to all the world for models of stately column, carved plinth, pictured pediment, and frescoed wall, and so should give to the people the model of a house upon which the ages *in secula seculorum* could not improve." And

Theodore Parker — the simple, sturdy, believing soul, who “cared more for a cattle-show than for a picture-show” — said, “Behold, I build this house of stout oaken American timbers of the moral law, and I teach men to do the same ; and they shall dwell here also divinely ; and here a spiritual culture — genuine and manly as that of old, and beneficent as the best heart and hope of modern time — shall be realized.”

Had he spent his strength in trying to persuade the people to send to Pentelicus for marble and to Lebanon for cedars, what had been the result ? They would have praised him, perhaps. They would have said, “A pretty performer he.” And, so saying, they would have passed on to burrow in dens of modern political atheism, and to wander in tents of modern commercial Ishmaelism, and to say to each other on stated occasions, “What a blessed privilege to dwell in the temple at Jerusalem !” *

He was not a pretty performer. He was excessively deficient in a sense of artistic beauty, in respect for art and artists. He sneers at artists, unwisely, backwoodsman-wise. He is less akin to Phidias than to Daniel Boone. But then he built a modern house for the soul, a real house here and now. A rude edifice, in truth : we would be loath to think this the end of architecture. Call it a mere log hut, if you will. But observe withal that it is real, substantial, and habitable ; and they who dwell therein, instead of cherishing the “duty” of fancying themselves under a Jew roof, can honestly thank God for real spiritual shelter, and can say out of the fulness of their hearts, “Behold, this is the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.”

He assumed, we have said, upon his central basis, little more than plain moralities and plain truths of the understanding. What gave these their sudden, overmastering attraction ? What sent the huddling thousands to hear obvious moral truths ? Are not ordinary ethics the dullest and driest, the least attractive to crowds, of all things ? What is in them now,

* No right-minded man will insist on finding in this symbolic statement a covert sneer at Christianity. Jesus declared that the temple should fall. Alas ! it is still standing ; but the prophecy is sure.

that they all at once thin the audiences at the circus and the theatre?

It is just this, that they have suddenly acquired a character of natural centrality and universality. As partial, as belonging only to "sacred" truth, they were finite only, — and finite moralities are fearfully fertile of yawnings. Make these, however, central and universal, give them the fascination of the infinite, and they become another matter quite. Parker did so; but how? By carrying them backward as a criticism upon the faith of the past, outward as a criticism upon the polity of the present, forward as a law of life. It was by this daring and unsparing application that he affirmed them. There are those who keenly relish the application to present action, but esteem the application to theological traditions a piece of blasphemy. The two applications are parts of one affirmation, — of the affirmation of morality as central and universal. If it must not apply to the ancient conception of Jehovah, then not to the modern action of Jefferson Davis. An augur-hole sinks a ship; an army is defeated by outflanking one of its wings; and had Parker allowed traditional belief to flank and turn one wing of his doctrine, the quality of it as central would have been lost, and any assertion of it which he *did* make would go for nothing. It is this, indeed, which everywhere makes the weakness of the popular pulpit, that its doctrines are a confessed partiality. A king is a king, or a pretender. Sovereign truths are universal, or *nothing*; and the moment that the prophet makes Jehovah secondary to Ahab, though but in the minutest particular, his vocation is gone, and his voice becomes an impertinent noise.

Parker *must* apply his doctrine alike to past and present, alike to belief and action, alike to church and state, or else must forfeit the total significance of his life. But the application of it to the living present became more and more the absorbing interest of his soul. "In his own country," says the English Churchman, Farrar, "he is chiefly known as a social reformer."

In this effort, again, to establish all modern life on a basis of sacred and universal truth, he is more and more confronted by one great enemy, African slavery in America. His con-

test with this became to him a symbol of the whole struggle. The dragon recognized its antagonist, and addressed itself to the battle, breathing out flame. The sequel all men know. All men know that our hero-priest gave not back from the encounter; that he advanced upon the advancing monster, and proved abundantly his weapon, whether or not it were of heavenly steel and temper. Life failed him at last; but courage, duty, and clearness of soul failed never: he died, and only by faith knew that he had conquered.

He had conquered. Inwardly and outwardly he was victor. Inwardly; for he had faithfully and intrepidly wrought according to his light, and had faithfully opened his eyes to all the light that came. Outwardly; for the spirit of the age wrought with him and continues his work. Happy the merchant who is a copartner with Destiny! He belongs to a firm that is somewhat older than the world, and which has never yet been known in any smallest degree to approach insolvency! Happy he whose divine tasks, even because they are divine, go on to accomplish themselves with growing prosperity, when the faithful hands that began them have become cold, and the heart that warmed these to their labor has hushed its beat to hear the coming footfall of the angels!

In connection with his warfare against slavery it should be said that Mr. Weiss errs in supposing him ignorant of John Brown's plans. He was not ignorant. We have information from one, perhaps the only one, who *knows*. He conferred with Brown, and the designs which the brave old man sought to execute were jointly matured between them. Why not? If peace can be had, accursed be he that hinders. But what if peace cannot be had? What if the seemings of peace are only wombs, in which death and hell are matured? He is a murderer who needlessly causes the shedding of blood; what is he who centuples bloodshed by cowardly reluctance to recognize an indubitable fact as fact?

We were of those who regretted Brown's attempt, while honoring his life. Parker was wiser. He had more both of practical penetration and of acquaintance with the facts. He saw with clear sight, and knew with sure knowledge, that the struggle must come, and that the sooner it came, the better

for the North and for humanity. He dreaded nothing so much as the delay which would put too many Floyd and Buchanan bloodsuckers upon the veins of Northern strength, and deplete disastrously its means, both moral and material, of maintaining the contest. We thought otherwise then ; we believed the controversy could be brought to a peaceable, yet sensible termination. Our thoughts were folly : events have dishonored them ; events have vindicated the stern prognostic, and therefore the stern action, of this prophet-priest.

And has the nation considered — has it half considered — what it owes to him and those who wrought with him ? “ He precipitated the contest,” cry Cox and Wood. *He did!* It is for that very act that the nation is indebted to him. What if the North had been but a *little* more weakened ? The plot to weaken it was proceeding fast, — to weaken it by division, destruction of its faith in freedom and in itself. What if the plot had proceeded but a little farther ? Is not our struggle hard enough, our soil red, our skies smoky and lurid enough, even now ? We esteem it beyond question that, but for the moral preparation of the people and the quicker ripening of the contest, which Parker aided powerfully to effect, a war would have ultimately fallen upon the nation of which our present woe furnishes hardly a suggestion.

Here, then, was truly the travail of a great soul. Our common humanity is honored by the spectacle of such duty, such disinterestedness, such bounty of nature. On what project of selfish advantage did ever this man expend any considerable thought ? Here was incredible engagement of mind, here was sleepless labor, here was a burning of the oil of life which consumed more than two years in one. For whom ? For what ? For himself ? For money, for place, for fame ? He earned money but to expend it for others ; so far from seeking a place, he sacrificed his social estimation ; he pushed aside the labor which would give him the only fame he valued, and wore out his life in obscure lecture-rooms. What man ever elected more simply and wholly to make the burdens of humanity his own ? Who has lived more for ends of general good ? Who has more entirely forgotten to seek private advantage in his absorbing devotion to public benefit ? Like a great river his life rolls,

draining off the marshes and stagnancies of his century, converting what else would have been infection and impoverishment into wholesomeness, service, and beauty, and ending, not in itself, but in the common sea of man's good.

The impression of his moral self-forgetfulness is enhanced by the slight contrast of that touch of intellectual self-consciousness which belonged to him. Something French it seems. "Tend this head well," says Mirabeau, on his death-bed; "it is the greatest head in France." "God gave me great powers," says the dying Parker, "and I have but half used them." The same self-consciousness: in all else what difference! This child-colossus recognizes his powers but to devote them,—recognizes them only to confess that they are not his, but Heaven's.

Love and Duty, that are deepest in him, come forth to glorify his last hours. Love and Duty, ever secretly throned in his soul, put openly on in these hours the crown and assume the sceptre of their royalty, and shake down their imperial purples as curtains about the couch of the dying hero. That babbling, when his mind wandered, of his work and of old friends whom he imagined near,—is it not the coo and prattle of the baby-angel that is already born in his bosom? Dutiful, dutiful and loving, even in his delirium! Therein spoke the Theodore Parker that the world knew ill, but God knew well. These fancies are the spent billows of his spirit, of that great inner ocean of love, falling afar, and murmuring in dying ripples on the earth-shores that soon they will reach no longer. Truly, ice and marble are warmer than tears, and softer than baby lips, compared with the hearts of those who, in coldness and hardness, muttering anathemas, can stand by his bed when, all unaware, he betrays the hidden tenderness and truth of his soul.

To the world a warrior, iron in armor and terrible in fury of battle, he was to those who knew and understood him the tenderest and devoutest of souls. But his was a soul in travail, wrought upon by the anguish and expectation of its hour.

But interest in him as a man, warm as it may be, yields to respect for him as a force in history. He was a cardinal worker. Vast doors into the believing, and, as we trust, blessed

future, were opening upon him; he bore the burden of the time's inheritance and expectation even more than that of its sorrow. Vast doors opened upon him; and he is surely not best understood by those who only heard the creak of the hinge under the weight it supported, while they neither discerned the moving gate, nor found in their hearts any hope which looked for the new worlds of faith and freedom that lay beyond.

ART. II. — THE NEW KING OF GREECE.

1. *The Daily News* (London) for January 6th, 1863: Art. entitled, "*Memoir of the Municipal Institutions, and on the Causes of the Rude Condition of Agriculture in Greece*," by GEORGE FINLAY.
2. *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Livraisons du 1^{re} Janvier et du 15 Mars, 1864. Art. *La Grèce depuis la Revolution de 1862*, par M. F. LENORMANT.

At midnight on the 20th of October, 1863, the Greek steamer *Hellas*, attended by an English, a French, and a Russian ship-of-war, dropped anchor in the harbor of the Peiræus. The next morning a barge put off from it, bearing to the shore a bright-faced youth, in the uniform of a Greek admiral. And there went up to the skies from the multitude assembled from all parts of the land a shout of welcome, so general and so hearty that he who heard it might indeed fancy that a deliverer had at length come for Greece, given over for so many centuries to foreign bondage, and in the last years to domestic discord. From the Peiræus, along the road where passed once the heroes of so many brilliant conflicts, by land and by sea, they went in vast procession, amid the waving of banners and the flashing of bayonets, up to their ancient city to crown the second King of Greece. But there were those present who called to mind how, thirty years before, a German prince, young, like this one of Denmark, had landed at Nauplia surrounded by a brilliant staff of officers glittering with decorations and crosses, while the cannon thundered peals of welcome and the music of French bands made every heart throb

quicker. And they shook their heads as they reflected how "Otho, by the grace of God king of Greece," had become as a blight to the land from which he had at last been banished in the tumult and terror of revolution. But the people had no such disturbing thoughts. From every window fluttered banners, in every balcony at night glittered lamps among the flowers. As an eyewitness writes, you could distinguish no single sound, but only one heavy ceaseless roar of voices filled the air.

And how, when the king entered the metropolitan church, he refused to ascend the throne set for him there, saying that before God all men are equal, nor would permit the Greek standard, on which was the Greek cross, to be lowered before him, — how he dismissed the *gens d'armes* of the palace, saying that the love of his people was the best body-guard of a king, nor would he call himself king by the grace of God, but rather would deserve the kingdom of men, — of these things and many more the chroniclers make grateful record. But for us they may have little interest, except as they call our attention once more to the condition and prospects of Greece, to which no cultivated person, remembering the early service it rendered to the civilization of Europe, and the marvellous vitality of its language and its people, can ever be indifferent.

One hundred and forty-six years before Christ, Greece fell under the bondage of Rome; and for more than twenty centuries the land which had given to the world its noblest works in literature and its highest ideals in art, languished under foreign domination. But the spell was at last broken; the freer spirit of the modern age quickened the Greeks to resistance, and sustained them in revolution. After fearful struggles and a war of extermination, the yoke of the Turk was broken; the sympathies of Europe were excited, and England and France and Russia joined to recognize and assure its independence. But the war of the revolution had produced no great leaders and developed no national unity. The country was left in a state of prostration and of anarchy which, after a trial of the Presidency and the despotism of Capodistrias, it was glad to exchange for the more enlightened administration of a Bavarian prince, selected by the protect-

ing Powers. But never were the hopes of a rising people, proud of success and eager for progress, more cruelly deceived than by the king into whose hands the Greeks were now delivered. Ignorant of everything but the traditions of despotic governments and the corruption of frivolous courts, he could neither understand the character of the people nor appreciate the necessities of their condition. If the very purpose of his selection, indeed, had been to obstruct the progress or to paralyze the career of Greece, no man could have been found for the task more ingenious or more cruel. For ten years King Otho ruled with absolute power, and so utterly regardless was he of the liberties he had sworn to protect, that the foreign domination of Greece, so long and so calamitous, cannot be considered as having ceased till in 1843 a constitution was extracted from him at the peril of his crown. But, untaught by experience and deaf to admonition, he fell back upon his old habits of tyranny and misrule, and the result was his deposition in October, 1862. After a year of confusion, accompanied by bloody outbreaks in the streets of Athens between the factions that were struggling for the possession of the government, England took upon itself to provide a successor to the throne in place of Prince Alfred, whom the Greeks had so unanimously chosen. Animated also by a more liberal spirit, or, as is more probable, vaguely conscious at last of the long mistake of its Eastern policy, England took the world by surprise in the following December, by an offer under certain conditions to cede the Ionian Islands to Greece. The cession was thereupon made a condition by Denmark of the acceptance of the throne by Prince William, the brother, as is well known, of the Princess of Wales. But as it had been declared by the treaty of Vienna that the Ionian Islands should form an independent state, under the protectorate of Great Britain, it was not possible for England to cede them to any other power without the consent of the parties to that treaty. Conferences were therefore held, and it has been agreed that the Islands should be ceded upon the condition, insisted upon as indispensable by Austria, that the fortifications of Corfu should be demolished;—a condition which is loudly decried by the Ionians and the Greeks, as unjust

and ruinous. But England maintained that such was the undertaking with Greece when the offer of cession was made, and there seems to be no alternative. They are fortifications of great strength, constructed by the British government since 1829, at a cost of at least a million of pounds sterling, — about one fifth of which, however, was defrayed by the Islands themselves. So bitter and widespread was the opposition among the lower classes of the Ionians, that, according to a recent account, the patron saint of Corfu, St. Spiridion, was represented by the priests as having gone to England on the eve of his anniversary to remonstrate upon the subject with Queen Victoria. But the interference of saints in political arrangements is not much regarded; the demolition has already begun, and the fortifications at Vido, which it was at first proposed to make practice at with Armstrong guns, are to be blown up with Voltaic batteries.

The cession of the Ionian Islands was debated at length in the English Parliament; and there was considerable division of opinion. The step was opposed by the Earl of Derby, as also by Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, — so long Ambassador at Constantinople, and perhaps the greatest authority in England upon questions of Eastern policy. The chief reasons alleged in favor of it by Earl Russell and Lord Palmerston were the expense of keeping up a government of so little benefit to England, and the great number of troops, from fifty to sixty thousand, — with the consequent drain upon the resources of the country, — which it would be necessary in case of war to send to garrison Corfu; that it would be better for England to have but one station in the Mediterranean, in which her strength could be concentrated. Lord Stratford de Redcliffe's objection went further. By ceding Corfu, you opened, he said, the flank of the Turkish empire, and exposed it to invasion on the side of Epirus. Moreover, the Ionian Islands have been so long separate states — Corfu for nearly four centuries in possession of Venice, of which it had adopted the manners and the laws, almost everything but its religion — that it will be impossible to form them into one homogeneous state. The diplomatist who first framed the scheme of the government of Greece has indeed a right to be heeded when he says that

Greece has failed to justify the confidence reposed in her by Europe thirty years ago.

But the doubts and the passions of thirty years have darkened, even to his eyes, the bright light in which, at her first coming out of that long night of slavery, Greece broke upon the world. The restless ambition of France and the steady aggression of Russia have increased the apprehensions with which England looks upon the breaking up of the power of the Porte. That there was a time when, in some confused way, the tie of religion bound the Greeks and the Slaves to the interests of one church and one party, will not be denied. But the nationality of the Greeks has been developed by their freedom. If they dream of a restored Byzantium and a new empire of the Orthodox, it is because the consciousness of a loftier destiny fills them now, as it did of old their ancestors when at Marathon they drove back the hosts of the East and saved Europe from the lethargy of Asia. It is true, indeed, that nationality is of little influence in the East compared with religion. The Mohammedans are made up of many races, but into them all enters the fire of that inextinguishable fanaticism which separates Islam, as by a burning wall, from all other creeds. But the Greeks, on the confines between the West and the East, partake of the permanence of the one, while they aspire to the progress of the other. The Greek element in the East, always active, is breaking forth with renewed vigor. And of this fact, as of its vast significance, England is fast becoming conscious.

It is only the lamentable failure of the Greek government in the generation which has elapsed since its establishment, that has prevented the English from seeing that in Greece redeemed, strengthened, civilized, and great is to be found the best safeguard of England and the West against Russia and the North. But that failure was to have been foreseen with ease and expected with certainty. The creation of conflicting interests and diplomatic necessities, the Greek kingdom has never been anything more than a shadow. It comprises but a fraction of ancient Greece and of the modern Greeks. Thessaly and Epirus, Rhodes and Crete, and many of the most fertile islands of the *Ægean*, still droop under the crescent. The

desolation which has come of Mohammedan tyranny and Turkish sloth still broods over large parts of what was once known and was once famous as Greece. No wonder that, stimulated by the cession of the Ionian Islands, they should already discuss in the Ionian Parliament the practicability of obtaining Epirus and Thessaly, in which latter province the inhabitants are almost all Greeks. The country is poor, and the inhabitants, when they emerged from the darkness of Oriental bondage, were not more than half civilized. There has been no temptation held out to Greeks to settle in the country, or to Greek capital to employ itself in useful works. Oppressed by a tyrannical government, the only aim of which was to centralize the power it abused, the pride of communities was extinguished, and agriculture decayed; and while the best talent of the country remained unemployed, its resources were squandered on an army which was wholly useless, and upon a court which was wholly contemptible.

In a recent memoir upon the present state of the country, Mr. Finlay — whose masterly History of Greece during the long period of its foreign domination we have already reviewed in these pages — has pointed out very clearly the true cause of its stationary condition. It is to be found in the centralizing tendencies of the government, and in the maintenance of the Turkish land-tax. It was the constant aim of the Bavarian government to take the control of local affairs into its own hands. The country was divided into districts (demarchies), without reference to the existence of towns or cities, and the officials of each district were appointed by the central government. Thus the funds of each district, which should have been appropriated to local improvements, were diverted to the maintenance of favorites in the country and of partisans at court. Even the roads which the Turks had made through marshes were suffered to go to ruin. There is no municipal system in Greece except in name.

And this exhaustive despotism is made more oppressive by the tax which is levied upon the fruits of the earth, — a tax, however, which is quite remarkable as being intolerable, not from its amount, but from the manner of its collection. It is a relic of Turkish legislation, fostered with singular

care by the Bavarian government. It is a tenth of the gross produce of the earth, and, if payable immediately upon the collection of the crop, would be a comparatively light burden. But, according to the Oriental system, a tenth of the labor of the peasant is also exacted until the crop is sold. For several months, therefore, the peasant is but the serf of the collector. As the government cannot collect the tax by its own officers, it is farmed, — the farmer fixing the time for reaping the crop and for preparing it for market. From the time the harvest approaches, the farmer of the revenue is the absolute owner of the crop. The peasant cannot put the sickle to his grain without permission from the farmer, nor thresh it when it is gathered without a second permission. Moreover, in order to take advantage of the high prices which prevail late in the summer, the farmer seeks to get his own part of the crop to market first, and for that purpose monopolizes the labor and the time of the peasant at the most important season of the year, without regard to the distance the latter may have to convey it for him. Under this burdensome system the peasant becomes a knave, and agriculture does not prosper. The vast extent of uncultivated arable land in Greece shows how it has declined there, as it is found to decline throughout the whole region which extends from the Adriatic to the Indus. This tax in Greece yields about six millions of drachmas (the drachma is about seventeen cents of our money), and is rather more than a quarter part of the total revenue of the country, — being, indeed, just the amount which the army is estimated to cost. Greece has a population of a million, and the army numbers from eight to twelve thousand men. But whatever may be the importance of the army, in view of the fact that the security of the kingdom is guaranteed by the Great Powers, it is obvious that nothing but the total abolition of the land-tax will save the country from the ruin to which it is hastening.

Of the ultimate predominance of the Greeks in the East there can be no reasonable doubt. But whether in attempting to form a consolidated government they will be successful, is a different and more difficult question. In ancient times there was the same fatal tendency to faction and division which has already manifested itself in a smaller way in the modern king-

dom. There was never a united and homogeneous Greece. The Achaian League was but a confederacy of independent towns. Yet from Cyrene to the Halys, — all along the shores of the Mediterranean and the *Ægean Seas*, — in Italy and Asia Minor, — from the earliest to the latest period, one finds the Greek colonies and the Greek art. It is the same in modern times. In every part of the Levant, from Alexandria to Constantinople, — as on the Black Sea from Odessa round to Trebizond, — the Greek element is the vital force in society. The Greek of the age of Otho may not equal in character or genius the Greek of the age of Pericles, yet it cannot be denied that many of the characteristics of the ancient reappear in the modern Greeks. They are the same restless, subtle race, given to disputation and to commerce, averse to labor, yet eager for progress, often dishonest and always vain, yet frugal and cheerful, and, for the most part, chaste. The altered relations and the better ideal which characterize modern society may, however, make the task of national unity easier and more definite. And, moreover, the Greeks are not now what they once were, — the teachers and the leaders of Europe. Their inheritance has become ours; yet, in a humbler way, in a more limited sphere, the service they are to render is substantially the same, — to renovate and to restore the East, — to beat back the waves of barbarism which, arid and dreary, like the deserts over which they sweep, threaten to surge up to the thresholds of the West.

But it is ever to be remembered that political forms are but means, not ends. It is not a great empire, but a great people, the world will honor. It is by the development of their resources, and the moderation of their desires, and the steadiness of their efforts, that the Greeks will create a country which is something more than a mockery of the name of Greece. Premature ambition begets only personal corruption and national debasement. The Greeks have a right, indeed, to long for an extension of their boundaries and an increase of their power, but at the same time they are bound to prove that the Greek rayah of the Sultan would be better, and not worse, under the rule of George I.

The vitality of the Greek race is a phenomenon in human history. It is the oldest European race now surviving; and it

is the only race which has ever exhibited so marvellous and so sublime a spectacle as that of a nation consciously striving, after twenty centuries of degradation, to ascend to its former level, and to reconstruct its modern language upon the model of the ancient. It is idle, of course, to attempt to predict the results which these efforts may be destined to attain. That some great change, however, is impending in the condition of Eastern Europe, can hardly be doubted. No one can have traversed any part of the Ottoman empire without observing signs of inevitable dissolution. In spite of the repeated declarations of Lord Palmerston, that no nation has made so great progress in the last thirty or forty years as the Turkish, careful observers have not failed to detect all the causes of social disintegration at work rapidly and surely throughout the whole extent of European Turkey. The vast and fertile tracts of land which lie along the Danube, in what are called the Principalities, will sooner or later shake off the blighting power of the Turk. The Roumans—direct descendants, as Edgar Quinet so conclusively proves from their language, of the Roman colonists of the first and second centuries—would long ago have had the aid of the West to advance to the position which their intelligence and activity and vigor deserve, if the hostility between the Greek and Roman Churches had not cut them off from the sympathies of Catholic Europe. And it is in these countries that the first battles will probably be fought between the Christian nations and the Mohammedan races for the possession of the East. Already the preponderance of numbers is with the former. Constantinople and Smyrna might easily become Greek cities in name, as they are in great part in fact, if behind them both, in the great spaces of the Orient, there were not encamped those fierce hordes of barbarians who, at the first signal of danger to the religion of the Prophet, would pour down to the seaboard in one overwhelming mass. For, in spite of the decay which is certainly overtaking it, there is still left in the Ottoman empire a degree of strength which it is dangerous to provoke.

Again and again has Russia put its foot on Turkish soil, and again and again has it been driven back discomfited, but not despairing. Confined within the frozen regions of the North, with no outlet for its commerce except through harbors which

are closed for half the year with ice, it is the burning desire, the fixed purpose of Russia, to put itself in territorial contact with Western Europe. For it is by that means alone that its internal resources can be developed, its real greatness achieved. Enthroned upon two continents, at the gateway of the Euxine, Constantinople is the grandest prize to tempt its ambition and assure its success. No traveller, whether coming from the East or the West, as he rounds Seraglio Point and drops anchor in the Golden Horn, can have failed to be impressed at first sight with the imperial position and the magnificent spectacle of Constantinople. Then, as never before, he will understand why it is that the nations dispute its possession and dread its fall. A terrible shock, indeed, will be given to the colossal fabric of English power, as to the ambitious empire of France, when Constantinople passes from the Sultan to the Czar.

But there is another solution of the problem which may well attract attention, though at present little can be affirmed of it with certainty. It is the gradual decay of Islamism, the weakening of the chain which binds the souls of the Turks in fetters worse than iron. The Christian missionaries, whose influence has been so active and so healthful in Turkey, entertain, many of them, sanguine expectations of such a result. But far-sighted, cautious men, who have given their lives to investigate the condition of Eastern society and the character of the Oriental mind, deny altogether its possibility. The Mohammedan is a deist, and a deist is the last man in the world to change his religion. To us, as we have said, the true solution seems to lie in the education of the Greek race, in the building up of a Greek nation. The reform which the Greek language has undergone in the last thirty years would alone indicate a singular capacity for progress. And all the phenomena of the later history of the Greeks—so striking and upon any other theory so mysterious—point to a destiny as yet unachieved. If they would but abandon the impracticable plans and the premature projects with which they have been so busy,—if, under the leadership of an enlightened king and a patriotic assembly, they would study to promote the welfare of the people and to guard the dignity of the kingdom,—there would be little doubt as to the share which Greece is to take in the civilization of the East, and in the general progress of the world.

ART. III. — ROBERT BROWNING.

1. *Sordello, Strafford, Christmas Eve and Easter Day.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.
2. *Poems by ROBERT BROWNING.* A New Edition. 2 vols. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1863.
3. *Men and Women.* By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1868.
4. *The Atlantic Monthly.* Numbers 79 and 80. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864.

THERE are few poems, at least in our familiar English speech, that so much tempt and repay study, as those of Robert Browning. The most superficial reader may find, scattered freely over his pages, passages of the most exquisite beauty and of the grandest strength; but by the side of these he will be very apt to find those that are not free from harshness or obscurity. Obscurity, except in a riddle-book, is always a fault; but when it is united with strength, and when it is not the result of affectation, it is a pardonable fault. If we may judge by the "*Sordello*," and by the pains which the author professes to have taken to make it commonly intelligible, it would seem that the instinct of clear expression, of perfect external form, was not natural to Browning. To this lack is to be added the fact, that to those unfamiliar with it dramatic poetry is less easily read than any other. Especially is this the case when there is given only a fragment of a drama, a soliloquy to which the reader is to add all the surroundings, plot, and characters. Yet when all of this is taken into the account, there remains the question, whether there are not at the heart of these poems certain elements not wholly in harmony, which may account in some degree for the presence of the occasional harshness and obscurity just spoken of, by the side of so much power and beauty.

In dramatic poems the author is hidden. Only once in his collected poems does Robert Browning break through this reserve, or appear in his own person. From the words put into the mouths of the characters, it is hardly fair to argue back to the author. Yet few writers have such purely objective and

all-embracing genius as to permit the laws and the movements of the world to be represented indiscriminately by it. Most such writers, especially those who are possessed of any good degree of moral earnestness, are apt to seize upon one particular aspect of life, or to represent things more or less in their relation to this. It is our object in this article to trace, if we can, this central spirit and life in the poems of Robert Browning. We may thus be able to contemplate them in some measure as a whole, and if we cannot argue from this, with absolute confidence, to the spirit of the writer, we may yet be able to see how these poems thereby take root in the present age, — how the spirit of the age utters itself in them.

We will say beforehand, that our examination of these poems will be, as befits our space and our object, special, and not general. We shall for the most part take for granted the genius that is in them, which could alone have prompted to this investigation, and confine ourselves to the object just stated.

"Sordello," which was one of the earliest published poems of Robert Browning, is in some respects one of the most marked. It is by far the most obscure, to some it is the only obscure poem in the volumes. At the same time, it contains the utmost profusion of the beauties in which the writings of Browning abound; and by the predominance of the critical element in it, and also by the fulness of its development, it forms the fittest introduction to all the rest.

We will illustrate this, by seizing two or three marked points in the course of the poem. It is the history of a spirit that was never fully at one with itself. It is thus a story of discord and disappointment, of final harmony reached only at the cost of life. Sordello lives at first alone, in the midst of a beautiful nature. Here he constructs ideally his own world. He dreams himself to be, as it were, a god. Nature and man figure in his dream according to his fancy, himself being always supreme. It is the vision of youth, that has had as yet no contact with the real world. Soon, however, the satisfaction that there was in this visionary life is lost. He awakes, and lo! it was a dream. He longs for reality. In the second marked epoch of the story, we find him in the world, in the midst of camp and court, filling the place of a minstrel.

The analysis in this part of the poem is wonderful. Sordello fails because he is larger than his work. The man and the poet separate. Now and then, in a fit of inspiration, he accomplishes a miracle of art, but his intellect mingles too obtrusively in the business. His heart and his intellect are not at one. The intellect refines the language, smooths the lines, but the great life of the heart cannot pour itself through this artificial channel. Moreover, at the best, his heart cannot content itself with a song, as its expression. Everywhere you find indications that the life of the poet is not in the poem. Thus, while far inferior spirits make the sweetest music, in the poems of Sordello there is always a discord, which shows that the life of the heart and the form of the intellect are at variance. He gives up the work, and flees from it, back to his wilderness.

In the next marked epoch of the story, we find Sordello in the midst of sterner realities. He is brought into the thick of the strife of Guelf and Ghibelline. The cause of the Guelf he takes to be that of the oppressed people, and sides with it. He makes to the Ghibelline leader, with whom he finds himself brought into contact, a most impressive plea for them. The Ghibelline noble listens, approves his eloquence, smiles at his earnestness, and finally divulges the fact, that Sordello is his son, and gives him the badge which shall mark him to be the heir of his nobility and of his cause.

Left to himself, Sordello is dragged to and fro by opposite counsels. His heart prompts him to reject the offered prize, to be true to the cause of the people at whatever cost; yet his intellect responds with bewildering sophistry. On the one side, it paints the little, the almost nothing, that he, or any individual, can do to hurry onward the great evolution of History; and on the other side, the absolute and irretrievable loss which the sacrifice would bring to himself. The whole passage is in that species of sophistical reasoning which we find in "Bishop Blowgram's apology," and of which Browning is a consummate master. We tremble for Sordello. Will his heart be able to answer this reasoning,—to extricate itself from the folds of this subtle casuistry? Whether the heart answered or not, we cannot say. We only know that it

triumphed. When his friends return, they find Sordello sitting, with the badge of his nobility under his foot, dead.

"They mount, have reached the threshold, dash the veil
 Aside, — and you divine who sat there dead,
 Under his foot the badge; yet, Palma said,
 A triumph lingering in the wide eyes,
 Wider than some spent swimmer, if he spies
 Help from above, in his extreme despair,
 And head far back on shoulder thrust, turns there,
 With short, quick, passionate cry."

The story is thus of one who might have been much, but was outwardly nothing, because the heart and the brain were not in harmony. Sordello was a kind of Hamlet. The longing was intense, the thought was discursive. Thus the power of the heart wasted itself, as the burden of a surcharged thunder-cloud that is hovering over some populous city escapes through thousands of rods and spires, instead of gathering itself for one mighty stroke; only there is this difference, — the heart of Sordello felt that it was made for *the stroke*.

In the "Christmas Eve" we have passed out from the wilderness of the "Sordello"; a wilderness full of sweets and of magnificence, but where we have to force our way through the tangle, and rather make than find our path. In the "Christmas Eve" all is clear before us. But we find only more distinctly, and in vaster presentation, the same antagonism, the shock of which shattered the earthly life of Sordello. In the body of this poem, we have two grand pictures set over against each other. One is a description of the Christmas worship at St. Peter's, a passage that, better than anything we know, might take the place of a journey to Rome, so palpitating is it with the very thrill and ecstasy of worship. The other is an almost equally striking picture of a scene in a lecture-room in a German university. The first of these is represented as the worship of love.

"Their Faith's heart beats, though her head swims
 Too giddily to guide her limbs."

The other is the worship of pure intellect with only

"the lurking drop of blood that lies
 In the desiccated brain's white roots."

Christ, borne upon the flowing folds of whose garment the narrator had visited these opposite forms, finds something to approve in each; but the poet, rightly enough desiring a method of worship in which intellect and heart shall be alike present, rather arbitrarily selects that of "Mount Zion," a little chapel of which he had already given us a ludicrous picture, in the Dutch style, and where he derived spiritual benefit, it is true, but only while he was asleep, dreaming the visions just referred to. Whatever one may think of his choice, or of the manner of it, the main point for us, in our present investigation, is, that the heart and the head were at variance, and their strife silenced, rather than satisfied, by the sudden decision last mentioned.

The "Easter Day" begins with the exclamation,

"How very hard it is to be
A Christian!"

The discussion that supports this assertion we need not analyze. It is the same kind of intellectual wrestling with the spiritual instinct, in which we have already remarked the subtle power of Browning. The striking element of the poem is the judgment scene, which paints the penalty of failure in the Christian life. This portrayal many of our theologians might study with profit. The individual finds himself alone in the presence of the sublime pomp of the judgment. He is found to have chosen the world; and his penalty is, that he has what he has chosen, that is, the world empty of all higher life. Then follows the masterly analysis of the worthlessness of the best which the world possesses after the spiritual life has been taken out of it. This conception of the judgment reminds one of that of Ary Scheffer, in his "Christus Redemptor," in which we see Sloth sleeping and Avarice counting its treasure, not knowing that they are already condemned, — gathered already among those at the left hand of the Judge.

The contrast between the head and the heart, which we have found to lie at the root of the poems we have thus far examined, very naturally assumes a dramatic, and even a tragic form. Thus, when we approach the dramatic poems of Browning, we are not surprised to find the chief actors embodying the opposite elements of this antagonism. This is very marked

in the "Paracelsus." The hero of this poem sought to solve the mystery of the universe by pure knowledge. He is aroused from his fruitless dream by coming in contact with the poet Aprile, who has sought to compass the same object through the heart only. Paracelsus says to him :

"I too have sought to KNOW as thou to LOVE, —
Excluding love as thou refusedst knowledge.
Still thou hast beauty and I power. We wake :
What penance canst devise for both of us ?"

The capitals, which are the author's, show that the contrast between knowledge and love lies at the very centre and heart of the poem.

In the "Pippa Passes" we have the pure, innocent, and loving heart, embodied in the simple maiden, who, looking over the world, sees only love, where we are about to see the most terrible tragedies, and who goes forth, with only her artless song of faith, and changes the course of all those fearful histories, of which she knows and dreams nothing. The simple song of trust, —

"God 's in his Heaven, —
All 's right with the world !" —

has power to transform, for a moment, the most polluted soul, and check it in the turning moment of its life. Here we have the heart, free and glad, unconsciously entering upon the dominion of the world. The poem is full of tragic power. It is a condensation of tragedies. Each act is as if a fifth act. Yet for a moment the tragic collision between the heart and the intellect has ceased. Love alone moves through these scenes of strife, unconscious, unstained and undisturbed, yet controlling all.

In the "King Victor and King Charles" we meet the old struggle. Victor is the king of craft. Charles the king of simple, straightforward honesty and right. King Victor says to Charles :

"You are now the king ; you 'll comprehend
Much you may oft have wondered at, — the shifts,
Dissimulation, willingness I showed."

But Charles answers :

"No ! straight on shall I go,
Truth helping ; win with it or die with it."

In another part of the dialogue, the same contrast is even more strongly emphasized. In this play craft gives way to honesty. The head resigns in favor of the heart, which thus is openly and consciously crowned.

In the "Colombe's Birthday," the sweetest, though by no means the strongest, of the plays of Browning, the heart, which we have just seen crowned, abdicates its kingdom. Colombe,—

" Our play-queen
For whom, to furnish lilies for her hair,
We'd pour our veins forth to enrich the soil," —

for the love of love, leaves her throne and the grander honors that were promised her. She resists the specious arguments that would prove to her, that respect and honor and wealth and royalty can take the place of love, and fill the void that it has left. Thus she goes forth with love only, happier in her banishment than she had been on her throne.

In the "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," the heart is pierced and slain. Love, innocent and ignorant, becomes entangled with the cold maxims of the world. Silent, unwilling to defend itself, unable to utter a word of excuse or palliation, it meets the harsh judgment, which is a prejudgment. Its stern and pitiless sentence is death.

These five plays, which we have taken as they are at present grouped, stand thus connected, as the five acts of a grand and solemn tragedy. Persons, scenes, interests, events, are different, but the real actors are in all the same. The heart and the intellect are at strife. At first we see them simply one over against the other. Then we see the heart unconsciously entering upon its supremacy. Then we see it openly crowned; then an outcast and a wanderer from its kingdom, and at last pitilessly slain. We do not say that the poet consciously brought them into this relation. We can only say that the relation exists; and if it was effected without conscious purpose, it only shows more strongly how deep a hold this tragic relation must have taken on the mind of the poet, that it should thus embody itself in such varied, complete, and exhaustive forms.

In the three remaining plays, we meet the same collision, only, if possible, in a sharper antagonism. We return more

nearly to the thought in "Sordello." We have the two forces at variance in the same individual, their resolved antagonism ending only in his death. In the "Return of the Druses" and "Luria," we have an Oriental heart, seeking to become united with the intellect of the Occident. The spontaneous instincts of the soul, not content with their own simple ways, seek to clothe themselves with the wisdom and the arts of the West. The struggle is a failure, and the violent strife has only a fatal termination. In the "Return of the Druses," Djabal exclaims to Anael :

"And was it thou that betrayedst me ? 'Tis well ;
 I have deserved this of thee, and submit ;
 Nor 't is much evil thou inflictest ; life
 Ends here. The cedars shall not wave for us —
 For there was crime, and must be punishment.
 See fate ! By thee I was seduced — by thee
 I perish — yet do I, can I repent ?
 I, with my Arab instinct, thwarted ever
 By my Frank policy, — and, within torn,
 My Frank brain, thwarted by my Arab heart —
 While these remained in equipoise, I lived
 — Nothing ; had either been predominant,
 As a Frank schemer or an Arab mystic,
 I had been something ; — now, each has destroyed
 The other — and behold, from out their crash,
 A third and better nature rises up —
 My mere man's-nature ! And I yield to it —
 I love thee — I — who did not love before !"

And Luria exclaims, in the play that bears his name :

"My own East !
 How nearer God we were ! He glows above
 With scarce an intervention, presses close
 And palpitatingly, His soul o'er ours !
 We feel Him, nor by painful reason know !
 The everlasting minute of creation
 Is felt there ; *Now* it is, as it was *Then* ;
 All changes at His instantaneous will,
 Not by the operation of a law,
 Whose maker is elsewhere at other work !
 His soul is still engaged upon his world —
 Man's praise can forward it, man's prayers suspend,
 For is not God all-mighty ? To recast
 The world, erase old things and make them new,
 What costs it Him ? So man breathes nobly there !

And inasmuch as Feeling, the East's gift,
 Is quick and transient — comes, and lo, is gone —
 While Northern Thought is slow and durable,
 Oh, what a mission was reserved for me,
 Who, born with a perception of the power
 And use of the North's thought for us of the East,
 Should have stayed there, and turned it to account,
 Giving Thought's character and permanence
 To the too-transitory Feelings there —
 Writing God's messages in mortal words !
 Instead of which I leave my fated field
 For this, where such a task is needed least,
 Where all are born consummate in the art
 I just perceive a chance of making mine, —
 And then, deserting thus my early post,
 I wonder that the men I come among
 Mistake me ! There, how all had understood,
 Still brought fresh stuff for me to stamp and keep,
 Fresh instincts to translate them into law ! ”

Luria thus attempted to make the instincts of his heart subservient to the intellect of the West, as Djabal, in the “Return of the Druses,” attempted to make the cunning of the West the instrument of the inspiration of his heart. The first ill-effect of the failure of Luria was that these instincts became deadened. When Husain, his Moorish companion, suspects deceit and peril, Luria says of him :

“ He keeps his instincts, no new culture mars
 Their perfect use in him ; just so the brutes
 Rest not, are anxious without visible cause,
 When change is in the elements at work,
 Which man's trained senses fail to apprehend.
 But here, — he takes the distant chariot-wheels
 For thunder, festal fire for lightning's flash,
 The finer traits of cultivated life
 For treachery and malevolence ; I see ! ”

Yet Husain was right. It was the insight of Luria that was at fault, and afterward, seeing his mistake, and feeling already its penalty, he was forced to exclaim :

“ I, born a Moor, lived half a Florentine ;
 But, punished properly, can die a Moor.”

“ A Soul's Tragedy,” the next and last of the dramas, explains itself by its own title. There is the same skilful cas-

uistry that we meet so often ; only, here it is the soul, and not the body, that perishes.

We have thus met, at every step, the same antagonism that we found in the "Sordello." We have, as far as we have gone, taken the poems in the succession of their present arrangement, and have omitted only the "Strafford," an early poem, which, though it is not without power, can hardly claim a place among the marked products of the genius of Browning. We have found everywhere the divergence between the heart and the intellect, sometimes taking the form of fruitless attempts at reconciliation, sometimes of open and fatal strife. The question now meets us, Is there in the poems of Browning anything to counterbalance the tragic result we have been contemplating? He has given us, in perfect and even sublime delineation, the conflict. Does he anywhere give us, in equally clear utterance, the solution and the victory? This word is spoken in the poem called "Saul." The song of the shepherd minstrel, his soul fresh from nature, as his harp-strings were kept cool and fresh through the noonday heat by the lilies, "still living and blue," that were twined about them, goes up with cheerful faith, and speaks the truth, which all the tragic struggles we have just contemplated could not compass. This truth, reached through the life of nature in its beauty and the life of man in its glory, is simply that the heart should put complete faith in its highest impulse, and should fearlessly crown it as divine. We will not mar, by any attempt at abstract, the course of simple, but yet subtle thought, by which the song reaches this triumphant issue : —

" O, speak through me now !

Would I suffer for him that I love ? So wilt Thou — so wilt Thou !

So shall crown thee, the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost crown —

And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down

One spot for the creature to stand in ! "

Thus the minstrel, looking through the love of his own soul, saw the coming Christ, standing in the glory of the Father.

" O Saul, it shall be

A face like my face that receives thee ; a man like to me,

Thou shalt love and be loved by, forever ! A Hand like this hand

Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the Christ stand ! "

We need hardly remark how wonderfully, in this whole poem, the shepherd life of David, and his Messianic prophecies, are mingled with the strange and touching power that we read his song had over the soul of the moody and haunted Saul. It is enough for our present purpose to see how it furnishes the solution of the mystery which broods darkly over so many of the other poems. In considering it, in its relation with them, two facts are of interest. One is, that the first part of the "Saul" was published in the volumes with the Tragedies, its triumphant close not then having been completed. The other is, that the substance of the close of the "Saul" was written grandly, and embodied in the early part of the poem called "Christmas Eve." In this, however, it did not seem to satisfy the thought of the poet, for it is used only to make way for a settling down in the little "Zion" above referred to, while in the "Saul" it sets the heavens in a glow and the earth in a rapture.

It would of course be impossible to give to the minor poems of Browning the same sort of examination that we have given to the more important ones. The attempt would, moreover, be fruitless. They are written in every mood, and adapted to various circumstances and characters. They are thus separate and diverse. Some are mere fancies, some pictures, some playful, some passionate. In nearly all of them we find the marks of wonderful genius, though for the most part less perfectly exhibited than in the longer poems. Though they are thus not susceptible of the same sort of analysis that we have given to the others, we cannot help feeling the presence of the same spirit that was in them; of something even of the same unreconciled elements of heart and intellect, the antagonism of which, as we have seen, gives the tragic power to so many of the longer pieces. This influence gives to many of the minor poems something of this same power, while it is also the cause of many of the faults that have been alluded to, which repel so many readers. It will be easily understood how the same cause can work both strength and weakness, by calling to mind the case of a man under the influence of some great sorrow. When he speaks of his grief, his grief itself gives him eloquence; but when he speaks of anything else, it

gives him an air of preoccupation, injuring the flow, the strength, and the clearness of his language.

Perhaps we can best illustrate our meaning, though only partially, by remarking, that, in reading the poems of Browning, we feel ourselves brought into the presence of a spirit in which the religious element is naturally very predominant. Not even the spirit of Mrs. Browning seems to us to have been more strongly religious than that of her husband. Yet, while the poems of the one are full of expressions of religious faith, in those of the other such expressions are not frequent. The theme has an evident fascination for the writer. The song plays about it, and plays with it. It criticises and questions. Sometimes we meet the grandest and most confident utterances. But, for the most part, when we meet these, we come upon them suddenly. It is the flash of something which is a power and a mystery. It is vague, yet real. Many of the lighter poems of Browning produce the same effect that we experience when we hear light, graceful airs played upon an organ. We enjoy and admire, but at the same time we have a certain unsatisfied feeling. Something in the performance itself, however beautiful this may be, suggests that the full power of the instrument has not been brought out. What, played upon a piano, would give simply pleasure, upon the organ leaves us, though pleased, not quite content. In the minor poems of Browning we sometimes, indeed, have pieces so exquisitely performed that we rest wholly satisfied. An example of these is the piece entitled, "How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix." Sometimes we get the full, satisfying, and inspiring organ-peal, as in the "Instans Tyrannus," and "The Grammarian's Funeral." But often, among magnificent descriptions and beautiful images, we feel as if we were not in full communication with the author, as if his heart were not wholly in the work. Sometimes the mark of this is a touch foreign to the matter, as in the concluding verses which mar the sweet picture of the "Guardian Angel." Sometimes it is merely a harshness and obscurity, such as were referred to at the beginning of this article. Sometimes it is a mannerism, a trick of style, by which, as soon as we glance at a page, we see that we have a poem of Browning

there, even before we see whether we have a poem worth reading or not. Sometimes it is only that universal, dramatic form, assumed, not for the pleasure of the development of a central plot, but simply for that of speaking with different voices, of analyzing various characters. From all this we are tempted to believe that the great heart and the equally great intellect of the poet have not worked out for themselves a perfect harmony. His spirit has no absolute ground of its own from which it can speak its own word. There are indications, for instance, of a lack of faith in traditional, religious forms, which there has yet been no strength to cast off. Even the magnificent poem of "Saul" may have been a single expression of what is not a permanent mood. We say all this doubtfully, as helping to indicate this presence of elements not wholly in harmony, which we feel at the heart of many of these poems. It is at least a striking fact, that the only instance in Browning's collected works, "the first time and the last time," that the poet throws off this reserve, and utters a hearty word in his own name and person, is when he addresses one to whom love and reverence were alike obviously and rightly due. To Mrs. Browning the heart could give its utmost love, and the intellect, finding nothing to object to its devotion, could only rival the heart's love by its own admiration. It is, we say, a striking fact, that to her the only direct word of the poet is uttered. We can imagine that here the restless discord of the nature was stilled, and we feel a sense of peace when we hear the poet utter, in his own voice, and from his own soul,

"Here where the heart rests, let the brain rest also."

We may refer, also, in the same connection, to the two poems that stand together in the June number of the "Atlantic Monthly," the one, "Under the Cliff," utterly sad and questioning; and the other, "Prospice," one of the grandest utterances of courage and faith that have ever been hurled into the face of death; yet the distinctness and certainty of the faith rest only on one beloved form,—

"Then a light, then thy heart,
O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest!"

However we may err in tracing any connection between these poems and the spirit of their author, we cannot mistake in connecting them with the spirit of the times. The great discord between the head and the heart, between intellect and faith, is the predominant characteristic of the age. Old forms of thought are failing. Wherever faith finds a foothold, the intellect comes prying, doubting, and disturbing. The age is accused of having a "suspense of faith," of infidelity, of materialism. But the discord is not with infidels and materialists alone. It runs far back into the very heart of the Church. This restless search, this unsatisfied longing, this harrying discord, can have but one solution. The song that the shepherd boy sings in the "Saul" to the disquieted king, is the only music that can soothe the troubled spirit of the present. The truth there uttered is its only resting-place. The strife between the heart and the intellect cannot cease until the heart has learned to trust, with simple faith, its own highest impulse, and to crown it as divine. It must learn to take for granted, that, as the mountains stand by the power of God, as the sun shines with his glory, so the heart loves and can love only in his love. Thus it will have reached a resting-place, where the intellect cannot disturb it, but can only help it by ministering to its need of outward forms and service. While it rests here, it matters not what forms it may assume or may reject. If it does not rest here, it is also no matter what forms it may assume, for all are alike empty and worthless.

ART. IV. — MARSH'S "MAN AND NATURE."

Man and Nature; or, Physical Geography as modified by Human Action. By GEORGE P. MARSH. New York: Charles Scribner.

WHILE political theorists and social enthusiasts and religious optimists have been indulging in dreams of unlimited progress, and boasting of those conquests of man over the natural world which we sum up in the phrase "modern civilization," a quiet undertone of warning, beginning with a few sober and cautious investigators in the field of natural science, has been gradually swelling to a note of serious apprehension and alarm. Our visions of an indefinite and vast future for humanity were a little blurred at being told that the time must come inevitably, when the mere friction of the earth's revolution in its orbit would bring its motion to a check, and plunge it finally into the sun. But we comforted ourselves with thinking that this must at any rate be a good way off in the future, — some hundreds of millions of years at least, — and a deluge so long after us, we might well enough dismiss from our thoughts. Then came the hint, that, by the effect of great chemical changes going on, the water of the earth's atmosphere and surface was getting slowly but surely absorbed, — that, in short, our system is drying up, — and life will perish here, just as it has in the moon, from mere want of its fluid medium. But every rain-storm or river-flood was an argument to forget a fear so far away, and possibly unreal after all. Again, it was hinted that we are drawing, in a very prodigal and exhausting way, on those marvellous stores of wealth stored by in long geological ages. How long can we depend on our coal mines or our wells of fossil oil? how long will the strata beneath our feet honor the prodigious drafts, increasing every day from the demands of science, from the arts of peace, or the enormous waste of war? Still, it seemed as if we might well enough believe in the constancy of natural forces, mainly so bounteous and beneficent to man, — in the competency of human skill to supply the defects, and heal the wounds, which man has made in nature, — in the practical sufficiency of our resources, whether from nature or art, to meet the real problems of human life, as fast as they are

likely to occur; and as if it were no very wild enthusiasm to predict that our powers will more than keep pace with our demands, so as to secure an indefinite advance in wealth, comfort, civilization, for a future as large as our imagination can well conceive.

But just here comes the warning of wastes more fatal, of exhaustions more immediately threatening, of mischiefs more irremediable, than we had conceived. Organic chemistry warns us of that wholesale waste which suffers the most fertile elements of the soil to drift helplessly into the sea, millions of tons a year, through the silt of rivers and the drainage of great cities; and which, by a slow but certain process, is reducing the boundless wealth of our plains and valleys to the exhaustion and sterility of a wilderness. Physical geography repeats the admonition, by making us better acquainted with the sources and conditions of that natural wealth we consume so prodigally, and showing us how vast man's power of mischief here, how small his power of renovation. Instead of the unlimited future of progress we had dreamed of, it is hinted that the race has very nearly reached the meridian of its terrestrial day; that we can even now anticipate the shadows of a dreary afternoon; that, unless something can be done to stay the waste or restore the loss, the material conditions of our civilization, of social progress, perhaps even of human life and society itself upon our planet, are already slipping from our hands. And our boasting is turned to real anxiety and concern, as touching some of the most essential elements of our earthly future.

That we may not be charged with putting this aspect of the case too strongly, we cite the following statement of it, made by so clear a thinker, so excellent an observer, and so accomplished a scholar as Mr. Marsh, — emphasizing the phrases which seem to point most clearly the drift and main argument of his book.

"The ravages committed by man," he says, "*subvert the relations and destroy the balance which nature had established between her organized and her inorganic creations*; and she revenges herself upon the intruder, by letting loose upon her defaced provinces destructive energies, hitherto kept in check by organic forces destined to be his best auxiliaries, but which he has unwisely dispersed and driven from the

field of action. When the forest is gone, the great reservoir of moisture stored up in its vegetable mould is evaporated, and returns only in deluges of rain to wash away the parched dust into which that mould has been converted. The well-wooded and humid hills are turned to ridges of dry rock, which encumbers the low grounds and chokes the watercourses with its *débris*, and — except in countries favored with an equal distribution of rain through the seasons, or a moderate and regular inclination of surface — the whole earth, unless rescued by human art from the physical degradation to which it tends, becomes an assemblage of bald mountains, of barren, turfless hills, and of swampy and malarious plains. There are parts of Asia Minor, of Northern Africa, of Greece, and even of Alpine Europe, where the operation of causes set in action by man has brought the face of the earth to a desolation almost as complete as that of the moon; and though, within that brief space of time which we call 'the historical period' they are known to have been covered with luxuriant woods, verdant pastures, and fertile meadows, *they are now too far deteriorated to be reclaimable by man*, nor can they become again fitted for human use, except through great geological changes, or other mysterious influences or agencies, of which we have no present knowledge, and over which we have no prospective control. The earth is fast becoming an unfit home for its noblest inhabitant, and *another era of equal human crime and human improvidence, and of like duration with that through which traces of that crime and that improvidence extend, would reduce it to such a condition of impoverished destructiveness, of shattered surface, of climatic excess, as to threaten the deprivation, barbarism, and perhaps even extinction of the species.*" — pp. 43, 44.

"It is, in general, true, that the intervention of man has hitherto seemed to insure the final exhaustion, ruin, and desolation of every province of nature which he has reduced to his dominion. Attila was only giving an energetic and picturesque expression to the tendencies of human action, when he said that 'no grass grew where his horse's hoofs had stood.' The instances are few where a second civilization has flourished upon the ruins of an ancient culture, and lands once rendered uninhabitable by human acts or neglect have generally been forever abandoned as hopelessly irreclaimable." — p. 416.

It will be seen by these extracts, that Mr. Marsh's volume is very far from being composed in that tone of complacent — not to say boastful — rhetoric, which men of letters have so often employed, in view of the progress of science and the triumphs of human industry. It is a work whose character and

whose merit lie in its practical motive. It is even less a scientific exposition than it is an appeal to preserve and to restore what art and industry, luxury and poverty, pride and ignorance, alike combine to waste. It is a treatise on physical ethics. The wealth of knowledge, the curious felicity of illustration, which abound in it, are the contribution of a scholar, a philosopher, and a keen observer of natural things, whose single purpose is to put his fellow-men on guard against certain definite dangers which threaten some of their weightiest interests and fairest hopes. It is simply with a view to illustrate this one point in it, that we shall refer to a few of the facts and arguments it contains.

The work begins with a brilliant picture of the natural fertility and beauty of the provinces which made up the Roman Empire,—a region which shows the most melancholy proofs of havoc and waste.

“Vast forests have disappeared from mountain spurs and ridges; the vegetable earth, accumulated beneath the trees by the decay of leaves and fallen trunks, the soil of the alpine pastures which skirted and indented the woods, and the mould of the upland fields, are washed away; meadows, once fertilized by irrigation, are waste and unproductive, because the cisterns and reservoirs that supplied the ancient canals are broken, or the springs that fed them dried up; rivers famous in history and song have shrunk to humble brooklets; the willows that ornamented and protected the banks of the lesser watercourses are gone, and the rivulets have ceased to exist as perennial currents, because the little water that finds its way into their old channels is evaporated by the droughts of summer, or absorbed by the parched earth, before it reaches the lowlands; the beds of the brooks have widened into broad expanses of pebbles and gravel, over which, though in the hot season passed dry-shod, in winter sea-like torrents thunder; the entrances of navigable streams are obstructed by sand-bars, and harbors, once marts of an extensive commerce, are shoaled by the deposits of the rivers at whose mouths they lie; the elevation of the beds of estuaries, and the consequently diminished velocity of the streams which flow into them, have converted thousands of leagues of shallow sea and fertile lowland into unproductive and miasmatic morasses.

“If to this realm of desolation we add the now wasted and solitary soils of Persia and the remoter East, that once fed their millions with milk and honey, we shall see that a territory larger than all Europe,

the abundance of which sustained, in bygone centuries, a population scarcely inferior to that of the whole Christian world at the present day, has been entirely withdrawn from human use, or, at best, is thinly inhabited by tribes too few in number, too poor in superfluous products, and too little advanced in culture and the social arts, to contribute anything to the general moral or material interests of the great commonwealth of man." — pp. 3–5.

Besides "man's ignorant disregard of the laws of nature," implied in this wholesale devastation, the causes of it are succinctly stated to be, —

"First, the brutal and exhausting despotism which Rome herself exercised over her conquered kingdoms, and even over her Italian territory; then, the host of temporal and spiritual tyrannies which she left as her dying curse to all her wide dominion, and which, in some form of violence or of fraud, still brood over almost every soil subdued by the Roman legions. Man cannot struggle at once against crushing oppression and the destructive forces of inorganic nature. When both are combined against him, he succumbs after a shorter or a longer struggle, and the fields he has won from the primeval wood relapse into their original state of wild and luxuriant, but unprofitable forest growth, or fall into that of a dry and barren wilderness."

The careful reader will trace, in the paragraphs we have quoted, the outline of an argument, which is expanded into great variety of detail, and enriched with singular wealth of illustrative knowledge, in the six chapters which make up the volume. The second chapter, for instance, is taken up with the agency of man in transplanting, modifying, or exterminating various vegetable and animal tribes. Besides being a very interesting piece of natural history, it has a good word to say for those untamed herds of "large browsing and grazing quadrupeds, the slaughter of which is the source of a ferocious pleasure and a brutal triumph to professedly civilized hunters," and for those feathered tribes which an unthrifty and ignorant brutality devotes by millions to extermination. We quote a single paragraph respecting the *geographical* function of the living tribes: —

"Every plant, every animal, is a geographical agency, man a destructive, vegetables and even wild beasts restorative powers. The rushing waters sweep down earth from the uplands; in the first mo-

ment of repose vegetation seeks to re-establish itself on the bared surface, and, by the slow deposit of its decaying products, to raise again the soil which the torrent had laved. So important an element of reconstruction is this, that it has been seriously questioned whether, upon the whole, vegetation does not contribute as much to elevate, as the waters to depress, the level of the surface." — p. 58.

The third and longest chapter in the book, consisting of about two hundred pages, is on "The Woods"; and is probably the ablest, fullest, and most intelligent plea that has been offered for the protection and restoration of the forest,— that beautiful and noble barrier set by nature against drought and flood, extremes of cold and heat, lightning, hail, and pestilence, the curse of barrenness, and the sweep of blasting winds. The functions of the forest as the chief means for the gathering and husbanding of moisture in the vast sponge of its porous, leafy mould,— as the defence of rocky slopes from ruinous freshets, and of exposed coasts from furious sea storms and encroachment of barren sands,— as the laboratory and reservoir of great stores of fertile soil,— as the chief natural agent to mitigate the extremes of climate and the violence of the elements,— as a mine of precious material for many of the most necessary arts, inexhaustible, if used with economy and skill,— besides being the crown and glory of the landscape, and the natural covering, spontaneously renewed, of almost all lands fitted for the uses of human life,— all this, with the methods devised by European skill and experience to preserve the forests where existing, and restore them, if possible, where destroyed, makes a treatise on this most interesting topic well worthy the study of those who have in charge our own magnificent domain. It is a plea, in part, for the forests of America. Mr. Marsh holds that probably no State in the Union, with the exception, perhaps, of Oregon, has more woodland at this time than is needed by those grand economies of nature to which our personal and political economies should conform. In some of the States good attention has been paid to this matter already. In Massachusetts, we have been assured, on good authority, not only many of our stony uplands have been preserved from the unsightly havoc that once seemed to threaten them all, but there is actually more surface covered

with wood than a quarter of a century ago. Still we are grieved, occasionally, by the stripping bare of great patches to supply the locomotive or the fireside; and hundreds of tons of the noblest growth of our forests are dragged every year to our country railway stations to meet the inexorable demand of our ship-yards;* so that the warning is timely as well as impressive, and is addressed to the immediate future of our American industries and economies. It is a little curious, by the way, that the reaction against the forest-laws and game-laws of feudal times seems to have bred a spirit of more wanton destructiveness in Europe than even the reckless waste of new settlements. It is but very recently that the more enlightened governments of the Old World have been able to check the destruction, and do a little to repair these great natural barriers and outer defences of civilization.

The same subject constantly reappears in the discussions of the next two chapters, those on "*The Waters*" and "*The Sands*," — since, as already mentioned, the forest is the great natural defence against the mischiefs from either sources. Of the former chapter, the most striking portions are those which speak of the great devastation from river freshets and mountain torrents, particularly those in Southern France.

"The comparative exemption of the American people from the terrible calamities which the overflow of rivers has brought on some of the fairest portions of the Old World, is, in a still greater degree [than to the rarity of large towns and costly improvements on their banks] to be ascribed to the fact that, with all our thoughtless improvidence, we have not yet bared all the sources of our streams, not yet overthrown all the barriers which nature has erected to restrain her own destructive energies." — p. 228.

Some of our readers will remember the derision with which a message of the French Emperor, on the subject of the inundations (we believe) of 1856, was received by the incredulous. What, they said, is he insane in his arrogance, to dictate laws to nature, and check, by his will, the sources of

* As a single instance of the drain which war makes upon the forest, as on all other sources of wealth, Mr. Marsh states that twenty-eight thousand walnut-trees were felled in Europe to supply gun-stocks for the United States army during the first two years of the present war.

the rain? How much can be actually effected by human means appears, indeed, to be a matter of doubt.

"But the conservative action of the woods in this respect has been generally recognized by the public of France, and the government of the Empire has made this principle the basis of important legislation for the protection of existing forests, and for the formation of new. The clearing of woodland, and the organization and functions of a police for its protection, are regulated by a law bearing date June 18th, 1859; and provision was made for promoting the restoration of private woods by a statute adopted on the 28th of July, 1860. The almost entire unanimity with which they were adopted is proof of a very general popular conviction, that the protection and extension of the forests is a measure more likely than any other to check the violence, if not to prevent the recurrence, of destructive inundations. The law of 1860 appropriated ten million francs, to be expended, at the rate of one million francs per year, in exerting or aiding the replanting of woods. It is computed that this appropriation will secure the creation of new forests to the extent of about two hundred and fifty thousand acres, or one eleventh part of the soil where the restoration of the forest is thought feasible, and at the same time specially important as a security against the evils ascribed in great measure to its destruction."— pp. 395, 396.

The provision made by nature to check the desolating encroachment of sea-sands, the great mischiefs that may result from so slight a cause as the uprooting of a single tree upon the "dunes" or sand-hills, and the power of human skill to repair those mischiefs, afford a topic of very curious and valuable discussion. We cite a single illustration, taken from a Prussian author on this subject:—

"King Frederick William I. was once in want of money. A certain Herr von Korff promised to procure it for him, without loan or taxes, if he could be allowed to remove something quite useless. He thinned out the forests of Prussia, which then indeed possessed little pecuniary value; but he felled the entire woods of the Frische Nehrung [a long sand-spit separating the Frische Haff from the Baltic], so far as they lay within the Prussian territory. The financial operation was a success. The king had money, but in the elementary operation which resulted from it, the state received irreparable injury. The sea winds rush over the bared hills; the Frische Haff is half choked with sand; the channel between Elbing, the sea, and Königsberg is endangered,

and the fisheries in the Haff injured. The operation of Herr von Korff brought the king two hundred thousand thalers. The state would now willingly expend millions to restore the forests again." — p. 486.

The closing chapter contains a brief discussion of some of the more remarkable modern enterprises, — such as the Suez and Darien Canals, the diversion of the Rhine above Lake Constance, and the draining of the inland seas of Holland, — which illustrate not merely the industrial energy and skill of man, but his power to modify the geographical features of the earth. But these discussions are slight and supplementary. The great interest of the volume is gathered about those topics which we have already indicated. And the highest praise we can award it is to express the hope, that we may have done our share to direct attention to its remarkable interest for every student of nature, and its great value to all who would intelligently promote the best material welfare of our country and kind.

11.76. 1864

ART. V.—ROBERT LOWELL.

1. *The Story of the New Priest in Conception Bay.* By ROBERT LOWELL. A New Edition. Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864. pp. 566.
2. *The Poems of ROBERT LOWELL.* A New Edition (with many New Poems). Boston: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1864. pp. 206.

ROBERT LOWELL is known in his religious communion as a singularly devoted and faithful parish priest, and to the public at large as the writer of a slender volume of verse, and of a novel of singular character and excellence. His fame is not large, but growing. It is the fortune of some authors to be most severely criticised at the first, but, as their merits become known, to override the critic's authority and establish a reading public of their own. It has been so with Mr. Lowell. The "New Priest," in 1857, was published anonymously.

We spent our midnight hours over it, and wept for the pathos of its touching scenes, and so did others, and the book was apparently speedily on its way to final sleep. The critics found fault with it; cultivated people read it; circulating libraries had it; and then you could see it knocked off at a shilling in some auction-room, and that was apparently the end of it. Yet now it has come up again into the light of day, and is as eagerly read as when it was first hot from the press. It is not a novel which can be forgotten; it has those master-touches of genius which keep a writing alive, and bring posthumous fame to its author.

A little later than the publication of the "New Priest," a certain thin volume of poetry appeared from the same pen. This, too, was severely handled. "Such odd poetry!" one said. "How weak and full of little blemishes!" said another. It was very evident, either that the poetry was not good, or that it did not obey the canons of prevailing schools. Yet an edition of the Poems was somehow sold, and the new edition of the novel found few old copies in the market. Such is the slow but certain recognition which comes to a work of genius. How many novels have been born in these six years, and died the death! How many poems have shared the same fate! These two small books *live*; they knock at our door for candid criticism: they shall have it.

And first the Poems. They are mostly short-winged snatches of verse, such as one writes when he is mostly confined to other pursuits, but which have the compressed essence of poetry. There is one longer poem, rising to the dignity of a work of art, "The Delphian Children's Lost Hope." All the others are brief: some are simple songs, singularly sweet and pretty; others are tragic passages in a religious life; others are the caught breath and spirit of our battle-fields; and others are ballads or preachings in verse. There is an absence in them of all pretension; the very language shows it. There is also a singularly earnest feeling in each poem, which does not interfere with pictures of imaginative beauty, but the rather impresses you that there is a strongly beating heart behind them. They are often rugged, bare; lines are stiff; the measure is strange; it is oftener the cadence of a certain inward spirit-

ual melody than the exact shaping of language into the moulds of art, and perhaps nearly as often the verse flows in the most beautiful melody. The genius of the author would be called freaky, idiosyncratic, until you had learned to look at poetry with his own eyes. Then you could discover that this ruggedness is only the higher element of his poetry, — the exhibition of vivid poetic feeling. Most people will say that they prefer to see poetry made up; but when the poet brings his poetic process at the very heat before you, and then freezes the action at that moment, we must say it is a most peculiar power, and such poetry is truest to the human heart. It is not refined down to melodious nothingness. In the "New Priest" are some of the poems which are in this volume; they are there clothed in the feeling with which they were composed. Such are "The Brave Old Ship, the Orient," "To God Most High," and "Love Disposed of"; and from the same book you get the clew to a richer appreciation of the poetry which pictures scenery in Newfoundland.

Mr. Lowell has a singularly happy faculty of expression. And for poetic expression he selects those feelings and thoughts and pictures which even the eye of a master shuns. His success is not always a melodious effect upon the ear, but he seldom fails to impart the very impression which the mind or heart longs for. His power is happily displayed in "Our Inland Summer-Nightfall"; and here is a stanza: —

" All grows more cool, though night comes slowly over,
And slowly stars stand out within the sky !
The trampling market-herd and way-sore drover
Crowd past with seldom cries, — their halt now nigh.
From out some lower dark
Comes up a dog's short bark :
There food and welcome rest ; there cool, soft meadows lie."

How finely the words convey the slow coming on of nights by a country farm-house ! Then the "dog's short bark" away below, where "cool, soft meadows lie," — the picture is all before you. Yet the first impression is that of ruggedness in the measure, disappearing, however, as you study it, into a beautifully adapted cadence. Take another specimen from "The Little Years": —

"These years! these years! these naughty years!
Once they were pretty things;
Their fairy footfalls caught our ears,
Our eyes their glancing wings.
They flitted by our school-boy way,
We chased the little imps at play.

"We knew them soon for tricky elves;
They brought the college gown,
With thoughtful books filled up our shelves,
Darkened our lips with down;
Played with our throats, and lo! the tone
Of manhood had become our own.

"They smiling stretched our childish size,
Their soft hands trimmed our hair,
Cast the deep thought within our eyes
And left it glowing there."

How delicate, how airy, are the touches in this little poem! Yet it is not weak, but manly in every word, and running over with childish playfulness. And no graduate who goes up to Harvard on Commencement-day but finds his very feeling here caught in words. Mr. Lowell is true to human feeling in every touch. But the melody of the poem is characteristic, and, though "hands skilful and famous have taken [it] up to make a tune for it," it is still unsung by the Elder Graduates, for whom it was written. The measure is the author's own. This we must grant him, and then we can see the rare force and simplicity of his pictures and imagery. The reader will find in these pages numerous single words, adjectives, epithets which are either new in poetry, or are put to new uses and freighted with more beautiful association; so that a refined mind, or even the mind right by nature and rough from lack of cultivation, will ever find fresh beauty and stimulus, old thoughts (and sad ones too) newly expressed, old and elusive feelings shaped into living pictures, in this charming volume.

Perhaps no single feature will be more attractive to many than its deep religious tone. Mr. Lowell is essentially a Christian poet, and his faith is too strong to have the thoughts of the soul unsaid. He has been called the George Herbert of the nineteenth century; and, in a religious sense, they seem

to have many traits in common,— the same quick eye for outward beauty, the same delight in holy thoughts, the same fondness for the ritual of the Church, the same rough earnestness of language, the same spirit of self-consecration. He seems more at home with Ken and Keble and Vaughan and Crashaw, than with Tennyson or Browning or Bryant. His good things are found where you least expect them, tucked into a bit of song, or gleaming along modestly upon the page. "A Communing with God before Ordination," "The Priest that must be," "Before Morns," "The Days of Sin," "To my Old Parishioners," "To God Most High," "The Barren Field," — each of these breathes the strong, hearty feeling of one whose religious experience has gone down to the foundation-stones. The language is often quaint, but the truths spoken have been searched for and found. It is often severely homely, but only because the feeling is so intense, or the experience so much beyond expression. It is the language of one who has seen the battle from afar, who has moved in the thick of the fight, and who has come away with the hard-won trophies of victory. It is catholic simplicity of faith, with the surroundings to show that it has not been easily gained.

His ballad poems, as "The Relief of Lucknow," "Bürger's Lenore," and "A Christmas Sermon," show his poetic power in a different direction; and here he comes more within the ordinary rules of poetic method, and succeeds well, leading you along with the simplest pathos. Altogether, few poets, in respect of genius, in power to depict religious emotion, in power to make language plastic to thought, in the faculty of saying just enough to make ideas and imagery strong and vivid, but not too much so, in the faculty of imparting religious manliness to poetry, in this age stand in advance of Robert Lowell.

We turn to the "New Priest." The scene of the story is laid in the southeastern portion of Newfoundland. It is among rude, rough men, whose home and life are much upon the sea, whose ways are characteristic, whose thoughts are tinged and even shaped greatly by their occupations. It is a novel whose scenery is found in a real section of the world; its characters are probably chiefly human beings whom the

author once knew, or now knows, and whose memory he has fixed in these pages. Its plot is twofold,—to show the peculiar position of the Roman Catholic priesthood toward the female sex, and to bring together two young hearts that Romanism had separated,—and, incidental to this, the whole life and work of the skippers of Newfoundland are laid before the readers. Hence, the work has the interest of a volume of travels, portraying the ways and manners of people who lie a little out of the circle of the world's surging life. But higher than this satisfaction of curiosity, it is a living act or section of the great tragedy, which will never end till the Judgment begins. It is a volume in which the surges of sorrow wash up to your very feet. It uncovers human passion in its most vivid forms; it is strong in those elements which make brethren of us all; it touches the common sympathy; it draws the tears from every reader. Not that the book is all sad, but it is intensely tragic. It is no nine days' wonder, but has probably been built up slowly out of the author's experience, growing into a comely shape under a plastic imagination, until the plot, the dialogue, the narrative, the humor, the pathos, are all directed into one common and great purpose. It is a religious book because the author is a religious man. But its one purpose is to show how life goes on yet in this lower world. Hence, it must be sad, humorous, brilliant, tragic, all in turn, and no worse a story than a thoughtful and sympathetic mind sees every day in actual life. It records that kind of experience with which a clergyman, from the very nature of his pursuits, is most familiar.

To the contents, then, briefly given, of the "New Priest." A clergyman of the English Church, renouncing his priesthood, and separating from his wife and children, enters the Church of Rome, is admitted to the priesthood there, and becomes an assistant in the mission at Conception Bay. The story begins with his mysterious presence, and with the like mysterious presence of his former wife, Mrs. Barrè, who, though once having tried to follow his example, had broken away, disgusted with the liberties taken in the confessional, and come back gladly to her early faith. One chief thread in the book is to see how this wife—sorrowful, widowed, silent,

lonely, near this man who should be her husband, yet separated from him by the wide chasm of religious difference — lives and waits to see him renounce his later belief and come back to his own truer self. Take a conscientious mind, noble, earnest, following the lead of seen duty, and the struggle between duty as a priest, and the hopes and joys which only a husband and father can feel and which his life craves, is most agonizing. This struggle is here pictured with a delicacy and force of language such as nothing short of genius can employ. It is not easy to conceive how a man can go so far on what appears so plainly a wrong track ; but the way to Rome is not beset with insuperable difficulties for certain conscientious and imaginative minds, and, once there, the conscience stays the mind in doing imagined duty, while the heart revolts. It is so with this Father Ignatius. The priesthood and its offices trample down all else for the time ; but the naked sores of that Church once fairly seen by a convert, he is no longer a happy man, even though he does not recant. It is hardly possible for a Protestant to see just how a Romanist feels here, how exaltedly the priesthood stands, and with what a holy confidence in finding the truth, the “pervert” walks on ; but Mr. Lowell has evidently seen in actual life such a character as this, and the record reads as if painted to the life.

Jesuitism comes out here also in all its nakedness, both as seen in priest and in layman. Because James Urston gives up preparing for the priesthood, and loves Lucy Barbury, who is a Protestant, the girl is stolen from her home with the connivance of Father Nicholas, — and the means by which she is traced, and the trial, and the story of her capture, and her final return, make up the bulk of the book. Here the whole inner life of the Roman Catholic system, and its shelter extended to a wily priest, and the liberties and screens which it allows, are unblushingly reported. No Protestant novel so strong against the Church of Rome has yet been published in the language. And still, this comes in so quietly to carry out the plot of the book, that its full power is not seen till the work is finished. Nor is it all evil. One character, Father Terence, an old Irish priest, who, by the simple quality of good-

nature, redeems the want of learning, and enthusiasm, and power, will ever remain in the reader's thoughts. He commands respect, draws others to him, and yet uses less sense than actually seems necessary to maintain any sort of dignity. His attempt to convert a live Yankee to Romanism is, next to the Biglow Papers, the richest specimen of native 'cuteness which we have seen; and if the author of those papers did not put a helping hand to this, Mr. Lowell may fairly contest with his brother the palm as an American humorist. Both the idiomatic Yankeeisms and the quite as racy Irish are as necessary in such a tragic work as the clown in the play, and they both carry on the purpose of the book, while resting the reader.

The one character which will perhaps command most admiration is Skipper George. This man has that rough native manliness which gives dignity and heartiness to his simplest deed. He tells a story with genuine pathos, and goes through the most thrilling passages in his own life with fervor and directness. His language is that racy dialect into which all who live off the dusty highway insensibly fall. His faith in God and in prayer, his pointing of morals, his singular sincerity, appear whenever he comes forward; and here he stands, a noble, but simple-minded man, strong in trouble because he knows where to lean, plain of speech because he is an honest man, great because nature made him so. Such a character is seldom found in a novel or in real life.

The women of the story are equally well sketched. Mrs. Barrè is the living impersonation of sorrow and religious faith. Lucy Barbury, of whom we do not see as much as we wish, is a true woman. The roguish Miss Dare has her place; Mrs. Calloran could not be spared; and even the Skipper's wife is not at all a needless or a weak character. Indeed, we do not know a single weak character in the book. The author has a marvellous power of drawing men and women by a few graphic touches. Witness the old smuggler, Ladford; the influence of the ghost on shipboard; Mr. Bangs's exploration of the nunnery; the discovery of the frozen, but repentant husband. Each part is equally well done. There is a careful finish of shading everywhere manifest.

In some respects, the story might perhaps be better. There

are often too long conversations. The author is apt to give too much of a good thing. Mr. Bangs has too much to say ; all he says has point, but he speaks too often ; the movement, at first, is rather too slow ; and the repentant husband dying in the snow cuts short that longing to see sorrow turned into joy which is natural to us all. But these are comparatively small defects. The novel may not even be so popular as "Peculiar" or "Hannah Thurston" ; but it has a vital power to which neither of these can lay claim. It will find readers, and the circle will constantly widen. While by no means a professedly religious novel, it is as much so as the Pilgrim's Progress ; while seemingly only giving the life, as the author found it, of the skippers of Newfoundland, it contains the strongest trumpet-blast against Romanism which has been written since the Tractarian movement toward Rome. Again, while so all-engaged in depicting real life, the author has found time to delineate sharply the natural scenery of a comparatively unknown land ; and while only engaged to weave the many threads of his story into one strand, he finds room for some of the sweetest and purest passages which can be found in our English tongue.

We have little room to make quotations ; none to show how the author manages the dramatic portions of his work ; but some of these beautiful passages, whose imagery is so sweet and delicate, cannot be passed by so easily. Here is one : —

"The day was such as often draws one's longings forwards, forwards, as the sweet wind goes, and brings into the mind a gentle sorrow, because it cannot go along farther or faster than the heavy body."

Hawthorne has not equalled that. And here is another. It speaks of Heine : —

"He sang out of a heart that knew what was the dreadful crush, and dizzying, destroying backset of his life's flood, when ~~it's~~ so many channels, torn from their fastenings in another's being, lie huddled upon themselves."

Here is still another : —

"He stood still in his grief ; and, as Mr. Wellon pressed his honest, hard hand, he lifted to his pastor one of those childlike looks that only come out on the face of the true man, that has grown, as oaks grow,

ring around ring, adding each after-age to the childhood that has never been lost, but has been kept innermost. This fisherman seemed like one of those that plied their trade, and were the Lord's disciples, at the Sea of Galilee, eighteen hundred years ago. The very flesh and blood enclosing such a nature keep a long youth through life. Witness the genius (who is only the more thorough man), poet, painter, sculptor, finder-out, or whatever; how fresh and fair such an one looks out from under his old age. Let him be a Christian, too, and he shall look as if—shedding this outward—the inward being would walk forth a glorified one."

Such passages as these are full of the tenderest meaning:—

"The body was dead, and they gave over their useless work upon it, and clothed it as before. There it lay; *no priest, no layman, no husband, no father, no man!*—*but it was sacred*, and it was reverently treated, as belonging to Christ, who would give it life again."

"Ah! no one can tell what is in woman, or in humanity, till he has known a noble wife. There is no such thing on earth."

The tone of all these passages is tender or sad, but there is also a mingled sweetness; and even when taken out of their connection, they have almost the touching beauty which belongs to them in the story itself. There are few who write with such depth of feeling, who use words with such precision and delicacy. It is the poet's touch, and Mr. Lowell is one of the few poets (and here like Herbert also) whose prose, if there is any choice, is even better and more poetical than his poetry. And works appealing so truly to the finest feelings, and so full of the deepest tragedy, can only be read thoughtfully, slowly; but thus read, they may enter into the permanent life of every reader. The "New Priest" may be read again and again, and each time you shall discover new excellences, and be thrilled with the unfoldings of greater passion.

We have, indeed, bestowed high praise upon these books, but only because in very truth they called it out. Mr. Lowell is a writer whom no critic can ignore, and when we find a man of genius modestly spreading his wares before the public,—and those wares of the best kind,—we like to say that hearty word of good-will which genius deserves, and will always eventually have.

ART. VI.—RENAN'S CRITICAL ESSAYS.

Studies of Religious History and Criticism. By M. ERNEST RENAN, Member of the Institute of France, and Author of the "Life of Jesus." Authorized Translation from the original French, by O. B. FROTHINGHAM, Pastor of the Third Unitarian Church in New York. With a Biographical Introduction. New York: Carleton. 1864. 8vo. pp. 394.

UPON the important work of M. Renan, briefly noticed in our last issue, we propose, in the present number, to say a few additional words. The translator has not lost or misused his time in introducing to American readers a work of such ability, originality, and beauty. And we may say, by way of preface, that the translator's own work has been exceedingly successful. Rarely has the version of a French book kept so thoroughly to the English idiom. A perfect comprehension of the writer's meaning, an unerring taste, and a choice English vocabulary, have enabled the translator to produce what might be easily mistaken for an English work. We find, indeed, towards the close of the volume, a few obscure sentences and phrases, in which one word seems to have been mistaken for another;—as where, on page 321, Renan is made to say of Channing's writings, "Really I know nothing in our time that *suggests* these beautiful and noble moral discourses." Should this not read *surpasses*? So in a statement about Paganism, on page 385. A sentence on page 286, "Truth is completely involved in nice distinctions," is not easily understood in its connection with the preceding sentence. And, on page 257, we are surprised at finding French "assistants," where we should look for English "by-standers." Doubtless, however, some of the inaccuracies of expression are errors of the press. As a whole, we do not often see a better translation of a foreign book.

The volume is introduced by a biographical sketch of Renan, which communicates some interesting facts in his life, and gives some account of his several works. This is followed by a series of ten essays, of unequal length, arranged

in historical order, and realizing, as far as a collection of essays can, the plan of consecutive and logical treatment. In the first essay, the author states his purpose and his principles, and gives some general introductory views. He follows this by a discussion of "The Religions of Antiquity"; of the spirit and fortunes of the Hebrew people; of the contributions of the Semitic races to civilization; of the methods of criticism adopted in dealing with the Gospels; of Mohammed and Islam; of Calvin and his spirit; of the genius and aim of Channing; of the spirit of Feuerbach and the Hegelians; and, finally, of the religious promise of the present time, and the probable future of religion. The sequence of these themes is by no means perfect, nor are the views absolutely consistent. It is difficult to tell from Renan's words exactly where he stands,—how far he goes in denial, how far in affirmation. While the sympathies of the author with the party of freedom and progress cannot be mistaken, we are left painfully in doubt as to the stability of his position,—whether his actual faith is clear, or sure, or comforting.

The Introduction gives the key-note to the volume. It is essentially a plea for criticism in religion, a defence of its purpose, a vindication of its value, an assertion of its rights, and a limitation of its province. To Renan, criticism and controversy are not identical. The first is calm, serious, and unconcerned for results, telling only the truth that it sees, without care what others may say. It can make no use of the passion or the contrivance which controversy must employ. Criticism properly has nothing to do with faith. It has no preferences among the religions of the world, taking them all as they are, recognizing something worthy in all of them, acknowledging truth in all of them, and honoring the religious sentiment in every manifestation. It does not blame religious faith for its intolerance, for it is the essence of earnest faith to be intolerant. All deep and sincere conviction must be dogmatic; all ardent belief must be in great measure exclusive. It is not the object of criticism to unsettle faith, or to take away from the masses of men their religious traditions; but only to show to the intelligent and inquiring what the wisdom and research of the time have discovered. Those

who have no wish to learn more than they know already, need not read what criticism reveals; and for those who would learn more than they know, it can do no harm. Faith and science should not directly interfere with each other. Religion may be allowed for its own safety, and in the interest of its propagation, to be dogmatic; but it has no right to judge critical science,—which has nothing to say about opinions, but leaves them to take care of themselves, treating them only with respect so far as they are sincere. Criticism is not responsible for the disputes that arise, nor is it the sole cause of these disputes. The disputing would continue, though the criticism should cease. Religious dispute is really sectarian warfare; and the fierce rebuke and denunciation which the Church brings to bear upon critical inquirers only turns in another direction what words have been expended in sectarian wrangling. Wise men will allow religion and criticism to occupy separate departments, not trying vainly to reconcile them, nor, still more foolishly, to absorb one into the other. It is not necessary to denounce a faith because some traditions which it has kept are changed by the progress of thought; nor is the reaction of enlightened minds towards the Catholic Church to be taken as a return of these minds to all the dogmas and decrees of that Church.

The most questionable statement of Renan's Introduction is, that criticism has no recognition of miracle. Such a position is wholly arbitrary. To deny miracle at the outset, or the possibility of miracle, is simply assumption. All religions may have, as Renan says, their adjuncts of miracle. If they can be explained as natural events, the critic has the right so to explain them. If there is reason to call them myths, he has the right to call them so. If the stories are ungentine, he has the right to say and to show that fact. But he has no right in the beginning to exclude these from the inquiry, as beyond all scientific credence, and only fit for superstitious or implicit belief. This principle of Renan's system of criticism begs the question; it vitiates the reasoning, and it makes the critic virtually an advocate in his treatment of documents which contain the miraculous accounts. This arbitrary theory seems

to us inconsistent with the critical spirit which our author so eloquently and so wisely vindicates.

The second essay is on the Religions of Antiquity. In this the author appears as the opponent of the theory which represents all forms and legends as the covering of some spiritual idea. He believes that in the early ages the form was often the whole, held and prized without any thought of doctrine beneath it; that the Eastern fables have intrinsic worth separate from any meaning which ingenuity may find in them, and that they are to be taken for what they are, rather than for what they signify. Pagan religions, as he reviews them, are not religions of *faith*, like those of the Semitic race. Antiquity did not understand its religions. It used them, rejoiced in them, but did not know their soul, did not care for any more than their manifestations and phenomena. It is impossible now for us to comprehend or to describe the feeling that the ancients had for their forms of worship and their household legends; it is like seeking "the track of a bird in the air." Indeed, one can never fairly judge of a religion from the outside, can never know what it was to those who believed it, unless he has believed it himself. The explanation which we put upon the mythology of those early ages has no scientific value. We may compare the religions of the different nations and races, may show their resemblances, may trace their probable relations, but it is equally impossible for us to find their origin or to find their original meaning. The Greek Paganism had stories which gave their own explanation, — gods and goddesses whose very names were the names of qualities and ideas. Yet it is not safe to argue from these instances that all the Pantheon of Greece was distinctly mythical, and that the fables of the poets all illustrate a fixed system of theology. The doctrine of Creutzer seems to Renan to be a mistake, in spite of the fine and marvellous collection of examples that he has gathered.

He has as little sympathy with the destructive rationalism of the opposite school of Lobeck, which treats the ancient legends as a tissue of contradictions, juggleries, and follies. A scientific study finds something more than deceptions in these primitive fables, these echoes of the voices of nature.

They were used in later ages for selfish and disgusting ends, but in the beginning they were simple, sincere, and beautiful. The Greek mythology was mainly an original creation, and by no means an adoption by a corrupt priesthood of Oriental legends, — by no means an adaptation of infantile fables to the uses of a more enlightened age and people. The mysteries of Eleusis, gross as were their acts and their style, were genuine religious observances. They were not to symbolize any high ideas, nor yet were they for the indulgence of low and brutal passions. They were a religious pageant, designed to touch and move the religious sense, — to move the sense, not by any single detail, but in their general impression. By their very grotesqueness and mystery they cherished in the minds of the people the sense of the Infinite.

These Pagan mysteries, in the view of Renan, form the transition from the earlier religions to the holier worship of the Christian Church. He makes the assertion, which needs more proof than he gives, that “the primitive Christian worship was nothing but a mystery.” This is certainly not the impression which the early Christian writings give us, and to affirm this of the first age of the Church is to contradict the testimony of the Fathers. It may be true that, when Christianity was strong enough to overthrow the worn-out Paganism which Renan so justly despises, it had already borrowed some of the Pagan means and contrivances; so that no violent change of habit or of worship was necessary in the change of religion. It may be, as he says, that in the fourth and fifth century it was uncertain of large numbers whether they were Pagan or Christian, so near to each other were the two styles of life. But it is not fair to reason from these ages of ritual to the primitive age of Christian worship, or even to take the images on the walls of the Roman catacombs as evidence of what Christians of the early time cared for when they broke their bread and sang their hymns together. The very denunciations of the Fathers against the Pagan follies, which Renan mentions as unjust and extravagant, seem to prove that these Pagan practices were abuses, rather than uses, in the Christian assemblies. That the Fathers of the fourth century were not averse to an imposing and a mystical worship is doubtless

true; but it is not necessary to make their preference in this kind, which had already connected itself with the mysticism in their dogma, significant of the earliest Christian method.

In the essay on the History of the People of Israel, Renan accepts, in general, the critical views already sufficiently familiar through the works of Ewald in German, Nicolas in French, and Colenso and Davidson in English, and which we need not recapitulate. If we view the Hebrew people separately, it is impossible, he thinks, to understand them well. They must be studied in connection with the other Semitic races, with that group of nations whose languages are cognate,—the Phœnicians, Syrians, and Arabs. Monotheism is the grand Semitic idea; intuitive in the race, not wrought out or acquired, but coming at once to knowledge and consciousness. Naturally resulting from this simple monotheism was an intolerance that has always marked the race. The Semitic nations, with few exceptions, have been destitute of art, of science, of policy, and of strong military organization. Their king is God; and owing allegiance only to him, they have not the aptness for discipline out of which armies are made. The Mohammedan Arabs have the peculiarities and the vices of the Israelites of Canaan.

There is no evidence that the civilization of Canaan was essentially different from that of the country watered by the Euphrates. The long feud between Israel and the Canaanites was only a family quarrel, and its virulence was that of all family quarrels. Of the early religion of Israel, of which Moses was the high-priest and hero, we know very little. For long ages of the pastoral period, in the wars of the border tribes, Moses was scarcely known; the annals of the Judges hardly mention him, and other religions divide with his the regard and the zeal of the people. Not until the time of Samuel do we find the nation taking a marked religious or political position. David, the second king, represents to us the union in one person of the regal, sacerdotal, and prophetic offices. David is the representative man of the Semitic race, with all the virtues and all the faults of that race. He is to be judged only from the Semitic point of view. His acts and his songs alike show the strange contrasts of his character,

at once saint and bandit. It is as foolish to denounce his low morality as it is to deny his crimes. The race to which he belonged did not join morality very closely to religion, and is not to be judged by any rules of European ethics.

The striking fact in the history of Israel, from the time of the first kings downward, is the constant strife between the conservative thought, represented by the prophets, and the progressive and secular thought, represented by the kings. The prophet is the strong defender of monotheism against all foreign innovations. His word is for simplicity of worship, divorce from forms, exclusive holiness, and separation from all that is unclean. He is as hostile to the priest as to the king. He never comes from the tribe of Levi. In this conflict of the party of progress with the advocates of the old simplicity, the conservative party must for the time prevail. The prophet must be stronger than the priest, if the worship of the one God is to survive in its purity. In the triumph of the prophets the secular prosperity of the nation will be lost, but its religion will gain the more vitality and strength. Indeed, the nationality of the Jews is a religious, and not a political nationality; for the state, as such, the Jew has little care. Whatever the name of the government, he always lives under a theocracy.

How Messianic ideas originated, it is impossible to tell. Long before the captivity of Zedekiah, the beginnings of Christianity had appeared in Jerusalem. Worship had been reformed; new moral ideas had been promulgated; the fierce tone of ancient prophecy had been softened; and the spirit of "devotion," unknown to the ancient religion, had begun to show itself in worship and song. The character of the expected king had taken another type than that of the former kings. The son of David should rule in gentleness and compassion, in long-suffering and love. The new spirit of the time is best expressed in the strain of the later Isaiah, the unknown prophet, whose continued rapture is in the vision of this kingdom of the anointed, at once glorious and peaceful,—of the king who suffers, yet conquers in his suffering. The later prophets are already Christian, and the Gospel finds their word fit and ready, and easily uses it to describe the new kingdom.

Renan does not attach as much importance as most writers to the Greek influence upon Judaism. All that Christianity added to ancient Judaism seems to him to have come from Persia, — the spiritualism, the doctrine of immortality, the resurrection idea, the belief in the near end of the world. The Zendavesta really dictated the faith of Western Asia in the last age of the Jewish nation.

The Pharisaic party, the party of Oriental tradition, was the real precursor of Christianity. Christ came out of the synagogue, not less that he was crucified by the rulers of the synagogue. His Gospel was the culmination and fulfilment of all that the prophets had told, and the strict piety of those who watched and waited had desired. The synagogue expelled its own consistent and faithful child. The religious life of Judaism is summed up in this ultimate birth of the Gospel.

The next essay is the famous Introductory Lecture to the course in the College of France, which proved to be the only lecture of that course. Its subject is the "share of the Semitic people in the history of civilization." Many of its ideas are repeated from the previous essays, with only new arrangement and illustration. Renan refuses here to the Semitic race all high capacity for art, or science, or polity. The world is not indebted to this race for its philosophy of thought, or its philosophy of fact. To this race we owe in large degree commerce and the appliances of luxury, language, and the alphabet: but its principal, and incomparably its most important gift to the world, is the gift of a simple, pure, and elevated worship. Jesus, the most wonderful of all religious seers, whom for his transcendent insight it is pardonable to call God, enunciated the great message of the Semitic race, when he declared a universal religion. Of this religion the later Islam is only the apostle to the nations of the East. In the West it has borrowed and adopted some of its graces from the Indo-European race, but with all refinements has not lost its original idea.

Such is the substance of the address that provoked such wrath of the Jesuits, and established the fame of its author as the arch-heretic of France. Its general positions seem to us to be true. Historically, the Semitic race have been what

Renan describes them to be. Yet it is not safe to pronounce upon the capacity of a race by its achievement, or to refer to the influence of a religious belief what may be as much the influence of soil, climate, and position. It is better to confess that Semitic art, as compared with that of Greece, is rude and barbarous. Yet it is not fair to press this opinion too far. The Semitic race, gathered into settled communities, have proved, even while keeping their simplicity of faith, that they have appreciation of the plastic arts. The mosques of Egypt are not wanting in grace of form and color; and the descriptions of Solomon's and Herod's temples give these place among the great structures of the ancient world. The Jews had skilful players and minstrels; lapidaries too; carvers in wood and workers in metals, who were more than artisans. Renan seems to us, moreover, to pass too lightly over the importance of the gift of written language, which he concedes to the Semitic race. Apart from the gift of a religion, if Syria had left to the world only the alphabet, that single legacy would have been more than all the contributions of the Pagan nations. And that other gift of *commerce* is not small, ministering as it does to the comfort and luxury of life,—to the domestic arts, from which the elegant arts can hardly be separated.

The next essay is on "The Critical Historians of Jesus." The criticism of the beginnings of a religion, in the judgment of Renan, ought to come, and in fact always does come, from believers in it. The enlightened followers of a faith are always most ready to examine its foundations. With this winning remark at the outset, he goes on to state and to compare the different modern theories of the origin of the Christian story. The rationalist admits the narrative as fact, while he explains away and removes many of its details; the mythic school reject the narrative as history, while they receive its details and account for them. The former explains a story substantially true, only separating additions and pointing out defects; the latter analyze and describe a poem. Eichhorn and Paulus, with their followers, only applied to the Christian story the method of Euhemerus. In the marvellous narratives of the Scripture they saw only natural facts, distorted

and misunderstood. They only try to remove the impression which the imagination and credulity of the sacred writers have added to the facts, and to restore their naturalness. In this, according to Renan, they signally fail. The examples which he gives from Paulus justify his opinion. Yet, because some of these special interpretations are forced, it is not just to condemn them altogether, or to condemn the system from which they proceed. "Dry" and "coarse" as this explanation is, it has nevertheless helped very much in the understanding of many details of Scripture.

Renan, however, in condemning the rationalists, is not an apologist for the mythologues. The Christ of Strauss is logical, but not real. The story of his life may have legend in it, like the story of all great prophets; but this legend is not myth, not invented fable, to illustrate some quality or function, but is the natural tradition which fastens itself to eminent wisdom or sanctity. No theory can be satisfactory which discards or undervalues the historical personality of Jesus. The formation of such myths about an imaginary personage is impossible.

Renan's criticism of the theory of Salvador, that Christ was only a Jewish reformer, the founder of a sect, and that the substance of Christianity is all in Judaism, is not so full as we could wish. The Jewish view of Christ is quite as worthy of heed as the mythical view. Apart from its hatred of the heretic, it has at least that point of observation from which Renan says that the best judgment comes.

The closing portion of this essay — in which Renan affirms that the Oriental mind must have miracles, and against this affirms that the sure word of science is that nothing is supernatural, in which he raises questions that he says criticism never can satisfactorily meet, concerning the self-consciousness and the sinlessness of Jesus — shows very strikingly the wavering mind of this fine scholar, uncertain of his theories by reason of his lingering attachments, shaken in his faith by the traditions of his early love.

The sixth essay — that on "Mahomet and the Origins of Islam" — is the longest, the ablest, and the most satisfactory of the collection. Renan is at ease when he has to treat a

religion historical from its outset, simple in all its structure, with no mystery in its beginning, and with very small accretion of miracle. He does not, nevertheless, fix the moral position of this innovator, notwithstanding the lifelike pictures of the habits of the man which he gives. He brings before us Mohammed's love for women and children, his gentleness, his caution, his characteristic traits, but is not quite clear respecting his claim to a mission from God. That the morality of the prophet was doubtful, Renan will not deny ; but only insists that he must not be judged severely, since the Semitic idea does not include scrupulous morality. How far his immediate followers believed in his mission, too, is a question. He had a few devoted adherents, but even during his own life there were apostates from his doctrine, and after his death there was open denial of his claim among those who used his name and methods. The whole first century of the history of Islam was a struggle between sects and parties. The sects of Islam, in its earliest ages, were far more numerous than the early Christian heresies, and their speculations even more audacious and extravagant.

Renan positively denies to Islam the honor of novelty or originality. Mohammed originated nothing, but only used what he found. His Koran, a collection of scattered sermons, is remarkable mainly for literary beauty, — for that lusciousness of style in which Arabs delight. It is redundant in words, full of repetitions, and not wanting in contradictions, two hundred and twenty-five of which Mussulmans acknowledge. It propounds no new dogma ; it offers no new promise ; it contains no new scheme of policy or of worship. Islam is only the summing up, in a perfect and condensed expression, of the whole spiritual life of the Semitic race, — the gathering of its religious, æsthetic, and moral ideas. It is a strong religion, because it is so simple. And though it has never had a religious centre, — though it has had no hierarchy and no Pope, — it has, by its very flexibility, great force of resistance. Its four sects, equally orthodox, offer a choice to the believer. Yet, in the opinion of Renan, it is destined to succumb, not perhaps beneath the attacks of another religion, but beneath the blows of the rational sciences and the progress of thought.

Passing over the estimate of Calvin, which adds little to the current opinion on the subject, we have in the essay on "Channing, and the Unitarian Movement in the United States," a generous admission of the high motive, the pure life, the genuine philanthropy, the honesty of thought, the liberality, and the charity which marked the Boston preacher, and made him worthy to be honored as a leader. Yet he is not satisfied with the work which Channing did, or which he proposed. He does not find in him the evidence of large scholarship or large thought. Channing is not a philosopher; his knowledge is all at second hand; he is cramped in his belief, timid, unwilling to leave the old traditional forms, though he rejects so vehemently some dogmas of the popular creed. He is not a remarkable writer either, making no effort in style, and showing no mark of genius. He has no comprehension of Europe, and cannot put himself in any position outside the circle of his ethical creed. All must centre for him in the thought of God's goodness, of man's worth, of Christ's moral teaching, and of the soul saved by learning and practising virtue. Such doctrine as this, Renan avers, will not do for France, will not do for Europe. It is too narrow; it lacks sentiment; it gives a respectable, but not an inspiring religion; and it does not meet all the wants of the soul.

Unitarianism, the Unitarianism of Channing, as Renan views it, may create an enlightened population, but cannot bring a grand culture. It may educate the masses, but it cannot lead in the progress of knowledge, or satisfy the highest desire of earnest minds. It neglects too much the variety of elements which give worth and beauty to life; has too little recognition of art, and of other than moral motives. "Goodness is not adequate to solve the problem of things." The Unitarian theory fails, because it takes no account of genius or knowledge, as factors in the completeness of the world. Italy, with all its social miseries and corruptions, has been worth more to the world than America, with all its moral future, is likely to be. In this estimate we see, again, the hold which early education, the memory of the Catholic mother, the charm of sacred emblems, has upon the sad critic. Renan does not believe in man as Channing believed, does not believe in the people, does

not believe in the immortal destiny and the surpassing worth of the soul. He will have a religion which gratifies the cultivated sense ; which says not too much about duty and conscience and the other world ; which brings images of beauty, and leaves to the burdened spirit the solace of a pleasant dream.

In the essay on "Feuerbach and the Hegelian School," Renan complains of these German assailants of the Gospel, that they show no comprehension of its beauty, — that they are so regardless of all that is graceful and charming in the legends which they reject. Paganism cannot judge the Gospel fairly in modern, more than it could in ancient times. The Greek mind cannot understand the Christian mind. At the same time, it is hard to tell in this essay whether Renan prefers the Christian to the Pagan style, whether he prefers the Virgin to Venus and Minerva, or the "Man of Sorrows" to Hercules and Apollo. He defends the Christian against the Pagan idea only in a languid and halting style ; apologizes rather for holding to the Christian words God, Providence, Immortality, — "good old words, a little clumsy perhaps, which philosophy will interpret in finer and finer senses, but which it will never fill the place of to advantage." And his idea of adoration is the loss of personality in the contemplation of what is good and true. There is in this piece a painful undertone of doubt, a half-sympathy with the German atheist, which seems restrained by something else than faith, and which excuses itself from going farther by the pretext that it does not like the spirit of the atheist. Has Renan no better reason for holding on to the word God, than that the loss of this word would overturn the uses of language, and cut one off "from the sources of poetry in the past" ? Can he find no other use for God to a philosopher, than as "the category of the ideal" ? Is this Being only to him the result in love of "faculties vibrating in unison" ?

The tenth and final essay of this volume is on the "Future of Religion in Modern Society." In the form of a review of Salvador's last work, on Paris, Rome, and Jerusalem, it answers the question, Will there be any new form of religion to satisfy the needs of the present and the coming time, or will

some modification of the existing creeds be found sufficient? It is easy to decide that Judaism has no future in civilization. Islam, too, has practically done its work. Christianity alone has a hope of future growth, and will be superseded by no form of socialism, or so-called "religions of humanity." The question is, then, really narrowed to the existing forms of the Christian religion. Will all of these be factors in the coming product, or will one of these overcome the rest? Will the Greek Church, or the Roman Church, or the Protestant Church, have the dominant influence in the coming development of the nations?

The answer of Renan is, that all the churches will continue to exist, nor are their relative proportions in parts of the world already civilized likely to be much disturbed. The Greek Church, continuing to hold its place as the religion of the East, of the Russian empire, and of the Slavic peoples, will perhaps spread by its missions over Northern Asia, and finally gain the vast multitudes that are now chained to the Buddhist superstitions. Protestantism, holding its own in Europe, seems destined to gain the isles of the sea, to possess the best conquests that Christendom has already made. The Roman Church, keeping all the South of Europe, will find room for its missions along the Mediterranean coasts, in Africa, and in some parts of America. But missions have done comparatively little in extending the reach and sway of Christendom. Conquest and colonization carry religion with them, far more than the sermons of the preachers or the rites of the altars. The more secular the mission, the more it deals with material things, the more sure it is of success and a stable future.

To decide the future of a church, it must be considered in its relation to the state. There are three forms which this relation assumes: the church free, as in America; dependent on the state, as in England and Sweden; centralized and independent, as in Rome. Which of these best realizes the ideal of modern civilization?

Not the church dependent on the state. England in the barrenness of its theological thought, Sweden in its bigotry, and Russia in its servility, show well enough what is the natural tendency of this arrangement. If France is an exception,

it is because the spirit of the Revolution still rules in France, and all the churches there are national.

The history of the Roman Church shows that its system is not incompatible with culture, refinement, science, and a certain measure of freedom. But no arrangement with other states can secure the position of such a church. There is the spirit of nationality, which says that Italy is for the Italians, not for the Church. There is the ever-increasing preponderance of great states, making the Papal government weak and contemptible in the comparison. There is the change in the Papacy itself, governing now by secular means, and not merely as head of the Church. And there is the changed religious sentiment, which is shocked and disgusted at the worldliness of the Papal rule. These difficulties seem to refuse the rule of the future to the theory of a centralized church.

There seems, then, no alternative but to give the future into the charge of the free Protestantism which knows no church, but only churches; and, in the last result, knows no organization of faith, but only freedom of individual thought. In this freedom there is no danger. The "normal man" is always religious; the finest natures are the most religious. There is no fear that the world will, by freedom of thought, pass into materialism or atheism, or that daring science will diminish the universe in which God rules.

"Let us not bewail the childish chimeras of the childish epochs. Dream always fades before reality. Let us allow inflexible science to assail with the utmost vigor of its method these problems which sentiment and imagination solved ages ago. Who knows that the metaphysics and the theology of the past will not hold the same relation to those which the advance of speculation will one day reveal, that the Cosmos of Anaximenes or of Indicopleustes holds to the Cosmos of Laplace and Humboldt?"

It is to be regretted that this dignified, and, in the main, impartial series of discussions, has followed in the order of translation, instead of coming before, that "Life of Jesus" which disposes readers to doubt the sagacity and suspect the fairness of this fascinating treatment of theological themes. If all the conclusions of the volume are not satisfactory; if

some of its principles are questionable, it is in no sense a flippant book. It is the work of a calm, fearless, and reverent spirit, struggling to be loyal to the truth, yet to be just to every form of error. All vituperation will fall harmless upon a soul which knows its honest motive so well, and is so serious in its trust.

ART. VII.—EDWARD LIVINGSTON.

Life of Edward Livingston. By CHARLES HAWES HUNT. *With an Introduction by* GEORGE BANCROFT. New York: Appleton & Co. 1864.

THERE is many a young man who has made his bow before an audience of his contemporaries,—has spoken well for six, eight, or twelve minutes, according to his worth, on the “Nebular Hypothesis,” or the “Rosicrucian Fraternity,”—has then been authorized to speak in public as often as he may be asked to do so,—and, lastly, has entertained his friends with salad and ice-cream, all in token that he has received what men used to call “the best education their country can afford,”—who then, at this moment satirically called “Commencement,” asks, like another Bruce at another Nile, What is the good of it all? What shall he do with the “best education” now it is gained? True, many a man through all the years which have led to that moment has kept some special end in sight, to which that moment, by its distinct forward step, advances him. Many a man, in the careful thought and under the serious advice of the last three months, makes the fatal decision which gives the world another Allston, or another Burr. But many a young man wonders what the whole thing is good for,—what he is to do with this life of his, now he is bidden at last to live in it; and is more at loss after he has been *educated* into it than he would have been had John Harvard, and Elihu Yale, and their coadjutors and successors, let him alone.

To all such inquirers, each asking “what he shall do with

it," the Examiner has always had one and the same answer. The young American who has no special business assigned him by the kind God who assigns offices to all, is to go forth and found states. That is the general duty belonging to men of adventure, culture, wealth, or power, if they have found no special service next their hands. As Abraham went west and founded Israel,—as Cadmus went west and founded Thebes,—as Æneas went west and founded Rome,—as Augustine and his forty went west and founded Christian Britain,—as Brewster and his hundred came west and founded Plymouth,—as Winthrop and his thousands came west and founded Massachusetts, Faneuil Hall, popular education, and some other edifices with the founding,—so is it the province of every American of cultivation, of conscience, of wealth, or other influence, who cannot find distinct duty at home marked out for him, to devote his culture or other power to the direction and purification of the steady westward tide. Let him build railroads in Michigan; let him direct mining in Idaho or Keweenaw; let him build dams across the Red River; let him preach to good purpose in Chicago. Always there is this present duty,—next every man's hand,—in seeing that the legions which spring earth-born from the clod in the new lands do not raise fratricidal hands against each other,—that they do not vegetate in stupidity,—that they do not die in malaria,—that they receive of the very freshest, best, and brightest of the culture of the past. They must be made into States, and these States must be as strong and pure as they are young.

In these later days, our advice has been generally taken, even before it was offered. The army has called on our educated young men to help in the establishing of free States; and, with very manly promptitude, they have heard the call. One great illustration this, on a gigantic scale, that it is not always a young man's duty to stay in his father's home, taking care of the various fragments which a former generation may have scattered there, but that there is always a field beyond one's first horizon in which the energies of his manhood may be displayed.

Edward Livingston's life illustrates the wider duty in the

experience of the generation which has just now passed away. He was born on the 26th of May, 1764. He was old enough, therefore, to witness, with all a boy's enthusiasm, the struggles of the Revolution.

Brother of Robert Livingston, afterwards Chancellor, brother-in-law of General Richard Montgomery, the boy had good chance to catch the best inspirations of the conflict. He was near enough to it, indeed, to see his mother's house, and the village in which he was at school, burned by the forces under Vaughan, which co-operated with Burgoyne. He entered Princeton with the first class after the College renewed its work, which had been interrupted by Howe's occupation of Princeton, and subsequent military operations. In 1783 he began the study of the law, and in 1785 its practice in the city of New York. He interested himself, and did his share in bringing the great family interest of the Livingstons to bear, in securing the acceptance by New York of the Federal Constitution. At the age of thirty he was elected to the national House of Representatives, and he appears there as a leader of the infant party then taking up its opposition to Washington and his policy. In the celebrated debates on Jay's treaty, he appears among those who claim the right of the House to call for papers, and to veto a treaty agreed upon by the President and Senate.

His biographer implies, with the tone of many literary men, — who are surprised by the neatness, purity, and elegance of the early debates in Congress, — that there were gods in those days, or, if not gods, giants; and that in our days we cannot match them, or do not. It is true that the speeches which literary men chose to write out in those times compare favorably with the pitiless stenographic reports of everything that is said in the Congresses of to-day; it is also true that constituencies do not look first, in our times, for young gentlemen of fortune and literary training as their representatives, — but we doubt if they did then; it is also true that men of sense do not quote Virgil or Thomson in debate now, — but fools do, — and it is all a matter of fashion. There are a thousand spheres for activity for men of genius and power now, much more attractive and much more influential than is the cell occupied by a member

of Congress while he is imprisoned in the Capitol. Such men as Edward Livingston, in our days, find their way to these posts, while, in the infancy of the nation, there was an interest in adjusting the new machine and starting it, which its running does not have, even in days of revolution. The members of the early Congresses were as good men as we have, — with fewer advantages than we have, — but they were not any stronger or any better. And we venture to aver that twenty speeches as good as that of Mr. Livingston on Jay's treaty have been made in the much-abused Congress of the present year.

His Congressional career was a distinguished one. The part in it which gave him most popularity, perhaps, and sealed him as a distinguished Democratic leader, was his hearty opposition to the Alien and Sedition Laws. He showed that he apprehended thus early the real principle of our government, — the security, even the stability, which it gains by prudently letting alone as long as is possible. It seems it was not Robert Livingston who assisted in the draft of the Declaration of Independence that gave the name Livingston to five or six western counties, but the Edward Livingston who, as those counties were naming themselves, was leading the opposition to President Adams for the extradition of Thomas Nash, *alias* Jonathan Robbins, who had committed murder on a British man-of-war. This was not the Arguelles case of to-day. In theory, it turned on the question whether the President should have officially advised a judge of a Circuit Court. And although the resolutions of censure were defeated, they probably stopped such advice for at least one century. A curious anecdote, told ten years later, in the biography before us, shows the interest which the young Livingston gained through the new country by thus appearing to espouse the cause of foreigners. He followed up this act by a motion looking to the repeal of the Alien and Sedition Laws.

The reader must recollect that the population then of the whole country was less than that of the State of New York is at the present moment. He will understand, then, how it happened that the question whether a particular murderer should be hanged by one hangman or another should excite a degree of attention then which it does not excite now. The

Extradition Treaty of our day does the very thing which, in those times, so largely distressed the population of the West. But the country has larger interests now to grapple with, and we have never known that the Extradition Treaty was complained of in any quarter here. Men insist now — as they did then — that it shall not be abused to mere political purposes. But there has been no such intense animosity excited by it as was roused by the surrender of Robbins, and one or two similar cases. As we have ventured to imply, our government has learned, in the mean while, what the American principle is.

Livingston's steady vote for Jefferson in the great election in the House was the last act of his first career in Congress. He returned to the practice of the law, and was soon after appointed United States Attorney for the District of New York, and chosen Mayor of New York City.

His wife, born Miss Mary McEvers, had died a few years before this. This is what he sang of her, before their marriage, or rather wrote in a fly leaf of his "Longinus": —

" Longinus, give thy lessons o'er,
I do not need thy rules ;
Let pedants on thy precepts pore,
Or give them to the schools.
The perfect beauty which you seek
In Anna's verse I find ;
It glows on fair Eliza's cheek,
And dwells in Mary's mind."

Of the three sisters, he chose Mary, and a happy union of thirteen years justified the choice. His brother John married Eliza. Mrs. Edward Livingston died in 1801. In 1803, he had been chosen Mayor. The generous schemes which he then brought forward for pauper and for criminal already show the spirit of the Livingston code. In the discharge of his public duty in visiting homes and hospitals where yellow-fever raged, he took that disease. In the midst of the same calamity, a confidential clerk defrauded him and the United States government,—for Livingston was still serving as United States District Attorney. Livingston at once "confessed judgment" in favor of the United States, transferred all his property to a trustee to cover the debt (near fifty thousand dollars), re-

signed mayoralty and attorneyship at once, and, at thirty-nine years old, found himself indeed a sadder, wiser, and poorer man. Sad, for he had lost his wife; wise, for he had learned that he must keep his own accounts; poor, in that he was penniless.

At the moment when he was thus again launched naked upon the world, the cession of Louisiana to this nation had just been achieved. It was largely due to Robert R. Livingston,* the elder brother of Edward,—best known perhaps now as “the Chancellor.” The way was open for the widowed husband, the cheated attorney, the Congressman without a seat, to consecrate his pure spirit and his vigorous mind to the great work of forming states. He had come to that reserved duty, which, as we have said, belongs to all young Americans of character. He sailed, therefore, for New Orleans; arrived there in February, 1804, to find a city of eight thousand and fifty-six persons, mostly “Frenchmen and Spaniards who had not seen France or Spain.” For the next twenty-five years, his name and his fame belong to Louisiana. For the first ten of these, it is mixed up with the intrigue and mystery and romance which connect with the names, half mythical, of Wilkinson and Nolan and Bollman and Burr and Carondelet, which make this period and region the especial romance period of our history for any man who writes of it as “’t was sixty years since.”

Louisiana was nominally his home for the next twenty-seven years of his life. In that time New Orleans grew in population from eight thousand people to forty-six thousand.

Livingston entered with deserved reputation upon his practice at the bar. He showed his sense, and he won popularity, by successful argument against the introduction of the common law practice into the courts of a community which, so far as it was trained at all, was trained to Spanish and French customs. He drew up himself a system of practice or procedure, which he says he could teach a man after he came to dine with him before dinner was served. In a community where the pleas in court were now in English, now in French,

* For all we can learn from this book this middle R. stands for nothing.

and now in Spanish,—and where an occasional German witness added savor to the Babel,—Livingston changed the language of his speech as rapidly as the men changed with whom he had to do. His practice became large and valuable.

Shall we say, Of course he speculated in land? Shall we say, Of course it was land mostly under water? There seems to have been a sort of fascination to men of genius in the reclaiming land from the sway of rivers or seas, ever since the Egyptian kings took, as the symbol of divinity and royalty, the water-key with which they locked out the waters of the Nile. Sindbad the sailor was himself ridden by one of these speculations, which is known in Mythus as the "Old Man of the Sea." Livingston took a share in a certain Batture which would have made him very rich if all had succeeded, but which was his "Old Man of the Sea" for the greater part of his life. Jefferson, when President, not knowing whom he dealt with, destroyed the prospects of the speculation by a cool assumption of power, to which the interference of President Adams with the Circuit Courts, alluded to above, was only a trifle. Livingston had rebuked his political opponent for that usurpation, to suffer much the more terrible usurpation of his political friend. The transaction appears at length in these pages, and tumbles out one more stone from the decaying stucco monument of Jefferson's cheap-built reputation.

Aaron Burr appears upon the canvass again,—and General Wilkinson undertakes to drag Livingston into the net which is closing around Burr and his accomplices. But there is no evidence of any complicity with Burr's plans on the part of Livingston. Three facts only appear, in this history, for the student of all that imbroglío. First, that, when the Burr men wished to detach the New York members of Congress from voting for Jefferson, they approached Livingston, who did not accept their proposal, and said he would in no event vote for Burr. The second is, that he made a very poor joke one day when he escorted Theodosia Burr on a water-party. The third is, that he owed Burr fifteen hundred dollars. It was on the last fact that Wilkinson, the braggart and blunderer, built up his accusation.

Andrew Jackson came—with the war. Between him, the

rough and ready Democrat of the West, and Livingston, the philosophical Democrat of the East, there had been an acquaintance since they met in Congress years before. This acquaintance ripened into enthusiastic regard on both sides,—which was never broken, and which had afterwards an important influence on the political history of this country. Livingston placed at Jackson's disposal all his knowledge of the people, and of the topography of the land and water. He was his confidential adviser, his volunteer aid, and shared in all the excitements and difficulties of the campaign.

He had married again in 1805. His son Lewis had joined him in New Orleans, and his life was passed in the duties of his profession till the year 1820 brought him into the lower house of the Louisiana Assembly. Here he was a member of a commission which reduced to a code the whole law of the State relating to civil rights and remedies. This was the first, so far as we know, of the attempts at revision so frequently made since by our State legislatures, and the greater part of it was accepted. This is not what is known, however, as the "Livingston Code." That code, which was the labor of his life in which he took most interest, was a criminal code, which he prepared for the State, under direction of the General Assembly in 1821. This code was not completed until 1824. It was never adopted in form by any government, except the Republic of Guatemala. But its provisions relating to the abolition of capital punishment, to the humane and separate treatment of prisoners, and to their instruction and reform, have become widely known. The code has been translated into many languages, and is the work of Livingston with which his name is most distinctly connected in the minds of men.

In 1822 he was elected to the national House of Representatives, and in 1823 he returned thither and to his life on the Atlantic coast. It is a curious illustration, both of his own tastes and of the difficulty of travel in those days, that he revisited New Orleans but once in the next six years. At the end of this time, his constituents, in indignation, refused to re-elect the absentee. But the General Assembly of the State chose him to the United States Senate,—and his Washington

career continued, with no change but that from one house to the other.

The Jackson party had come into existence. Livingston's dislike of the Virginia coterie, and his regard for General Jackson, founded on his intimate acquaintance with him, brought him forward at once as his staunch supporter. In the unsuccessful trial of 1824, and in the successful one of 1828, he brought to bear his own influence in all parts of the country for the benefit of his chief. After the election, he was a cordial supporter of the President in the Senate, only differing from him, so far as appears, where everybody has found it wise to differ, on the Internal Improvement question. In 1831, he was called into the Cabinet as Secretary of State. The appointment surprised and delighted him. In a letter to his wife, he says: —

“Here I am in the second place in the United States,—some say the first; in the place filled by Jefferson, and Madison, and Monroe, and by him who filled it before any of them, my brother; in the place gained by Clay at so great a sacrifice; in the very easy-chair of Adams; in the office which every politician looks to as the last step but one in the ladder of his ambition; in the very cell where the great magician,* they say, brewed his spells. Here I am without an effort, uncontrolled by any engagements, unfettered by any promise to party or to man.”

It did not occur to him, and perhaps does not occur to his biographer, that his acceptance of that office makes the precise era when it ceased to be in any man's esteem the first office of the state, or the stepping-stone to the succession. Mr. Van Buren had withdrawn from it, Mr. Livingston says, because he was a candidate for the succession. Mr. Livingston was appointed by General Jackson precisely because he was not. With the election of General Jackson came in that theory of our government which substituted the autocracy of the President, influenced from any quarter, for the decisions of a Cabinet. Livingston and his friends had thought it well to lift to that place a candidate who had not been trained in the traditions of the Cabinet,—had not been versed

* Usually called in history “the little magician.”

in our foreign diplomacy, — had not any of the odor of the bureaux clinging to him. We certainly have no disposition to find fault with them. We advise any party which ever has a chance to choose another General Jackson to choose him. If any rule must be adopted as a universal one, we have no doubt the rule adopted then would work best in the long run. It is evident enough, however, that the moment that rule was adopted, the Secretary of State ceased to be the prominent candidate for the succession to the Presidency. It may be added, that by that time our foreign relations had ceased to furnish the most interesting or the most important subject for our political discussions. It happens, accordingly, that from Livingston down no Secretary of State has become a President of the United States, with the single exception of Mr. Buchanan, — who was too convenient a puppet not to be used by the plotters of his time. Before Mr. Livingston's time, each of six Administrations had furnished one of its Secretaries of State to be a future President, with the single exception of Mr. Adams's. His Secretary, Mr. Clay, failed of an election, under the pressure of the new system, which came in, for better or worse, with General Jackson.

Mr. Livingston, it seems, did write General Jackson's celebrated Proclamation against the Nullifiers, Mr. Parton and Mr. Lewis to the contrary notwithstanding. He did not write the celebrated Veto Message which killed the Bank, popular rumor to the contrary notwithstanding. From the State Department he was transferred, in 1833, to France, where he showed great temper and spirit in that knotty matter of the French claims. He returned when his passports were offered him, but his policy ruled even General Jackson, and we received the money from the France which owed it, — which the General had unfortunately insulted. Mr. Livingston arrived in America in the summer of 1835. He had, since 1831, considered the Montgomery estate on the Hudson to be his home; and there, on the 23d of May, 1836, he suddenly died.

It is an excellent thing to have the life of so good a man so well edited as this is, after a generation. It is perhaps better that it should be done after a generation, than at the moment

of his death. Such a book gives us hope that, after all, we may have some time or other the history of the national government of our country,—or, if not we, that our grandchildren may. Perhaps all the negotiations between statesmen have not been left unrecorded; perhaps all the papers have not been burned; perhaps all the secrets have not died with the possessors. There is just a temptation to smile at the picture presented here, of a child of one of the few feudal families in America, born and educated in such purple as they had, trained in luxury, and accustomed to it his life through, going through a long life as an ultra-democrat,—friend of the masses of men and their favorite,—taking and giving the prizes and honors of office as if they were a part of the appanage of the Livingston manor, and dying near the place of his birth on that princely estate, while it had been convenient for him, for a considerable part of life, to accept the favors of a very distant community. But this is really, in no sense, any discredit to Livingston. He did believe in the people; the people did not know much about him, but the men whom the people liked did know about him. And it was a great deal better that such a man as he should be Secretary of State, or Minister to France, than it would have been to have Jack Cade in one of those places, or Henry Clay Pate in the other. So the smile must not be expanded into a satire. It is, in fact, with a grim satisfaction that we observe that, when the stout old General came to the throne, he took his own stalwart way of surrounding himself with able servants. Well if all Presidents would follow an example so notable!

Mr. Hunt's book is a eulogy, of course. Just as well. In Livingston's life there is enough to eulogize. And Mr. Hunt owns frankly to Livingston's chief fault,—that he could not be made to understand that debt unprovided for was wicked. We are tempted to borrow an epigram from a friend, and say, under such circumstances, that "debt is the Devil." Mr. Hunt does not make us feel that Livingston was a great man. He says his name will be remembered with those of Bacon, and Montesquieu, and Beccaria, and Bentham,—*if*—a partial remedy for certain chronic abuses should be found in a system substantially like his penal code. With regard to

which, this is to be said : it is one thing to make a code,—a great many people have made very good ones,—it is another thing to make one that will work, outside of Guatemala. That it shall work, the first necessity is that it shall be adopted. Mr. Livingston's code has thus far failed in this first test of its own value, and of the practical ability of its founder. He will probably be remembered about as much and as little as Beccaria and Bentham. Bacon and Montesquieu will survive a little longer.

Mr. Hunt's work seems to us well done, though a little careless in detail. We should have liked it better had he given us more of Livingston's own letters ; but it may be impossible to collect them now, and it may be that the family is not willing to have them printed. He gives rather more of Livingston's very poor jokes than are worth keeping ;—there is, however, one good one. Such faults are but trifles ; and Mr. Hunt has brought to his work a just sense of the democratic principles on which our government rests, and an evident desire to do justice to his distinguished hero.

ART. VIII.—A WORD ON THE WAR.

The Future, a Political Essay. By MONTGOMERY H. THROOP. New York : James G. Gregory.

IN the excitement of the double campaign, military and political, which is upon us now,—in the eager and proud hopes kindled by the one, and the immediate personal issues raised by the other,—it is not easy to win the public ear to the voice of criticism, however patriotically meant or wisely urged, especially when it speaks in a harsh, a sombre, and a desponding tone. The little book of Mr. Throop is indeed in strong contrast with that temper of the general mind indicated through most of its organs. Yet his dissent is from measures as to which the country has been exceedingly divided ; his warning is of difficulties and perils in the work of conquest or reconstruction, which certainly ought not to go unheeded ;

and we do not observe that, as to the immediate task before the administration and the country, his counsel differs practically from that of any other loyal citizen. As to the general policy of the war, the book is a strong and very able protest against that adopted by the administration and very generally accepted by army and people, — especially the cardinal measure of emancipation, and the government scheme of reconstruction. The argument is directed first, and mainly, against Mr. Sumner's theory of the forfeiture of State sovereignty by the rebellion; the individual rights of Southern citizens are maintained to be wholly intact; the government is held to be as much bound by its constitutional obligations towards them, as if the rebellion had never existed. To this theory the government pledged itself at the outset, both before the country and to foreign nations. Only seeming advantage, real weakness and peril, have come from transgressing that pledge. The emancipation proclamation, when it assumed to go beyond the case of slaves actually liberated by the progress of our arms, was not merely a military order, it was a revolutionary usurpation. So with the conditions of reconstruction demanded of the seceded States, — the dictation of revisions in the State Constitutions and local laws. These things are more than an injury, they are an unpardonable affront, a bitter insult, to a large, high-tempered, proud, united population, which has been drawn into secession by its false theory of "State Rights," and confirmed in it by invasion and the threats of conquest. The immense difficulties of ruling such a population by military force are shown at length, and the impossibility of sustaining State governments among them worthy of the name, unless with the good-will and sincere co-operation of the actual citizens there. To overrule the four or five millions of white inhabitants, either by giving the franchise to emancipated slaves, or by immigration of free colonists, is shown to be a delusive hope. The war is deplored as merely a calamity, — gigantic, all but hopeless, inevitable perhaps, but aggravated by mistakes of policy which have nearly, if not quite, made it fatal to the liberties and future of the country. Still, we are in it now. Returning were more fatal than to go on. To withdraw our armies from the

field, and abandon the contest, would be mere national suicide. The unhappy conflict must continue, until the nation shall have so thoroughly asserted its strength that terms of peace are likely to be accepted by the rebellious population. Then,—and in anticipation of that time,—those needless barriers to peace must be removed. Emancipation, as a fact, cannot be gainsaid or revoked. Emancipation, as an edict of arbitrary power, must be submitted to judicial decision. The point of pride thus spared them, the defeated population may be prepared to acquiesce in the result,—humiliating and grievous as it must needs be,—yet without the sting of an utter political degradation, and without the motive for hostilities without end.

The argument is fair, able, calmly stated, and deserving of serious heed before the war has drifted us into the deeper perils of a vindictive animosity (of which we see few signs as yet) or of revolutionary frenzy. There are two points, however, which are not duly considered in it. One is the evil character of the slave system itself, considered as the foundation of the political structure, and the proved hopelessness of combining it on equal and friendly terms in the same system with a free democracy. The other is the great prevalence and earnestness of the conviction, among the real loyalists of the South,—whom the government is bound by every consideration of honor to protect and of interest to recognize as the true nucleus of State power there;—that slavery must be done away, by force of the national arms, if not otherwise, as the condition precedent to any peace or civil order. To both these points we have previously given some attention, and we shall not dwell longer upon them now. Neither shall we discuss how far one of the most serious difficulties presented by Mr. Throop may be met, by the natural growth of a system of free industry at the South, beginning, indeed, with freedmen and colonists, yet embracing by degrees more and more of the industrial interests of that community. There is a further consideration, touching the timeliness or practicability of his main argument; namely, the actual temper and resolution of the public mind, as generated in the progress of the war, and as likely to be strengthened rather than weakened by the contin-

uance of it. This must surely be taken into the account, as one element in the political problem thus offered.

If we compare now with this view the declaration of principles made lately by the two Conventions, at Cleveland (May 31) and at Baltimore (June 7), to see in what cardinal points they coincide, we shall find that these points — on which appeal is made by both the rival organizations to the great tribunal of the ballot — not only are in contradiction of the premises assumed in the above argument, but that they are precisely what, two years ago, either lay doubtful and wavering in the general mind, or else were quite beyond the horizon of our political consciousness, and what, two years earlier than that, could have claimed organized support nowhere. They are these : —

1. The crushing of secession by force of arms, and without compromise, — assuming a right denied by Mr. Buchanan, disowned by Mr. Douglas, and doubtfully admitted by Mr. Lincoln, — a right, moreover, so formidably challenged in the fall elections of 1862.

2. The absolute overthrow of slavery by an amendment in the Constitution, — the very point which all parties were agreed to repudiate, by express constitutional provision, on the very eve of the insurrection; only the neglect of the State legislatures to act upon it apparently preventing this further embarrassment from getting definitely fixed upon us.

If we look, further, at that declaration of principles which is understood to embody the views of the present administration, and which probably reflects fairly the average mind of the nation, we find in it the proof of an extraordinary advance toward radical principles, such as revolutionary times only could bring about, — an advance mainly, indeed, in the direction of justice, liberty, unity, and national vigor, yet such as makes the present acceptance of Mr. Throop's argument the more doubtful. We find in it, —

1. The full indorsement of the government policy of military emancipation, — a measure which was approached with so much hesitation and reluctance in the autumn of 1862.

2. The demand for "the full protection of the laws of war for all men employed in our armies, without distinction of

color,"—a measure of justice as to which the administration has seemed to us criminally vacillating, and which the horrors of Fort Pillow, Plymouth, and the Red River force with startling emphasis upon us now. We find in these words, also, a rebuke to the discreditable and strange reluctance of Congress to symbolize that equal claim by equal pay.

With these illustrations of the growth of general sentiment among us, it seems impossible to make any *immediate* application of the argument for compromise and reconciliation. Our reliance, for the present, must be on other methods. "We accepted this war, and did not begin it," said President Lincoln the other day, at Philadelphia; "we accepted it for an object, and *when that object is accomplished*, the war will end." It is in the courage to go forward—the courage which grows stronger under difficulties, and more obstinate in disaster and defeat—that we find our present augury for the future of the republic. Since the first mustering for the defence of Washington, how many seasons of darkest peril, how many weary times of hope deferred, what a weight of public anxieties and private griefs! Yet never has so much of the nation's hope and strength been staked on a single cast, as now, in the advance of our left wing upon Richmond, and of our right upon Atlanta. The great steps in this war have been very decisive, but slow, and very far apart. It is not quite a year since we thought we saw, in the sundering of the rebellion by the opening of the Mississippi, and the definite foiling of its aggressive vigor in the one decisive conflict on Northern soil, and in the occupation of the great natural fortress of Eastern Tennessee, the pledge that the rebellion was exhausted of its best strength, and must rush to a speedy end. That summer's work has not to be done again. But, as we push on at what seem now the two vital points of the Confederacy, we find in it a wonderful recruiting of its resources,—armies larger, stronger, better fed, clad, and armed, than those we had to meet two years ago.* On the other hand, by all the testimony

* One question, which had perplexed us a good deal, finds a partial solution in the following paragraph, which we copy from the "Advocate of Peace":—

"The London Daily News gave, not very long ago, the names of no less than ten steamers which had recently cleared from British ports, with cargoes of arms.

we can get, whatever infirmity of purpose, or inauspicious doubt, may exist elsewhere, the will of the army is strong, and its heart perplexed by no fears. Thus far, the enthusiastic confidence of the nation goes with those two great hosts. The time has not come yet to fathom the consequences of failure there, or ponder the remedies of a possible defeat. The tremendous barriers of the "Wilderness" and of Chattanooga being once conquered or crossed, the boldness which moves so swiftly towards the heart of the hostile power reflects but fairly the assurance of success which has taken so strong hold upon the public mind.

As we watched from a distance the gathering of the forces for these two main movements, it was rather with a certain restlessness and impatience than with any serious alarm that we saw the series of lesser failures and disasters which served as the Spring prelude to the season's work. The sudden repulse in Florida, the raid and massacre in Kentucky, the cruel loss in North Carolina, the lingering siege of Charleston, the failure in Texas and at Mobile, and, lastly, the disaster and ignominious retreat near Shreveport, nearly costing us the noble river-fleet and army of the Southwest,—these, accompanied as they were with ferocities that have made the name of the rebellion more than ever execrable, have had scarce any other effect than that on the temper or imagination of the North. Except in the deepening passion of vengeance

and munitions of war for the rebels. The aggregate of the shipments by nine of these vessels is as follows:—

Cannon,	58	Ball cartridges,	5,494,000
Muskets,	20,960	" (cases),	500
Rifles,	69,080	Percussion caps,	20,650,000
Pistols,	490	Gunpowder (lbs.)	648,000
Shells,	2,800	Saltpetre (bbls.)	400."
" (cases)	810		

To help balance the account, we find in the *Boston Daily Advertiser* an estimate of the amount of cotton shipped to England through the blockade, amounting to \$26,000,000. So true it is that this life and death struggle of freedom and slavery gets its support from abroad, and is kept up purely as a paying commercial speculation!

The Liverpool merchants, we are told, are alarmed at their own enormous gains as silent partners of the "Alabama" pirates, and are urging on the British government to amend the "Foreign Enlistment Act" so as to mean neutrality.

in the race so cruelly outlawed and so scantily protected in the harsh "rights of war," so brutally butchered when surrendered and disarmed,—except in the increased perplexities of our government from the alternative of dishonor or the horror of retaliation,*—these losses of detail leave scarcely a mark on the mind of a people which has sternly braced itself to do the one necessary thing, and to count no cost or losses it may meet on the way to that. Judged by all accessible symptoms, neither the army nor the nation has maintained, at any period of the contest, a temper more firm, more proud, more free from doubt or hesitation, than at this hour.

And this is not from any blindness or blunting of the sense as to the increasing horrors of such a war. We know we must continue to feel them,—in the stories of atrocities committed, in the private losses and griefs, in the dreadful havoc among the strongest, ablest, most loyal and intelligent portion of our population, in the strain on public credit, in the burdens of taxation and the expanding costs of living. We know that in time of war a country must be growing poorer in wealth and poorer in men; that in time of war the shadow of a vague, great dread can never be lifted from the horizon. All this we know and feel more deeply, more nearly, as the months roll on. But it is all overbalanced by the one greater dread of what might be, if the resolution and the struggle were once relaxed. That great, though vague and all but unspoken dread, is one more element in the general resolution and hope,—one more source of military strength,—one more pledge of ultimate success.

We fully believe, and have always maintained, that when the primary object of the war is once effected,—the full vindication of the national supremacy and integrity,—then, whatever terms are granted should be as generous to the interests and as merciful to the pride of the defeated section as is consistent with the security we seek first. That these terms will virtually, even if not expressly, include the extermination of slavery, we entertain no doubt. But it is idle to

* Is it meant as an ingenious and bloodless retaliation for these atrocities, at Fort Pillow, Plymouth, N. C., and elsewhere, that the Confederate prisoners are duly subjected to the supreme humiliation of being put in charge of a negro guard?

speculate on details which to-morrow's disaster may fling to the winds, or to-morrow's victory make as simple and easy as they now seem far off and all but hopeless. For ourselves, we have great reliance, when it comes to the last, on the native good sense and the inveterate *good humor* of our population, which underlies all the horrors of the war, and perpetually crops out, in the lull of battle, or the quiet of the hospital. We firmly refuse to believe that the North and South are inhabited by natural enemies, or that the existing feud is going to be at all irreconcilable. Each year, each month of war may do something to make it seem harder to heal its scars and soothe its resentments. But each month brings us, at any rate, so much the nearer to the day when these questions must be met as practical ones, face to face; and when that day shall come, we believe its own light will be sufficient for its task.

ART. IX.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

H. T. A.

THEOLOGY.

THE arguments and discussions of Dr. Dewey on topics of religion or philosophy are distinguished from those of any other writer we know, of anything like equal ability, by being the expression of strong *personal* feeling and conviction. No sermons come so near as his to the ideal of being a personal, and as it were confidential, communication with the heart of the listener. In none do we find so much what we are apt to call the tone of *confession*,—meaning by this, not the acknowledgment of guilt in those general terms which are so certain to be morbid or else insincere, but the uttering of a profound and heartfelt experience. In none is the thought so apparently steeped and dissolved in emotion; in none does the language so naturally fall into phrases of personal communication beginning with the pronoun I; in none that we remember is there so easy and natural an avenue of sympathy between speaker and hearer. And the argument, however familiar, has to a singular degree the freshness and the power which always belong to the first-hand record of the experience of a living man.

These are very high qualities, among the highest, of pulpit oratory,—that which is directly addressed to the heart and conscience of a miscellaneous living auditory; and they place Dr. Dewey, in the estimation of some good judges, in the very front rank of preachers, of any country or time. The same qualities, to a great degree, characterize the vol-

ume of Lectures,* just published, which deal with the old but unexhausted problem of human destiny. The volume has a double interest, as argument and as testimony: perhaps it would not be undervaluing the former, to say that we have found it more interesting in the latter way. The habit of Dr. Dewey's mind is synthetic, positive, apt to believe, assert, and feel. In the analytical portion of his task, we do not find the clear critical understanding which fits him, in abstract argument, to meet such scientific thinkers as Comte, Mill, and Spencer, or such speculative thinkers as Hegel and Hamilton, on equal terms. Indeed, the only reference he makes to the value of "abstruse philosophy" is to the moral emotion produced by Dugald Stewart's eloquent expositions. Yet the topic presupposes some acquaintance with the words, if not familiarity with the moods, of the great metaphysicians. Such matters as the argument from Design, the problem of moral Evil, and the liberty of the Will, could not be even tolerably discussed without reference to the highest and abstractest schools of metaphysics. Nor do we find lack of an acquaintance with that department of the literature of the subject sufficient for the author's purpose. Only, the acquaintance which it does evince is that of a sympathetic, imaginative, appreciative reader, — one in the best sense synthetic and eclectic, — rather than that of a critical student, who aims to compass, fathom, qualify and compare. The references — to Leibnitz, for example, (whose "Théodicée" seems to have been the text-book most frequently consulted,) to Mackintosh, Comte, Voltaire, Guyot, Heeren, and others — show the acquaintance of the general reader with the lines of thought in review, rather than the mastery of the philosophic thinker. It is not to disparage, but to distinguish and classify the book, that it is necessary to say thus much of the theoretical basis of its argument.

We have said that it is more interesting to us as testimony. We have the strongest sense of the value — the intellectual value we mean, and not merely moral or æsthetic — of a clear, intelligent verdict from one familiar with many of the highest walks of literature, and many forms of human experience, upon the topics here brought into review. After all, this first-hand testimony is the mental material which metaphysicians have to analyze and pronounce upon as best they may. We appreciate it the more, as a protest against some intellectual tendencies which we may possibly have shared, which seem to us to be getting unduly predominant in the leading thought of the day; — the tendency, for example, to refuse the evidence of intelligent cause and effect, of moral design, of a conscious Providence, in the world of natural things. For ourselves, we cleave with great attachment to the old-fashioned argument from Design. Doubtless, Paley's statement of it needs revising; and perhaps we have got to habituate ourselves to Spencer's extremely abstract exposition of the "conditions of existence," before we are entitled fairly to rehabilitate the good old argument in the respect of philosophers. But meanwhile it is well that it should not be lost sight

* The Problem of Human Destiny; or, The End of Providence in the World and in Man. [A Course of Lowell Lectures.] By ORVILLE DEWEY. New York: James Miller. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 8vo. pp. 275.

of. And we confess to a particular mental satisfaction when we find such fresh illustrations of it as are given us here from physical geography, and from the natural history and social constitution of mankind.

We are grateful, too, for the new argument, or testimony, in favor of the benevolence of the Creator, — that attribute which modern science does not so much deny as it forgets. We like the downright, honest optimism which says:—

“I believe that all is well. I believe that all is the best possible. Understand me, however. I hold to optimism in this sense; not that man’s work is the best possible, but that God’s work is the best possible,—is the *utmost* that it was possible for Divine power and wisdom to do for man. . . . I do not believe that the good Being would have *created* a moral system which in its freedom was certain to run down to utter destruction and misery. I believe he saw that it could, with his care and aid, travel upward, higher and higher through ages. But I *do not* believe that it was possible, in the nature of things, to exclude pain and weariness, or stumbling and wandering, from the path that shall conduct it to the heights, to the ever-rising heights, of virtue and happiness.”— pp. 49, 50.

Among the fine illustrations of this thought — which recurs more familiarly, perhaps, than any other in the book, and makes in fact the key-note of its argument — we reckon the very felicitous and sympathetic statement of the moral value of life among uninstructed nations (p. 115); the profound and eloquent statement of the working out of moral retribution in human life (p. 111); the imaginative sympathy seen in the appreciation of religious superstitions (p. 214), and of the value of illusions, as having their place in the providential scheme of education (p. 169). In brief, we would refer the student of the great “problem of human destiny” to this volume, not only, or chiefly, to find reasons for intellectual certitude, or to get a sufficient verdict on the opinions of those who in all ages have discussed that problem; but rather, to get a clearer, more vivid, and profounder apprehension of what the problem is, — its moral meaning, and its conditions in human experience, — than he will find in any similar work which we can at present recall.

HISTORY.

THE discoveries which have been made in the present century, not merely of monuments of the ancient civilization in Mesopotamia, but of the affinity of races at remote periods in the East, have but increased the fascination of those investigations to which they have given a scientific form. For three thousand years the currents of the European civilization have been tinged with the colors which were imparted to them by the Semitic and Indo-European races. But at an earlier period the dominant civilization of the world — itself, for anything that we know, but the result of long preceding phases in the progress of men — was the attribute and the possession of a different branch of the human family. Egypt and Babylon — Mizraim and Nimroud — preceded Judæa and Greece. The nations that we know as Chaldean and Assyrian are the successors, after several centuries of emigration, of that ancient race which filled the valley of the Nile with the mystery

of its religion and the wonders of its power. The Asiatic *Æthiopia*, of which the Greeks hinted the existence and the vastness, ridiculed as it has been by modern scholars, is proclaimed by all the faces which look out upon us from the marbles of Nineveh.

To combine and present the results of the investigations which have thus far been made, is the object of Mr. Rawlinson in the work of which the second volume has now appeared.* From the monuments which have been disinterred in Mesopotamia, he claims that the languages of the nations to whom they are to be ascribed may be recovered and interpreted. But if the translations are to rest upon no better foundation than the arbitrary and apparently childish significance given to the hieroglyphics which are explained in the first volume, it will take us a good while to rest with confidence in the history thus written. What Movers has done for Phœnicia, and Wilkinson for Egypt, Mr. Rawlinson aims to do for the Five Nations. The first volume was devoted to Chaldæa and Assyria, the second continues and concludes the account of Assyria.

The Assyrian Canon, discovered and edited by Sir H. Rawlinson, taken in connection with the Canon of Ptolemy, carries the *exact* chronology of Assyria from the close of the empire to the tenth century before Christ, and, with the help of stray dates and conjectures, Mr. Rawlinson carries the age of the Assyrian monarchy back to the seventeenth century. Thus the date of the thirteenth century before Christ, which may be taken as the average conclusion of modern scholars, who have been so sadly divided upon the question, may still be considered not so far out of the way. We know, however, that the Assyrians moved away very early from the vicinity of Chaldæa to a position farther north, while of the reign of Tiglath-Pileser I., 1130 B. C., there is a long account preserved to us in the well-known inscription of which translations were published in 1857. In the twelfth century before Christ, Assyria was a compact and powerful kingdom, with a great capital, ruling over many subject tribes, the kingdom of Babylon strong and centralized on its southern frontier. But the rise of the Hebrew monarchy seems to have eclipsed its splendor, for just at that period the Assyrian empire passed under a cloud, from which it took two centuries to emerge. Early in the eighth century, however, it is found grasping Babylon with one hand and Philistia with the other, while the colossus of its power stood with one foot on the shores of the Caspian Sea and the other on the banks of the Nile. But the doom of the ancient civilizations was ever throwing its dark shadow upon the splendor of its glory. Like the empire of Rome, which after so many centuries succeeded and surpassed it in Europe, this empire of Asia fell to pieces, exhausted in its struggles with the Scythian hordes that came sweeping in upon it through the passes of the Caucasus.

* The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient Eastern World ; or, The History, Geography, and Antiquities of Chaldæa, Assyria, Babylonia, Media, and Persia, collected and illustrated from Ancient and Modern Sources. By GEORGE RAWLINSON, M. A., Camden Professor of Ancient History in the University of Oxford ; late Fellow and Tutor of Exeter College. In Four Volumes. Vol. II. London : John Murray. 1864.

The account of Semiramis, as given by Mr. Rawlinson, is a good instance of the havoc which is made by modern discoveries with the ancient myths. Heeren and Niebuhr, indeed, had already pronounced her a fable, but the two rude statues of the god Nebo recently discovered, belonging to the reign of Iva-Lush IV., B. C. 810, disclose the fact that she was the Babylonian wife of that Emperor by whom he acquired the right to reign conjointly in Babylonia and Assyria, for they are dedicated by the artist "to his lord Iva-Lush IV., and his lady *Sammuramit*." And from the fact that Assyrian women are never mentioned in inscriptions, and never appear in sculpture, this solitary appearance of the Assyrian queen was the occasion, in the course of ages, for the highest flights of the Oriental fancy. She became the Assyrian empress, who had ruled the world from India to Ethiopia; and, passing on to the Greeks and Romans, became as famous for her beauty as Helen, and for her vices as Messalina.

THE two volumes of the new edition of Merivale's "Romans" last issued* contain a most elaborate, thorough, and interesting study of that great period of transition from the death of Julius Cæsar (B. C. 44) to that of Augustus (B. C. 14). A period of thirty years only, yet perhaps more complete in its record and valuable in its instruction than any other like portion of the ancient world. Mr. Merivale has taken peculiar care here to leave no single thing unfinished that would help to a complete judgment of the period and the men. If any dissatisfaction could be found with his work, it would be, we should think, dissent from his judgments and opinions — a somewhat hazardous dissent — or from his sympathies, which he neither conceals nor forces upon the reader. His position has been called that of a "qualified Cæsarism"; and as Cæsarism, under its new manifestation in France, is one of the political creeds and perils of the day, a republican reader will now and then protest against the undue admiration of the great Julius, or the unqualified verdict which is implied, as to the need, the wisdom, and the success of the career of Octavius, — the two names which Dr. Arnold would never mention without strongly expressing his detestation at the personal character of the first, and his horror at the crimes hid under the "august" title of the second.

Ample and frank in all the materials of judgment, these volumes cannot be charged with any disposition to prejudice the reader. We are glad to find in them no sentimental stuff about the career of Antony and Cleopatra, — a career as vulgar and contemptible in substance as delusive in its glittering surroundings, and ending, as it should, in simple misery and shame. We are glad to find the careful pictures, not only of the two or three leading historical persons, but of such less familiar ones as Agrippa, Livia, and of Tiberius in his earlier days. With our school-day and Shakespeare prepossessions about Cassius, "the last of the Romans," and Brutus, "the noblest Roman of them all," it has a

* History of the Romans under the Empire. By CHARLES MERIVALE. Vols. III. and IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

wholesome effect to trace the pitiful career of the murderers, through the years of horror they had evoked, down to their ignominious end in suicide. We are glad no false sympathy is reserved for them, or for their crime,—as wanton and as mischievous a crime as human creatures are often suffered to commit. The weak idealism which “imagined that the dregs of the Roman populace, which lived upon largesses, could be animated with a simple love of constitutional freedom,” and the reaction of the oligarchy, as impotent in will as it was base at heart, so thoroughly repressed by Cæsar’s clear intelligence, just displayed themselves after his death, to show how inevitable was the revolution which that death only deferred.

Octavius, with a bad heart, indeed, but a most excellent head, so well outlived the memory of his cruel and treacherous youth, as to have been regarded with a sort of religious veneration by his countrymen, who saw in him the providential Deliverer of Rome, and to leave his surname as a title for all that is most noble and imposing to the imagination. Yet if monarchy could have begun with Marius, eighty years sooner, thinks Mr. Merivale, it might have been better for Rome and for the world. The merciless reaction under Sulla gave to a corrupt and brutal oligarchy a lease of power which it employed only to prove how thoroughly unfit it was for its assumed task of sovereignty. These volumes are in part a biography of Augustus, whose character is made the subject of elaborate study; and in part a sketch of that great dominion, in its political, social, and intellectual outlines, which slowly hardened into the empire of the Cæsars. The later portions of this task, especially, are exceedingly interesting. The *genuineness* of the Roman religion, based on a thorough belief in the manifest destiny of the imperial city, is a topic of curious and valuable reflection.

MR. KINGSLEY has not quite imagination enough to be a poet, but enough to make him one of the best of story-tellers. It might qualify him, also, to be a capital historian, if it were not that he is a rhetorician in grain,—a preacher too, and an excessively self-conscious one at that. A man who must be always falling back on a moral truism—generally a Hebrew proverb—and telling his hearers that that is the lesson of his tale, if he should be so happy as to have pressed it on any one’s conscience,—such a man may be a good preacher,—we incline to believe that Mr. Kingsley is,—but as interpreter of the great drama of the past, he is a little apt to tire.

Still, the tragedy was very grand, the scenery very gorgeous, and the characters, though some of them rather strange to us, had winning and attractive names. Mr. Kingsley is fortunate in the topic and title of his new volume of Lectures.* He is fortunate in the amount of curious and unbackneyed matter which he easily gathers from the Christian Fathers and the Byzantine writers, to illustrate his theme of “The Roman and the Teuton” in the ages of their deadly conflict.

* The Roman and the Teuton; a Series of Lectures delivered before the University of Cambridge. By CHARLES KINGSLEY. Cambridge and London: Macmillan & Co.

His fanciful introduction, or "Saga," of the Forest Children and the Troll Garden, so fascinating and so deadly, is a singularly felicitous opening to the cruel and strange scenes in which his narrative must deal. And there appears a hearty human sympathy with the personages of the tale — with Dietrich and Amalasuentha, with the hero Totila and the saint Severinus and the monk Sturm and the Christian hermit in the German wilds — which opens to us quite a new picture of those times, the twilight heralding "the Dark Age." As a series of sketches, the book might be almost perfect, but for the hasty and eager way in which the whole matter seems to be despatched, and the craving for rhetorical and homiletic effects, which leaves you nowhere in peace with the fact in its simplicity.

We copy, as more suggestive than a condensed outline, the titles of the twelve Lectures:— 1. The Forest Children; 2. The Dying Empire; 3. The Human Deluge; 4. The Gothic Civilizer (Theodoric); 5. Dietrich's End; 6. Nemesis of the Goths; 7. Paulus Diaconus (Legends and History of the Lombards); 8. The Clergy and the Heathen; 9. The Monk a Civilizer; 10. The Lombard Laws; 11. The Popes and the Lombards; 12. Strategy of Providence. This last explains, in military phrase, the "strategic points" of that long advance of the Barbarians upon the Roman Empire, — Alaric being the only chief, apparently, who had the genius to comprehend the main lines of it, — ending with a brief reference of it to the controlling will and purpose of Providence.

The volume contains, also, the noted Inaugural Lecture, in which Mr. Kingsley protests against the reduction of the courses of history to the evolution of law, to be made known to us by science. According to him, the best study of history is in biographies; he does not deny a sequence or growth in human things, but dislikes such phrases as "invariable," "irresistible," as applied to it; "not on mind, but on morals, is human welfare founded"; the only law of which we can be sure in history is the moral law which appeals to conscience and shows itself in the retribution of heroism or guilt; "about the eternities and immensities we know nothing," he thinks, "not having been there as yet"; and he enters an injunction, more energetic than convincing, against the formidable encroachments of modern science on the historical domain. He has, apparently, guarded his own statements from some of the inferences which his critics have derived from them; but we take them at their true worth, we imagine, in regarding them as what we have said, — the protest of a man of genius and imagination, setting forth an aspect of the matter which abler theorists than he would do well not to overlook.

THE University of Munich numbers among its Faculties one relating to the 'economy of the state (*Staatswirtschaft*); we may call it, loosely, Political Economy. The writer of the book under noted * is one of the Professors in that Faculty, and, although comparatively young, is

* *Culturstudien aus drei Jahrhunderten.* Von W. H. RIEHL. Stuttgart: J. G. Cotta'scher Verlag. 1859.

the author of several valuable works. The book of which we speak now consists of various articles originally contributed to periodicals. The three centuries are the seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth. The first book is entitled "Historical Still-Life"; the second treats of the study of the common people at the present time (briefly said in German, *Zur Volkskunde der Gegenwart*); the third, of the political importance of æsthetic culture among the people. The work lies so much out of the common course of reading among us, that it would be hard to give an adequate description of it. We prefer rather to indicate its existence to the few who have the courage to explore untrodden ways. Yet to illustrate the character of it as well as we may, we take one article at random from many. The object of it is to show how at different times man likes different landscapes; it is entitled *Das landschaftliche Auge*.

There was a time, for instance, when Berlin, Leipzig, Augsburg, Darmstadt, all in the flattest, aridest districts, were thought to lie in a delightful territory, while the Black Forest, the Harz, the Thuringian Forest, were in high disfavor. They used to build palaces in flat monotonous plains, as one remembers at Nymphenburg and Schleissheim. Not fifty years ago, they thought the district of the Rhine a garden of Paradise, the beauty of which was only set off, as by contrast, by the charming flow of that Queen of Rivers among the hills which guard it between Rüdesheim and Coblenz. "Confessedly, the most beautiful landscape is not in itself a real work of art. It is only man whose creations are artistic, not nature. A landscape, as it presents itself to our gaze, is not beautiful in itself: it has only the property of being purified and exalted into beauty in the eye of the beholder. . . . Therefore it is that the peasant laughs at the denizen of the town who goes into ecstasies over a landscape which moves the former to no emotion. For he who is not an artist himself, who cannot paint pretty landscapes in his head, will not see them outside of himself. And so nature, the most subjective of all works of art, becomes for each a different thing as the stand-point of each varies. And as it is with individuals, so it is with generations of men. The recognition of the beautiful in art is not half so dependent on the general culture of the race, as that of the beautiful in nature. The same landscape is not to one in age what it was in youth; — nor is there any more thankless task, than that of trying to convince another of the beauties of your favorite landscape, for it is like trying to inoculate him with your own eye, which indeed is the special function of the landscape painter." When the forest was the rule in Germany, full of night and barbarism and Avars, and the field the exception, the open spaces, where was light, were most attractive; but now that we have too much light, we are drawn rather to the oases of forest gloom. Yet true is it, nevertheless, and forever, —

"Die unvergleichlich hohen Werke,
Sind herrlich wie am ersten Tag."

If we were to single out anything else in a book, so suggestive throughout, it would be, perhaps, the chapter entitled, "Augsburg Studies"; — how the ancient Augusta Vindelicorum of the Romans got

at last to be what Sir Robert Peel is said to have declared it to seem to him, looking down on it from the Perlach tower, the most beautiful city in Germany, with its opulent mediæval history; and how one Herberger, keeper of the Augsburg archives, has written a little book called "Augsburg, and its earlier Industry," in which he claims for it the honor of the three chief inventions of Germany, gunpowder, book-printing, and linen paper;—for it was not the mythical monk Berthold Schwarz who invented powder, says Herberger, but the Jew Typailes of Augsburg, in the year 1353. And Gutenberg's forerunner was an Augsburg clergyman, Meister Johannes, who printed with wooden types in 1407; and the linen-paper documents of Augsburg are the oldest in Germany and Europe, for they begin with the year 1320.

The ecclesiastical balance long maintained in Augsburg between Catholics and Protestants will seem to us very curious. Whether the Protestant does right in buying his meat of a Catholic butcher, and whether the Catholic is not wrong in getting a Protestant carpenter to mend his broken chair, are still unsettled questions for many a good citizen of Augsburg. In the prebend of St. James, both Catholics and Protestants had a share. The general room used to be lighted with candles, the stumps of which the beneficiaries were privileged to divide among themselves, and burn in their own chambers; whereupon such a strife arose, as to which stumps were to be regarded as Catholic and which Protestant, that the municipality made a decree in 1816, in which, "in order to put an end to the existing quarrel touching the so-called Catholic and Protestant stumps," the use of candles was forbidden, and that of indivisible oil enjoined in its stead. Catholics and Protestants dressed differently also, and the difference is still maintained in the head-dress of maidens. It was at once the seat of the bishopric of St. Ulrich, fortress of Catholicism, and the imperial city of Augsburg, birthplace of the Augsburg Confession, stronghold of Protestantism. Both sects were rivals in good works. No German city can compare with it in charitable establishments. When the Jesuits had begun to get a foothold to develop their educational activity, the Protestants founded the famous Collegium of St. Anna. If the Catholic church-service was made attractive by good music and good pictures, the Protestants borrowed both. They imitated each other from emulation. If the Protestants wrote much, the Catholics made Augsburg the seat of the theological book-trade in the eighteenth century; and it has still its Catholic and Protestant newspapers;—the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*" has long maintained the highest European reputation. The city counts 25,000 Catholics, and 14,000 Protestants;—but it is pleasing to read that the chief wealth, and since 1848 the controlling political influence, lie with the latter. The history of Augsburg, one side of it at least, for the last three centuries, is the history of this ecclesiastical balance. Yet it is not without some recognition of the eternal fitness of things, that one pauses in the Catholic churchyard in Augsburg to read on the wall these words:—"In hoc tumultu ossa patrum Soc. Jesu, queis neque viventibus neque mortuis genius sæculi quietem concessit . . . carnis resurrectionem exspectant."

POLITICAL ECONOMY.

To anxious inquirers about finance, Mr. Moran's book* affords an admirable introduction to the subject. To the respect of business men it is recommended by the weight of the author's name, but his clear and spirited style, and the air as of an original authority and not of a mere transcriber with which he speaks, are a sufficient introduction to the general reader.

Although it is, of course, written in view of the present condition of the national currency, the discussions of the book are general, and it contains not a single allusion to the recent measures of our government. Beginning with an historical review of the various commodities that have served the purpose of money, and of the various theories in regard to it, it goes on, in the course of a dozen short chapters, to speak of the precious metals and their relation to each other, and of metallic money, of paper money public and private and the principles that govern it, with an interesting sketch of the principal systems that have obtained. We could wish that he had explained the system of cowries and of wampum, devices that would seem to present the very ideal of an inconvertible currency, in a state of hopeless depreciation. The last four chapters are devoted to the English currency theories, and the vexed question of Regulation.

We say that this little treatise is suited to a beginner, because, in approaching so difficult a subject, it is a matter of the first importance to get thoroughly interested; and so that opinions are distinctly held, error of doctrine is a matter of but secondary importance, that time will easily cure. Some of Mr. Moran's opinions are certainly most heretical, but all are clearly stated, and the book is animated by a spirit and enthusiasm that make this dullest and most obscure of subjects as interesting as politics or metaphysics.

Mr. Moran finds most support among other economists for his views on bank-note issues, conclusions which, as he says, "were arrived at and communicated to friends, long before reading the able works of Fullarton and Tooke, in which similar views are maintained." He mentions this, as he very properly adds, not so much to claim a merit of originality, as "with a view to obtain for them the weight due to conclusions arrived at by different parties examining the same subject from different points of view."

These conclusions, shadowed forth in Mr. Tooke's "History of Prices" as early as 1823, and more distinctly stated in the supplementary volume published in 1840, were explicitly laid down in his pamphlet on the "Currency Principle," in 1844, written in opposition to the impending banking law of that year. Mr. Fullarton, throwing himself into the same discussion, adopted and thoroughly elucidated them, but Mr. Moran's exposition is briefer and clearer, and, not being controversial in form, is unencumbered by the consideration of local and temporary details. The whole topic is, however, admirably treated by

* Money. By CHARLES MORAN. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1863.

Mr. Mill, in the second volume of his *Political Economy*, substantially in accordance with these authorities, although he adduces some considerations on the other side which Mr. Moran would have done well to notice. The doctrine is, in brief, that variation from time to time in the amount of the circulating medium, whether coin or convertible bank-notes, is regulated solely by the momentary wants of the community, and has in general no effect on prices. Bankers cannot inflate the currency by issuing at will either coin or notes, their function being merely passive; and by arbitrary restrictions of the amount of currency, governments do much harm, and can do but little good. When an increased amount of currency is needed, it is furnished by an increased issue of bank-notes in countries where a paper currency obtains; and where it does not, by an issue of specie, either from the vaults of the bankers, or from private hoards; but in neither case is this the cause, though it may be the effect, of a rise in prices. The contrary theory, at least in regard to bank-notes, has long been maintained by another school of financiers, and Mr. Hooper, in his speech in the House of Representatives on the 6th of April last, on the Regulation of the Currency, speaks of repeated inflations of our own currency by over-issues on the part of State banks as beyond dispute. Still Mr. Moran's views are, so far as this goes, sufficiently supported by other authorities to be considered quite orthodox, and he confers a benefit upon the country by putting in so intelligible a form what must be considered the latest opinions of the best thinkers upon this subject.

The same may be said of his exposition of the general advantages of bank paper over government paper. How far, and when, public exigencies may require these advantages to be sacrificed, is a question into which he does not enter. But it is something to show that the sacrifice is a real one.

In exhibiting the general advantages of a paper currency, Mr. Moran shews clearly enough, that, but for a lack of perfect confidence, the coin in our banks would lie untouched year in and year out. In this case the "specie reserves" might be diminished at pleasure, and since the indefinitely small and the infinitely small are one, they might be dispensed with altogether. A paper currency based entirely on credit, and not redeemable in any particular commodity, is thus theoretically possible and most desirable on economical grounds, and he anticipates with enthusiasm a financial millennium, when this will be the condition of things, and the ten thousand millions of capital at present, as is estimated, sunk in the currency, be released to benefit mankind. Already, as he shows, have Scotland and New England, under a banking system substantially free, shrewdly adopted a currency wholly of paper, experiencing every advantage he claims for it, and with less loss than ensues in other countries from the mere wear and tear of coin. Here, of course, the hard-money men will not follow him; still less, when he proceeds to argue that the value of gold and silver is more artificial than that of paper, being based not upon their cost of production, but solely upon their uses as currency, and

that their commercial value depends upon their monetary value, and not *vice versa*, as is universally believed. Having reached this point, he consistently maintains that the relative value of the two metals is equally arbitrary, and may accordingly be perfectly well regulated by law, and both be a legal tender at once, a doctrine which we had supposed was equally refuted by theory and by practice. His consistency is not quite so clear when he further claims that the value of the precious metals cannot be diminished by an over-supply, attributing the general rise in prices after the discovery of America to a general increase of commercial activity, and asking, "How can an increased production affect the value of an article for which the demand is unlimited, and of which there can never probably be a glut?"

Mr. Moran supports these heresies rather by refuting the theories commonly received, and bringing up facts which they fail to explain, with new explanations of the facts upon which they are founded, than by a satisfactory exposition of what he supposes to be the real *modus operandi*. In regard to the depreciation of gold, for example, he triumphs in the failure of M. Chevalier's predictions, and the fulfilment of his own, during the last ten years, but does not explain in detail just what has become of the products of Australia and California. But the book is brilliant and able, and presents probably the most complete and most readable discussion of this interesting subject within reach of our readers. It is illustrated by most curious and interesting statistics and quotations, evidently the result of much reading in a region of literature in which but few explorers give the public the benefit of their labors.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THROUGH that infirmity, common to nations as to individuals, but which in our American communities is not so much an infirmity as a disease, Mr. Tuckerman has made a book* which will find many readers, and which by most of them will be read with interest. An inordinate appetite for praise, and a not less inordinate sensitiveness to criticism, will probably be the last weakness which the people of the United States will outgrow. When we have polished ourselves free from the crudities of manners and tastes which have hitherto made us a spectacle to cultivated travellers, — when our hotels become comfortable instead of gorgeous, — when ladies cease to walk the streets in evening dress, — when our newspapers begin to be conducted by men of education and character, — when society refuses its hand to an editor who fills his columns fresh every morning with falsehood, slander, and treason, — when the vulgar and brutal performances of "nigger minstrels" cease to be the most popular entertainment in a city like Boston, — when all this shall have come to pass, we shall perhaps have gained a sufficiently firm position in our own self-respect to enable us to receive the praise or blame of foreign tourists with equal placidity. If Mr.

* America and her Commentators; with a Critical Sketch of Travel in the United States. By H. T. TUCKERMAN. New York: Scribner. 1864.

Tuckerman's book continues to find a ready sale until that moment, he will probably have no reason to complain of his pecuniary success.

Mr. Tuckerman has been widely known for many years as a writer of essays and review-articles, generally rather of a biographical than a critical character, of which several volumes have from time to time been collected and published. These essays have for the most part been characterized by good temper, fairness, and a tolerably correct literary judgment. They are not marked by any strength of thought or feeling, or by any originality or grace of style. Mr. Tuckerman has the faculty of easy admiration common to most American reviewers. He has, we believe, led a life of leisure, pleasantly varied by literary occupation, and, guided by a good taste in his choice of subjects, has gradually gained for himself a respectable place among the writers of the country.

His present book is the most extensive undertaking on which he has thus far entered, and is marked in general by the same qualities which we have ascribed to his former writings, of which, indeed, some small portions are incorporated in it; e. g. the account of Berkeley's visit to Rhode Island, and the notice of Clinton's journey. Indeed, the book is in no sense a departure from the previous literary habits of its author. It is the book of a reviewer, — it is criticism by wholesale; and the arrangement of so great a mass of book-notices, necessarily brief for the most part, into an entertaining volume, must have been a difficult and perplexing task of literary handiwork. It is due to Mr. Tuckerman to say that he has performed this task, so far as concerns arrangement, connection, and division, with admirable success. The chapter on the early discoverers and explorers, and that on the French missionaries, are very interesting; and the following chapters on the books of the later French travellers are also executed with taste and judgment. The portion of the book which is devoted to the British travellers seems to us much less successful, especially the chapter on "English Abuse of America," which exhibits, under an assumption of dignified indifference, a sensitiveness which, while it does not prevent the writer from discriminating pretty accurately between abuse and blame, betrays him now and then into the *tu quoque* style of argument.

He has no sense of the ludicrous, and is therefore highly indignant with one J. F. D. Smythe, Esq., who wrote an account of a tour in the United States in 1784, and who said that "Mr. Washington" had exhibited a "total want of generous sentiments and even of common humanity," and that "he had never during his life performed a single action that could entitle him to the least show of merit, much less of glory." He admitted, however, that "in his private character he had always been respectable." To controvert which judgment, Mr. Tuckerman gravely sets off against it the opinions of the Marquis de Chastellux, Lord Brougham, and Mr. Everett. In another chapter, he permits himself to speak with inexcusable coarseness of Miss Martineau; and is, to say the least, unnecessarily severe upon Miss Bremer for indulging a curiosity which was surely rather amusing than offensive. He seems to class Dickens with the defamers, and is evidently

one of those who have never quite forgotten or forgiven the lively fictions of the "American Notes."

Mr. Tuckerman's sense of the proportionate value of different authors seems a little confused; as where, in the chapter on American travellers, he bestows six pages upon DeWitt Clinton's Letters of Hibernicus, but dismisses the admirable works of Mr. Olmsted with little more than half a page, and with no warmer praise than is conveyed by the epithet *discreet*. Again, he gives us thirty pages of quotations from the superficial gossip of Kohl and Allessandro, and revives with some bitterness the well-worn sarcasm of Sydney Smith, but gives no intimation that he has ever even met the extremely interesting speculations of Southey,* which, though they are happily far from being prophetic, are sufficiently remarkable in other ways to deserve at least a mention in a work professing such completeness.

It remains only to notice the style of composition in which this book is for the most part written. Inelegance or inflation of style is a fault which may be pardoned in a writer who is expressing vigorous thought, or conveying abundant and valuable information. But when the thought is commonplace, and the information only such as may be gained from the most superficial reading, the attention is left free to notice and criticise the language. We are compelled to say that this is the case with Mr. Tuckerman's writings, and emphatically the case with his present work, — of which the style is at once ambitious and slovenly to the last degree. Mr. Tuckerman can never say a plain thing simply. The present is always "the passing hour"; to supersede, is to "doom to oblivion"; two records which agree "assimilate"; a pleasant bit of landscape is "an interesting phase of nature which beguiles the observant mind." The oldest inhabitant, so often laughed at, appears repeatedly in these pages as a "venerable reminiscent." The condition of the lower orders in Europe is described as "the cowed and craven *status* of the masses in older and less homogeneous and unpampered communities." Certain facts "are exaggerated and made to pander more to prejudice than to truth." To *pander to truth* is a novel application of words. Then we have sentences like these: —

"Two works on America appeared in London in 1760–61, which indicate that special information in regard to this country was then and there sufficiently a desideratum to afford a desirable theme for a bookseller's job." — p. 181.

"Cockneyism may seem unworthy of analysis, far less of refutation, but, as Sydney Smith remarked by way of apology for hunting small game to death in his zeal for reform, 'in a country surrounded by dikes, a rat may inundate a province,' and it is the long-continued gnawing of the tooth of detraction, that, at a momentous crisis, let in the cold flood upon the nation's heart, and quenched its traditional love." — p. 253.

"All the elements, routine, substantial bases, and superficial aspects of England and the English, however adequate to the insular egotism, and however barricaded by prejudice, pride, and indifference, do not harmonize, to the clear humane gaze of soulful eyes, with what underlies and overshadows this stereotyped programme and this partial significance." — p. 288.

* Colloquies on Society, Vol. II. pp. 190–201.

Finally, this is Mr. Tuckerman's way of saying that Dean Berkeley built a small house by the seaside, in a valley near Newport:—

"At a sufficient distance from the town to insure immunity from idle visitors, within a few minutes' walk of the sea, and girdled by a fertile vale, the student, dreamer, and missionary pitched his humble tent where Nature offered her boundless refreshment, and Seclusion her contemplative peace."

It strikes us we have seen something very like this in the auction columns of our newspaper, when a desirable piece of real estate was offered for sale.

A curious instance of the passion for fine writing getting the advantage over the writer's accuracy of statement appears in this same chapter, where, although the Dean landed at Newport on the 24th of January, we have some lively speculation on the surprise and delight with which his eyes must have dwelt on the "fields of golden maize," and the waters of the bay "tinted like the Mediterranean."

These are fair quotations, and might be multiplied indefinitely. Once for all, we desire to enter our energetic protest against the style of writing which they illustrate. It is a style which is, we think, becoming popular with American writers, and unless we wish to develop a national literature which shall be the laughing-stock of the world, it is time that something should be done to discourage such ridiculous displays of it as we have here noticed.

THE Count de Marcellus entered the diplomatic service of France at the age of nineteen, under Talleyrand, in 1815, as secretary of the embassy at Constantinople. While at that post he was directed, in 1820, to examine the ports of the Levant as well as the religious establishments of Palestine. It was in the discharge of this mission that he discovered in the island of Melos that celebrated statue of Venus which now adorns the Louvre under the name of "La Venus de Milo,"—one of the noblest monuments of the ancient art which have survived the civilization they redeemed. When Chateaubriand was the ambassador of France at London, the Count de Marcellus was for a time the secretary of the embassy; and the taste which he had acquired for the scenes and the associations of the East was developed into something like a passion by the intimate companionship of that accomplished statesman and that eloquent writer. Since his retirement from public service, in 1841, he has given himself wholly to letters. Among other writings, the *Chants Populaires de la Grèce*, and the *Chants du Peuple en Grèce*, are important contributions to a department of literature which is attracting more and more attention with the development of the modern Greek language and the progress of the modern Greek race.

The book which has suggested this allusion to him* is perhaps a fair illustration of his merits as a writer and his ability as a translator, neither of which are great. The title of the work, however, affords no hint as to its contents. The aim of it is to give a general notion of the

* *Les Grecs Anciens et les Grecs Modernes. PAR LE COMTE DE MARCELLUS, Ancien Ministre Plenipotentiaire. Paris: Michel Levy Frères. 1861.*

various sorts of Greek poetry, with special reference to the impressions they produce when studied upon the spot among the scenes they illustrate. Thus epic poetry is represented by the story of Medea, as related with such charming simplicity and pathos in "The Argonauts" by Apollonius of Rhodes, and by that of Nausicaa as told by Homer in the *Odyssey*. Religious poetry is represented by the Hymn to Ceres and a fragment on Orpheus and the philosophical hymns of Proclus; and didactic or descriptive poetry by the narrative of the voyage of the Argonauts; while, to relieve the severity of merely heroic poetry, he has introduced a translation of Meleager, one of the most agreeable poets of the *Anthology*, "that most charming collection of fugitive verses of all countries and all ages." The book concludes with some thoughts upon Pindar and the Greek epic poetry in the fourth century of our era. The work is, therefore, but a collection of translations, accompanied by descriptions of the scenery and the places they suggest. And we cannot but think that the idea of the Count — although executed for the most part by himself in rather a sterile way — is an excellent one. To read the Greek authors in the homes they loved, among the hills and along the waters which their spirits seem still to haunt, — to catch again, as it were, the sunlight which brightened for Jason the shores of the Bosphorus, as he passed on to the dark waste of the Euxine, — to ponder the mysteries of Ceres as you sit among the ruins on the hill at Eleusis, — this is to study in a different school from that which discusses only the identity of Homer, and teaches only how to parse an ode of Pindar. And if, in the inroads which the organization of the various branches of science is making upon the scholastic system we have so long inherited, the classics are still to hold a chief place among the studies of the young and in the recreations of the old, it will be only, in part, through the vitality which is thus imparted to them by association with existing scenes and a living race.

The *séances* to which the Count de Marcellus introduces us are a good illustration of the way in which our interest in ancient times may be heightened by such association. Thus at Therapia he met the poet Christopoulos, — whose charming anacreontics rival, if they do not surpass, the ancient, — who, after much conversation, which the Count records at length, reads to him the story of Medea. And again, at Eleusis, the poetic touches with which he indicates the feelings that crowd upon him, — how he sought to recognize the beautiful Callidice among the young Albanian girls, with their tall forms, and black eyes, and pale faces, — and how he remembered that it was the worship of Ceres which had trained the Hellenic mind for so many generations in the fear of the divinity, and given them a hint of the immortality of the soul, — these things show what might be made of the subject by a master mind, which should break through the divisions of the ancient and modern time, and bring the writers so long dead close to hearts now so quick with life. For the greater we grow in thought, the smaller become the diversities of country and of race; the wider our sweep of knowledge, the nearer the bonds which bind us in the common brotherhood of men. The fusion of the ancient with the modern mind can be

only for the advantage of the latter. To free ourselves from the superstition that the ancient races have produced the best models in literature, as in art, is not to underrate or ignore, but to honor and to profit by, the thoughts so grand and beautiful which they have given over to the possession of men. There was a period when learning meant knowledge of Latin and Greek. But the world is larger now. Latin and Greek are but elements of a culture which goes far beyond the dreary scholasticism of the Middle Age. Languages, like dialectics, have long since ceased to be ends, but they are not the less means, important, indispensable, for the attainment of a profounder knowledge and a higher plan of life,—for a growth in wisdom compared with which the age that began with Homer and was rounded by Dante shall seem but as the childhood of the world.

MR. KIRWAN has written a clever book upon France,* containing a good deal of information we do not remember to have seen elsewhere so well collected. It consists, for the most part, of articles contributed to the *British Quarterly Review*, and to *Fraser's* and *Macmillan's Magazines*. A large part of his life has been spent in France, and everything that he states he claims to be the result of his personal observation,—a fact which it is important to remember at a period like the present, when so much ignorant calumny is uttered against the country and its ruler by those who hate alike the nation and its despot. Mr. Kirwan is thoroughly opposed to the system of government which now exists in France, and does not spare words in denouncing it. He is doubtless too much of a partisan to be just. But to those who take the trouble to form their own opinions, and to reject as facts what are merely inferences, his book will be of service.

The titles of its chapters will best indicate the nature of its contents. They are:—*Journalism in France from 1635 to 1846*; *Journalism and Literature in France from 1848 to 1863*; *The Bourse of Paris, its Speculators and the French Funds*; *Paris, its Industry, Improvements, Hotels, the Emperor, Empress, Female Dress*; *The Military System of France*; *Portraits of French Literary Celebrities*; *Napoleonism*; *The Empire from 1858 to 1863*. The chapters upon the journals of Paris give a fair picture of the present state of French literature, of which they constitute so large a part, for there can be little independent writing where the expression of honest opinion is rewarded only with confiscation and exile,—and there is a considerable display of knowledge throughout the book,—but we have a feeling that, on the whole, Mr. Kirwan has not penetrated far into the real character either of the French people or the French press, while his flippant and arrogant tone indicates a lack of that finer perception which, in descending into analysis, never falls into abuse. The historical condition of France is too vast a problem for Mr. Kirwan to answer. He sees one or two man-

* *Modern France: its Journalism and Literature and Society*. By A. V. KIRWAN, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law; Author of the Article "France" in the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*"; "*Ports, Arsenals, and Dockyards of France*," and "*Military System and Garrisons in France*." London: Jackson, Walford, and Hodder. 1863.

ifest facts, — the increase of wealth, the restless spirit of speculation which pervades all classes and absorbs all minds, — and thinks he finds the cause of all evil in that brooding fanatic who sits alone in his cabinet in the Tuileries, listening to the click of the telegraph as it reports to him every movement, one might say every thought, of France. But if there be any one lesson taught by human history, it is that society itself makes the despot that oppresses it. In the last years of the Roman Republic, when the corruption of universal suffrage had led to universal anarchy, it was not so much that Cæsar found an opportunity to destroy the government, as that the necessities of government created Cæsar. But however honest the original purpose of a despot who rises to power upon the liberties of his country, success and the deification which follows it are sure to destroy his patriotism and to pervert his judgment, if, fortunately for his country and for himself, the fatality which waits upon despotism does not swoop down upon him with the torch of revolution before he has completed the ruin he undertook to prevent. Napoleonism accomplished its work when it showed how the material resources of France might be made to rival those of any state of Europe. It had but one idea, and has exhausted it. Hostile to every form of progress which does not run in its own path and exalt its own fortunes, — crushing out every spark of opposition which threatens to become independent, — intrenched behind a servile horde of agents and a glittering line of bayonets, — Napoleonism is a creed as remorseless as Mohammedanism in the Middle Age, when, sword in hand, with the cry of destiny on its lips, it swept on from its Eastern conquests to its European defeats. Not a single great statesman or orator has taken sides with Louis Napoleon. Worse off than Cæsar, he has found no Cicero to plead for him, even with the eloquence of silence.

In the uncertain state of the relations of this country with Europe, it is of vital importance to understand, if we can, the character of a ruler so powerful, and upon occasion so reckless, as Louis Napoleon. In the terrible crisis through which we have been passing, we doubt if there has been danger from any source to be compared with that which we have thus far escaped at his hands. We have complained of the coldness of the English people and the abuse of the English press, yet we have steadily ignored the fact, that, at great risk to their own political fortunes, the English Ministry have set their faces against the insidious suggestions and the dangerous designs of France. Language has failed to do justice to our anger with the oligarchy of England, yet we have had no word of reproach for the despot of France, who would strike hands to-day with the slaveholders of the South if there were but a chance of adding a little more glory to the French arms, and thereby a little more permanence to his own uncertain power. And though he knows that behind him, not only in France, but throughout Europe, there exists a strong public opinion against the recognition, by the civilized states of the world, of a government whose corner-stone is human slavery, we doubt if even that Nemesis of tyranny would restrain him from his obvious purpose, if he could win the co-operation of England. Events follow too rapidly to permit us to forecast even the immediate

future ; but if we can judge at all of the signs of the time, the danger which still threatens this country is neither from the decaying rebellion of the South, nor from the blind cupidity of England, but from the criminal designs of the ruler of the French. Anything, therefore, which throws light upon his character cannot fail to interest us. Mr. Kirwan's partisan zeal, however, makes him an untrustworthy witness. Like Mr. Kinglake, he is steeped in hatred of Napoleonism. Wild in his charges and indiscriminating in his evidence, he contributes nothing to a just and philosophical estimate of the character of the French Emperor, or of the objects of French policy ; yet his book is worth reading, as well for its smaller details as from the general interest of the subject.

MR. ARNOLD has been able, without any far-fetched ingenuity or affectation, to find a happy and unappropriated title* for a series of sketches from foreign travel. He has been as successful in giving to the contents of his book a specialty which fully warrants him in adding yet another to our crowding volumes in that department. He has a cultivated, scholarly taste, a discerning eye, an appreciative spirit, and a modesty in self-reference and criticism, which give us real pleasure in listening to his experiences, and in assenting to his judgments. He has shown his skill in the selection of his topics. With material, doubtless, in his journals and in his mind, for illustrating or commenting upon the whole field of European localities, art, life, scenery, and roadway experiences, he has chosen a few very agreeable topics, and has treated them with an unpretending simplicity of tone and detail. We would commend the book warmly, and especially to those who, as individual wanderers or in family groups, wish to take with them in their summer ruralizings a volume from which they may draw, an hour at a time, engaging and profitable entertainment.

It is always a pleasure to hear from so brave, enterprising, and blithesome a traveller as Captain Burton, though his new volumes on Abeokuta† contrast with his previous book on Utah by paucity of interest, unimportance of detail, and a kind of mental indolence belonging to the region in which he wrote. Abeokuta, or Understone, the capital of the Egbas, will be hunted for in vain in the common maps of Western Africa ; nor has it yet earned a place among the gazetteers ; nor does Mr. Burton condescend to supply us with a satisfactory map of the dark wilderness. Still, the friendly natives appear to offer favorable openings for trade, though they seem to despise treaties with distant powers, to cling to human sacrifices, and to delight in war with their neighbors. Captain Burton gives it as his decided opinion, that, were rum and gunpowder excluded from Africa, the country would gain even under a revival of the slave-trade, with all its horrors. Nor is

* *European Mosaic*. By HOWARD PAYSON ARNOLD. Boston : Little, Brown, & Co. 1864. 12mo. pp. 339.

† *Abeokuta and the Canaroon Mountains*. By RICHARD F. BURTON. London : Tinsley Brothers. 1863. 2 vols.

this his only heresy. He recommends the system of Oriental castes as leading to high excellence in crafts, arts and sciences, supplying an admirable police, and proving a perfect conservative of existing institutions. No one ever doubted, we suppose, that it had the latter effect. He even recommends polygamy as "abstracting from the parents an affection which it bestows on the children, and contributing to the increase of females." He betrays, too, an unfriendly spirit towards the self-sacrificing missionaries upon that fever-haunted coast, and believes in the progress and triumph of Mohammedanism among the degraded natives. His second volume is wholly a reconnaissance of the Canaroon Mountains, which he was the first to ascend, name, and estimate. The highest peak he estimates at about thirteen thousand feet above the sea level; one volcano he finds alive still, but describes it as "neither permanently eruptive nor in a condition of moderate activity." He urges the establishment of a penal colony in this healthy vicinity, and the erection of a sanitarium for soldiers and sailors prostrated by the diseases of the coast. Canaroon is thirteen geographic miles from Victoria, in four degrees North latitude.

A THREE years' residence at the capital of Persia, with the advantages of extensive travel, the friendship of the reigning Shah, and the prestige of a representative of the British government,* entitle one to expect a vast deal of information upon a country which has not been fully described in English for many years. But not even maps, sketches, or pictures of any kind, are given in the "Three Years' Journal," to vary the monotony of misery endured by a sick man, travelling at peril of life through a desolated land, infested by every kind of vermin, haunted by guerillas, and wasted by famine as well as civil war. Her Majesty's Chargé d'Affaires at the court of Tehran has apparently desired to furnish the public no further knowledge than of the unparalleled favor he enjoyed with all Persians, the exceeding hardships which he endured, and the utter wretchedness of the country of his honorable exile. He should have remembered that the mass of readers have little recent knowledge of this remote land, and that in foot-notes, if not in the text, he might have easily furnished information which would have mitigated the disappointment of those who seek for bread and find only a stone.

WINWOOD READE,† in a jesting tone and frolicsome spirit, has added to the many books of African travel one of the most readable, attractive, and popular. His visit was chiefly confined to the coast, from St. Paul de Loanda on the south to Senegal River on the north; several of the small rivers were, however, ascended, some discoveries made, and the

* *Journal of a Diplomat's Three Years' Residence in Persia.* By EDWARD B. EASTWICK. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1864.

† *Savage Africa, being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, Southwestern, and Northwestern Africa; with Notes on the Habits of the Gorilla; on the Existence of Unicorns and Tailed Men; on the Slave Trade; on the Origin, Character, and Capabilities of the Negro; and on the Future Civilization of Western Africa.* Second Edition. London: Smith and Elder. 1864.

gorilla question settled by a variety of testimony. He is certain that the gorilla goes habitually on all fours; that its young is equally docile with the chimpanzee; that the adult animal sometimes runs away from man; that its habits, in general, do not materially differ from those of the chimpanzee. Both build nests; both attack by biting; both go usually on all fours; both sometimes assemble in large numbers; both resemble, in many respects, the orang-outang. He does not believe in gorillas beating their breasts as a signal for battle; nor in their carrying off women to live domesticated among them; nor in their ever attacking man without provocation.

Mr. Reade speaks scornfully of the labors of missionaries, and tells some striking stories of their ignorance, stupidity, and uselessness. But the immense deduction from his reports is, that he evidently had no sympathy with their efforts; that he associated with the gayest part of the community, and preferred to maintain the character of a man of pleasure. Still, he pays a high tribute to the American missionaries, as good scholars and practical men, who have rendered essential service to science. Mr. Reade maintains that the negro, as seen on the coast, is a degradation of the African race; that the red race, who occupy healthier ground in the interior, is the true type, though little known because of our limited knowledge of anything beyond the shore. All the tribes occupying the malarious regions degenerate, according to him, produce fewer offspring, are less long-lived, more lethargic, and more brutal in their habits than their less-visited, remoter brethren. Clans of the same tribes he has found in the interior with lighter complexion, more facial intelligence, sharper noses, and longer hair. The red Africans he thinks superior to the red Indians of America; while those debased specimens which supply the slave trade are the dangerous, destitute, and diseased classes of African society, immeasurably below the African proper, and only to be compared with the hopeless refuse of English and American poor-houses. Finally, he holds that Mohammedans, not Christians, are to be the redeemers of "Savage Africa."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE little story of Immen-See* is perhaps unrivalled in German fiction for its extreme simplicity and pathos. It opens with a sketch of an old man, in one of the quiet towns of the Rhineland, returning from his walk at the close of an autumn day to his comfortable library-chamber full of the books and pictures in the midst of which he had dwelt so long, and where, in the gathering darkness, he sits down now to muse and to rest. And presently a moonbeam falls across the portrait of a well-remembered face, and he murmurs "Elizabeth," and dreams of the long-gone years,—of his merry childhood and his happy home. The story which follows of the two children Reinhardt and Elizabeth,—how they grew up together, and strolled in the meadows,

* Immen-See. From the German of TH. STORM, by H. CLARK.—Grandmother and Granddaughter. From the German of LOUISE ESCHÉ, by MRS. C. R. CARSON. Philadelphia: F. Leypoldt. New York: F. W. Christern. 1863. [Foreign Library, Vol. II.]

and were lost in the forest together,—is so very brief, and the event which parts them so very common, that one would be wholly at a loss to understand the fascination of the narrative from a mere statement of its incidents. While Reinhardt is absent at college, Elizabeth is betrothed and married to another,—to his friend Eric, a very worthy person, preferred, of course, by the young lady's mother. Several years afterwards Reinhardt visits them for a while; then suddenly tears himself away, and never sees again the child he had loved in his youth, or the maiden he loves still in age, but, buried in books, he masters his grief, and forgets the world. And there is as little in the thought as in the style to make the story remarkable. The effect of it is rather in that touch of beauty and of sadness which we recognize in the conception of a life blighted thus at the beginning,—in the mere suggestion of the void so utter and so hopeless which is left for a time in every human heart by the disappointment of its early hope,—still more by the severing, as it were, of two beings so closely united in the memories of childhood that they seem to have been but the twofold expression of a single life.

It is a poem exquisite rather for what it suggests than for what it says. Like the faint murmur of music as it steals through the leafy forests of a summer's day, it touches you in the dreamy stillness, not with a sense of its own melody, but of the ineffable sadness of the emotions it awakens. Life seems to grow stiller as you read. There is no tumult of the streets in it, no excitement of business, no struggle of ambition, no bitterness of hatred, nothing of the wrath of the world, as, with the noise of great rivers rushing on to the sea, it storms through the congregations of men,—but only subdued voices and shadowy forms,—only the ghost of a buried hope and the dismay of a vacant life. It unfolds no philosophical view of love, analyzes none of its elements, determines none of its conditions. Yet the very sorrow it suggests so briefly and so simply is more eloquent than the best efforts of reasoning or of rhetoric. It is a tribute, indeed, as profound as it is unpretending, to that beauty of childish affection and that sacredness of ripened love which the shadows of earth fail either to darken or destroy. Full of disappointment, yet full of work, life is not in the later what it seemed in the earlier years. The finer sensibilities are deadened, not merely by the grossness of the world, but by a larger knowledge of the evanescent and changing character of all human things. In a mind rightly educated by experience and unspoiled by vice, love is always indeed the same beautiful sentiment; but the longer one lives, the larger is his view of human relations. As the passions become calmer, the philosophy of life becomes clearer, and in that philosophy love is not an end, but a means. Yet in the lives of us all there are moments when the thought of a devotion, original, lifelong, to one object, fills us as with the sense of a holy mystery. Deep in the background of our consciousness is ever some phantom shape, which starts forth at the giving of a sign to compass us with its shadowy arms, to lead us with the whisper of its voice beyond our chamber-walls, beyond our mortal home. The poet utters his verse,—the swift fingers touch the lyre,—

a great action, a noble self-sacrifice, are in the mouths of men, — and speedily the curtain of the soul is lifted, and the everlasting love that fills it passes from darkness into light.

THE last of Mr. Trollope's novels* has been called his best. It is formed upon the same plan as his former works, and shows a complete mastery of that department of novel-writing which he has chosen. This is neither very high nor very low. Mr. Trollope's forte lies in the power of seeing and setting forth the small passions and impulses that influence men and women in their daily lives, — in picturing quiet social scenes, in sketching the petty battle-fields of common life, — the fortified and the exposed situations, the attack, the repulse. His merit lies in giving an interest to the homely scenes and events that make up the lives of most of us, and in cultivating in us the sense of humor in small matters of life.

In the present book he has given us a capital sketch of English country life, with its quiet pleasures and quiet sorrows, — its ineffable sameness and appalling dullness. To this are added pictures of London boarding-house life, and several scenes in high life, which are neither very well done nor very interesting, the former being too vulgar to afford much interest, the latter being too stiff and absurd to be true, even as caricatures.

The character of the old Squire of Allington is exceedingly well drawn, and is perfectly self-consistent. In politics a *soi-disant* liberal, but at heart a conservative, — as is every Englishman who owns an acre of land, — loving those dearly whom he loves at all, not ill-using his enemies beyond the limits of justice, never expressing his affection except by actions, rather repelling the idea of liking any one as being an encroachment on his independence, — a genuine Englishman! The same praise can be given to the character of Lord de Guest, a sturdy breeder of cattle, "every inch an earl, pottering about after his cattle with muddy gaiters and red cheeks." The discrimination of nice points of character and shades of difference between two men so much alike as Squire Dale and Lord de Guest shows, perhaps, more than anything else in the book, Mr. Trollope's peculiar power. Both characters are sturdy, independent, stupid English aristocrats; but the stupidity of the one is not the stupidity of the other, and we have two characters, neither of which can be mistaken for the other, though the differences are in reality so slight between them. The character of Mr. Crosbie is also very well drawn, — his struggle between love of rank, position, and property, and innocence and simplicity, is given with a minuteness and truth that can be rarely equalled. The misery he entails upon himself, not so much by his wrong-doing as from the inherent nobleness of his nature, is run into its minute moral results. We cannot help sympathizing with him in the manly way in which he accepts the results of his villany, and resolves to live the highest life in his power with his wife, whom he does not love. The two female characters —

* The "Small House at Allington." By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper and Brothers.

in the portraiture of which Trollope excels any male writer now living — are the master-pieces of character in the book. Fresh, natural, simple, full of life and feeling and foibles, they move before us as living characters: you feel that they must exist, and are not the mere creations of the novelist's fancy.

The hero (so called) of the story, Mr. John Eames, is its weakest and most defective character. Mr. Trollope seems to be aware of this, and apologizes for introducing such a hero. A man of course is not to blame for being a fool and an anserous booby, and a novelist is not to blame for introducing such a character into his work. But to hold up such a character as Mr. Eames to our admiration and esteem is an insult to humanity, and we trust that he will either be disposed of in some quiet way by his creator, or entirely made over again. Mr. Trollope, at the end of his book, though it is constructed with great art, was apparently in doubt what to do with the heroine. It would n't do to marry her to such a nonentity as Johnny Eames, and his other hero was married. The public are, therefore, left in doubt: the heroine is still young, beautiful, melancholy, and unmarried, at the end of the book. Surely a discriminating public will not suffer such an anomaly to remain uncorrected. A second book is imperiously demanded by the voice of the people, in which Miss Lily Dale shall meet with the novelist's reward of merit, — absorption in an appropriate husband.

Concerning this second expected work, we would suggest to Mr. Trollope that it be much shorter than the present one, or at least that an abridged edition be published for the American public. In the press of daily life, few people can read, and no one should read, so many dreary pages of manufactured writing.

MR. JARVES * has earned the right to be listened to when he discourses of Art. His is by no means a mere *dilettante* knowledge and enthusiasm, but a deep and earnest love, strengthened and educated by years of experience and study. He views Art in its most comprehensive as in its most subtle sense, in its higher and holier relations to God, as well as in its more vital and intimate relations to man. An artist eye and a poetic sensibility, together with a thorough acquaintance with the best modes, have peculiarly fitted him for the task of the critic. The very fact that he is not an artist himself is a point in his favor. "It is neither to the multitude, nor to those who are gifted with great genius," says Macaulay, "that we are to look for sound critical decisions," since an artist's or author's very pre-eminence in one style of excellence is apt to lessen his appreciation of any other. "Out of his own department he praises and blames at random, and is far less to be trusted than the mere *connoisseur* who produces nothing, and whose business is only to judge and enjoy."

The discriminative faculty is largely developed in Mr. Jarves. He is fastidious, but his fastidiousness is the result of a high standard,

* The Art Idea. Part Second of Confessions of an Enquirer. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864.

not of an unreasoning and unreasonable caprice. He has accordingly produced, not only a thoughtful and suggestive book, but an extremely attractive and instructive one, which must be as pleasing to the amateur as to the tyro. It is also eminently fitted to the views of the American public, for while it is full of hope and encouragement, from recognizing our possibilities, it is sharp-sighted to detect and fearless to point out the obstacles that lie in the way of our future progress. In regard to the individual criticisms of living artists there will, of course, be much difference of opinion. Mr. Jarves neither praises nor blames indiscriminately. His tone is calm and temperate, his spirit excellent, and if we think him sometimes unjust, it is owing to the bias of his tastes, not to hasty judgment or ungenerous design. The graceful decorations of the book are in pleasant keeping with its contents. We are sorry we cannot equally commend the "preliminary talk." It mars the serene beauty and lessens the salutary effect of a work, to which it is scarcely a fitting introduction.

As a critic of art and a philosophical historian, Gervinus has won a right to be studied as the greatest expounder of Shakespeare's genius, his wisest admirer, and the most perfect appreciator of his claims upon the gratitude and reverence of mankind. The series of studies now first given to the English in an admirable translation* followed upon his completion of the history of German poetry. Germany had so naturalized Shakespeare, — by such wonderful renderings of line for line as would give us back the original were we to lose the master-poet from the tongue he did so much to make powerful, by receiving his inspiration, too, in its own great poets, and by first of all commenting upon his plays in a spirit of profound philosophy, — that Gervinus felt himself summoned to this labor of love, which has proved, he says, an "immeasurable gain" to his own mind.

To the biography of the bard of Avon he has not attempted any additions: but he has explained why there is no more to be added, — because of the contempt in which the stage was then and subsequently held, because of the perversion of English taste, and because the moral unity of his dramas was not so much as suspected till Lessing began the new era of Shakespeare criticism. His view of the poet's opening manhood is guided very much by the penitent confession of the Sonnets: he believes that the youthful levities of Henry V. were sketched *con amore*; and that Shakespeare came forth from this early weakness to a noble manhood, such as he depicts in the grandest historical dramas any literature can boast. Withdrawing from dissolute associates, even before he withdrew from the stage, when that event took place through his distaste for a dishonored profession, he rapidly accumulated property, took a place in society, and established himself at Stratford, in a position of no little eminence.

The main body of these two large volumes is occupied by a thorough and philosophical study of each piece by itself; in which Gervinus

* Shakespeare Commentaries. By Dr. G. G. GERVINUS. Translated under the Author's Superintendence, by F. E. BURMETT. 1863. 2 vols.

makes ample amends for his low conception of Shakespeare's opening life, by earnest sympathy and entire reverence for his matured genius, — by seizing hold upon the moral unity of each work, as hardly any other commentator has done, and vindicating the whole as a grand work of art, — and thus proving conclusively the unequalled pre-eminence which the Germans were the first to assert for him whom they have so nobly followed.

UNDER the assumed name of Cameron, a Scotch Prison Matron has given a touching and truthful account of the progress down and up of a Glasgow lassie, who seems to have been born in iniquity, drugged with crime, and predestined to hopeless depravity.* After having been deliberately initiated in stealing, and made to feel the pleasure of the chase in preying upon unguarded purses, and at last assisted in a robbery with violence, the still youthful girl is passed through all the varieties of English penitentiaries without any good effect, and is finally saved through the charm exerted over her impressible mind by a very patient, loving, and hopeful matron, who yet confesses to utter failure in every other case, and is here favored by the girl's graduation away from her old associates, and by her removal to America, in company with a Christian family deeply interested in her recovery. From many years' intercourse with criminals, from the simplicity of the details, from the nature exhibited in the disgust of this excitement-loving girl at the monotony of prison life, we have no doubt that Jane Cameron is a genuine history, and have no doubt that it shows the entire failure of the system as to the reformation of female offenders. Repeated confinements had done away all fear of the punishment from this habitual offender; under the silent system she found abundant opportunities to communicate with other prisoners; schemes of future crime were prepared within jail-walls; but for the spell cast upon her by the matron's unlawful sympathy, she would have probably died in crime just as she had been born and lived.

The narrative is painfully interesting and touchingly given; but the exceptional case it records can be of little benefit to the world: the writer was bound to have used the occasion to show where our penitentiary plans fail, — that it is mainly because there is not a second confinement following immediately upon the first, preparing gradually for larger liberty, initiating into some interesting employment, leaving the weak sister at last under such surroundings as insure victory to her growing yet feeble virtue.

THE papers which compose Gail Hamilton's new volume † were published originally in the "Congregationalist," and, from their number and length, it is safe to conclude that they were favorably received by the readers of that journal. They are didactic and hortatory, and

* *Memoirs of Jane Cameron, a Female Convict. By a Prison Matron.* London: Hurst and Blackett. 1864.

† *Stumbling-Blocks.* By GAIL HAMILTON. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. pp. 435.

marked by good common-sense. But the subjects discussed, being old and well worn, nothing very new or striking can be developed from them, and the author, like the ministers she rebukes, "multiplies words." Gail Hamilton's fluency is a dangerous snare. Her facility of expression blinds her, in too many cases, to the commonplace character of the topic under discussion; and even when her thought is good, it is weakened by lengthened and needless amplification. She has, therefore, become a tiresome writer, — for style cannot long conceal barrenness or tenuity of thought. Here is an example of the profound remarks with which Gail Hamilton instructs her readers: — "I suppose we shall all be considerably surprised, when we get to heaven, at finding things there different from what we expected; but it seems to me that some will be a good deal more surprised than others." Platitudes like these, even when they are enforced by an authoritative tone and rhetorical flourish, cannot long escape detection. That they are received at all, is owing to the fact that half the world resemble the simple-minded father of Southey's "Doctor," to whom it never occurred that anything could be printed which was not worth printing. A book carried with it, to him, authority in its very aspect.

The orthodox pastors who, according to Gail Hamilton, use such expressions and phrases in the pulpit as "scamp," "turn up your nose," and who are ignorant of the correct pronunciation of words like "vital," "treasure," "testimony," &c., may be benefited by her strictures and exhortations; but we doubt if cultivated people in general, though they may cordially agree to much that she says, will find any peculiar enlightenment in these pages. "Error" is one of the best and most thoughtful of the papers, as it is also one of the shortest. "Church Sittings" and "Amusements" are worthy of consideration. "A View from the Pews" is lively, and, in some respects, pertinent, though the leading point has been much more wittily and forcibly, while less coarsely, discussed by Sydney Smith. The book is issued in uniform style with others by the same author, and with the taste and solidity which characterize the publications of Ticknor and Fields.

THE peculiar fascination of Thoreau's writings * lies in his interpretations of Nature. A thorough student of all her forms, animate and inanimate, his senses were keenly alive to hear and heed her every revelation. He seldom idealized. Nature as he looked at her was too full of wonders to borrow any hues from man's imagination; so he simply told what he saw and heard, and this very simplicity makes the charm of his books. Had his human sympathies been as lively and active, he would be the most seductive of authors. Unfortunately, his heart-culture was one-sided. To him the note of the wood-bird was more musical, and the laugh of the loon more interesting, than the tones of the human voice. He sought to elevate himself by communion with Nature, by isolation from his fellows, unmindful or forgetful of

* *The Maine Woods.* By HENRY D. THOREAU. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. pp. 328.

higher responsibilities. A man may attain thus a selfish intellectuality, but not a true spiritual height. The problem of life is not, as in "Walden," how well a man may live alone, but how he may best live fulfilling all life's obligations. Seclusion with Nature may bring moments of rapture to the enthusiast which are precious, but not so precious as the sweeter consciousness of the benefactor. Nor can we shun the world without hurt to ourselves.

"A lonely creature of sinful nature,
It is an awful thing."

Solitude is salutary at intervals, but constant society is better for a man's soul in the end than constant solitude. Even Thoreau, if he were slow to acknowledge this truth, was not altogether unconscious of it. In his longer journeys in the woods, he always secured a companion, and the interest of this his last book is much enhanced by the narrative of his social experience. He not only describes Nature in the primeval wilderness, as he only can describe it, — talking of the pines as though, like himself, they were immortal, — indeed, he gravely asserts they are, — but watching and recording the peculiarities of his Indian guides, and the mode of operations of the loggers and the lumber-men. Hence, if "The Maine Woods" is not quite so thoughtful and suggestive as "Walden," or "A Week on the Merrimac," it is equally significant, and even more instructive.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

Stories of the Patriarchs. By O. B. Frothingham. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 232.

Thoughts on Personal Religion. By Edward Meyrick Goulburn. From the Fifth London Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 398.

A Treatise on Homiletics, designed to illustrate the true Theory and Practice of Preaching the Gospel. By Daniel P. Kidder. New York: Carleton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 495.

Expository Lectures on the Heidelberg Catechism. By George W. Bethune. Vol. I. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 491.

The Memorial Hour; or, The Lord's Supper, in its Relation to Doctrine and Life. By Jeremiah Chapter. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 283.

Light in Darkness; or, Christ discovered in his true Character by a Unitarian. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 128.

Visions in Verse; or, Dreams of Creation and Redemption. Boston: Lee and Shepard. 18mo. pp. 282.

The Hour which Cometh, and now Is; Sermons preached in Indiana Place Chapel. By James Freeman Clarke. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 348.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

The Freedom of the Will as a Basis of Human Responsibility and a Divine Government. By D. D. Whedon. New York: Carleton & Porter. 12mo. pp. 438.

A Treatise on Logic, or, the Laws of Pure Thought; comprising both the Aristotelic and Hamiltonian Analyses of Logical Forms, and some Chapters of Applied Logic. By Francis Bowen. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 12mo. pp. 450.

Freedom of Mind in Willing; or, Every Being that Wills a Creative First Cause. By Rowland P. Hazard. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 455.

First Principles of a New System of Philosophy. By Herbert Spencer. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 508.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

The Ferry Boy and the Financier. (Tenth Thousand.) Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 18mo. pp. 332.

Nineteen Beautiful Years; or, Sketches of a Girl's Life. Written by her Sister. New York: Harper and Brothers. 18mo. pp. 241.

A Memoir of the Christian Labors, Pastoral and Philanthropic, of Thomas Chalmers. By Francis Wayland. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 18mo. pp. 218.

The Potomac and the Rapidan; Army Notes, from the Failure at Winchester to the Reinforcement of Rosecrans. 1861-63. By Alonzo H. Quint, Chaplain of the Second Massachusetts Regiment. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 407.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Spectacles for Young Eyes.—Zurich. By Sarah W. Lander. Boston: Walker, Wise, and Co. 24mo. pp. 205.

From Cape Cod to Dixie and the Tropics. By J. Milton Mackie. New York: G. P. Putnam & Co. 12mo. pp. 422.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Woodburn. A Novel. By Rosa Vertner Jeffrey. New York: Sheldon & Co. 12mo. pp. 356.

Barbara's History. By Amelia B. Edwards. New York: Harper and Brothers. (Paper.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

Proceedings of the American Anti-Slavery Society at its Third Decade. New York. pp. 175.

Shall we suffocate Ed Green? By a Citizen of Malden. Boston: James Redpath. pp. 61.

An Exposition of Goethe's Faust. From the German of Carl Alex. von Reichlin-Meldegg. By Richard H. Chittenden, Esq. New York: James Miller. 12mo.

The First Three Books of Xenophon's Anabasis; with Explanatory Notes, Vocabulary, etc. By James R. Boise. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 268.

The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to come, delivered under the Similitude of a Dream. By John Bunyan. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. (Vellum gilt,—one of the elegant "Golden Treasury" Series.)

Schiller's Homage of the Arts, with Miscellaneous Pieces from Rückert, Freiligrath, and other German Poets. By Charles T. Brooks. New York: James Miller. 18mo. pp. 151. (Walker, Wise, and Co., Boston.)

Ernest; a True Story. New York: Sheldon & Co. 24mo. pp. 177.

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
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THE

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No. CCXLV.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

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THOS. B. FOX,
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THE

~~CHRISTIAN~~ EXAMINER

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Owing to the greatly increased cost of publication, including the Internal Revenue tax, the Proprietors of the Christian Examiner are compelled to diminish somewhat the size of the present and the November numbers. They are also for the same reasons, in common with the publishers of other journals, under the necessity of raising the terms of subscription.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

SEPTEMBER, 1864.

ART. I. — ANTISUPERNATURALISM IN THE PULPIT.

An Address delivered to the Graduating Class of the Divinity School, Cambridge, July 17, 1864. By REV. FREDERIC H. HEDGE, D. D.

GENTLEMEN : —

The intellectual life of this century, so stimulating and so productive in every department of science and the useful arts, has operated with very different effect in the province of religion. Its influence there has been a disturbing and destructive force. I speak of religion as a system of doctrine, of ecclesiastical tradition, of Scriptural authority, not as a principle of spiritual life. Religion as a system of beliefs, intellectually apprehended, has gained nothing with the progress of the time. A pregnant intimation that the speculative intellect is not the source of religious truth.

In the sphere of science the mind has acted with positive and creative energy, extending the domain of knowledge and of use beyond all former precedent. In the sphere of religion its action has been negative or limitary. To the question, What has science gained from modern investigation and experiment? its disciples answer triumphantly with steam-power and photography and electro-magnetism and a hundred significant discoveries. What answer shall we make when asked for positive results in theology? Shall we point to the saints of Utah with their wives? or to Sunday conventicles of "Spiritualists" addressed by preachers in a "trance-state"? For doctrinal discoveries shall we refer to the latest Council of the

Church of Rome and the "Bulla Ineffabilis," the grand achievement of Pius IX., at whose instigation the Immaculate Conception of the Mother of Jesus, rejected by the wisdom of the thirteenth century, has been established for the edification of the nineteenth? Or must we not rather confess that the real discoveries, the genuine results, of theological inquiry have been negative, — discoveries of error and limitation, — that the books of the Pentateuch are not the work of Moses and are not historically correct, that the Tripersonality of the Godhead is not taught in the Bible, that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are not infallible in matters of fact?

I do not question the truth of these discoveries; I do not deny their critical value. I do but declare their purport and bearing. I emphasize the fact of this negative tendency in theology.

The question here is not of progress, but a question of continued existence, — a question of life or death. How far will the process of elimination, initiated some hundred years since, extend? Will the criticism which has taken so much, leave anything remaining? Will negation stop short of universal rejection, not only of all Christian, but of all religious ideas and beliefs?

This is the question which perplexes the conservative mind, more impressed with the negative character than edified by the critical gains of recent Biblical investigation. The conservative mind is easily alarmed at any invasion of the sacred domain of faith, well knowing its incompetence to reproduce a perished sanctity or to reinstate a religious idea that has lost its hold of the popular mind.

But let conservatism comfort itself with the thought that nothing in human nature is so indestructible as religion. Its field and aspects may change, but the principle is a fixed star in the human constitution. It may suffer temporary eclipse, but it will beam again, and resume its place of command, and recover its ancient rights. Truth, moreover, has its own divinely appointed and therefore divinely assured destination, which no criticism can countervail, but must eventually serve and promote. "For we can do nothing against the truth but for the truth." To fancy that the future of religion can be

seriously compromised by criticism, however radical, is to doubt its divine origin. If its origin is divine, the divine rule is charged with its fortunes, and its future is sure. "If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught, but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it." What a sequel and summing up of the history of Christianity would that be, to say that "God sent his Son into the world," "that the world through him might be saved," but the Tübingen School and British "Essays and Reviews" defeated that purpose, and it had to be abandoned?

The cause of traditional belief and the cause of faith are not necessarily identical. There was all the traditional belief of England in the Oxford Declaration, signed by eleven thousand of her clergy, protesting against the recent decision of the Court of Arches; but I think there was less of faith in it than in the writings of the Essayists and Reviewers which provoked it. The committee of three hundred who presented this Declaration to the Archbishop of Canterbury express their fervent joy that so many of the clergy have given their assent to the doctrine, "that the Bible not only contains, but is the Word of God, and that the punishment of the cursed is everlasting"; that thus "they have been enabled to promote the glory of our Lord." Without irreverence, it may be questioned whether our Lord regards with greater complacency the zeal which would limit his truth and mercy in the interest of the letter of Scripture, or the thoughtful inquiry which seeks the truth by aid of the light which lighteth all who come into the world. It is a melancholy, nay, desperate view of human and divine things, which supposes God's truth to be at the mercy of man's caprice. The shallow conservative who fears that the speculative minds of the nineteenth century will undermine Christianity, exhibits as great a want of faith as the shallow anti-supernaturalist who fancies that the speculative minds of the first century created it. I can see no difference between the two; the one is as much an unbeliever as the other.

Nevertheless, it must be confessed that the negative spirit in theology has been in our time disproportionately active. I cannot regret the critical labors of even the most radical theologians. I cannot regret the results of those labors, so far as

they are warranted by competent learning, by scientific method, by conscientious investigation. I regret no abatement of the letter or canonicity or infallibility of Scripture thus obtained. What I do regret is, that an equal amount of intellectual ability and scientific insight has not been found for the elucidation, and restatement in forms corresponding to the thought and culture of our time, of the spiritual truths represented in other obsolete forms by the Scripture and the Church. I regret the divorce between the intellectual life of the age and its religion. I regret that minds of the first order in this century, with rare exceptions, if engaged in theology at all, have come to it in a negative instead of a positive mood, and have spent their labor on the letter instead of the spirit.

Christianity has nothing to fear from criticism. Nevertheless, it should be understood that, whilst there is a criticism which is quite legitimate, whatever may be destroyed by it, there is also a criticism which is not legitimate, — not because it is destructive, but because it mistakes its method and its objects, and applies its market scale to matters which are incommensurable. The one is a criticism of authors and of books, the other of ideas and beliefs, — a criticism of the letter and a criticism of the spirit. Take an analogy from ancient literature. Suppose you could disprove the genuineness of the *Phædon*, or of any Greek or Latin work of high repute which treats of the immortality of the soul, — or, admitting their genuineness, suppose you could refute (which would not be difficult) the arguments employed in those writings, — would that settle the question of Immortality? Independently of the Christian revelation and all other revelation, if these were the only books which treat of the subject, would their inadequacy settle the question? The books may be spurious, the reasoning poor, but the doctrine of Immortality is independent of literature and logic. I never read a treatise of the many that undertake to demonstrate the being of God, which did not seem to me very inconclusive, — more apt to raise doubts than to lay them. But the truth of theism is nowise impaired by the weakness of the arguments adduced in its support. So in Christian theology it is one thing to set aside books, to prove them spurious, to point out flaws in the reasoning and tes-

timony of the writers, and quite another thing to reject the ideas or the facts represented and attested by them. Prove if you can that the fourth Gospel is not an Apostolic, but a later production, that its doctrine had been anticipated by an Alexandrian Jew ; it would not follow that the doctrine is not true or the writing uninspired. It is truth that makes inspiration, not inspiration truth. Disprove the validity, as testimony admissible in a court of law, of all the statements in the New Testament concerning the resurrection of Christ. The fact itself is not therefore disproved. The fact is beyond the reach of that kind of criticism. We may hold, with Hume, that a miracle is insusceptible of demonstration, and we may see good reason for not believing in this or that particular miracle, in the form in which it is presented in the record. But to treat all miracle as fable, to rule out of the record whatever contradicts the ordinary course of human experience, retaining the rest, or to set aside the whole as unhistorical because of this element in it, is merely wilful, and as unphilosophic in principle as it is contrary to sound criticism.

I am well aware of the difference between historical and abstract truth, and am far from placing the immortality of the soul, or the being of God, on the same ground with the miracles and resurrection of Christ. The analogy touches the one point only of indemonstrableness. I maintain that defective evidence and imperfect demonstration are not conclusive against doctrine or fact.

The truth of the evangelic history rests on different evidence, and carries a different degree of certitude, from that which belongs to the primary truths of religion. But these are no more impregnable than those, if scepticism happens to call them in question. It is prejudice or arbitrary partiality, not logical necessity, that causes denial to stop with the Gospel. Mr. Theodore Parker, whose honest and abounding zeal was early enlisted on the negative side, and with whom impatience of dogmatic authority and ecclesiastical tradition became a controlling principle of thought, could see no exceptional quality in Christ, but remained to the last a devout theist. His Sermons on Theism have been pronounced the least able of his productions. They suggest the suspicion that uncon-

sciously the stout reformer was held to this belief by the want of a resting-place and base of operations as a controversialist and preacher, rather than by intellectual conviction; that his theism was not a philosophic apperception, but a moral determination, with as much of will and of taking for granted in it as in most men's Christianity.

An English disciple of Mr. Parker, in a recent publication, in which she criticises the theological position of different ecclesiastical parties in England, and in which an uncompromising radicalism is graciously relieved by a deep and tender piety, rejects historical Christianity as obsolete traditionalism, whilst she sweetly invites the religious sentiment of the nation to rally around Theism, — that being, in the estimation of the writer, an inexpugnable fortress, because a universal intuition of the soul. The unsuspecting confidence with which she cherishes this position, the innocent unconsciousness of any possible undermining of this stronghold, the exhortation to Theists to pray as Christians use, the regretful wonder at their neglect so to do, are very touching. Yes! if Theism would but pray and be a religion! If, when the Christ is taken out of it, Christianity would but remain, how "nice" it would be! The cathedral of St. Paul's might then become a church of "Intuitive Morals," and Westminster Abbey a chapel of Pure Reason; as Agrippa's Pantheon became the St. Mary and Martyrs' Church of Christian Rome.

Strange that the fact of a prayerless Theism should not have suggested a doubt whether Theism could ever become a rallying-point of popular religion, or whether the religious sentiment could ever change its relation from that of guardian to that of ward. The religious sentiment embodied in traditional religion has been the guardian of Theism hitherto; and, should popular religion fail, so far from affording protection in its turn, it is doubtful if Theism itself would survive.

The fact is, Theism is also a tradition, and not, as is claimed, a universal intuition of the soul. It is no more a universal intuition than the Holy Ghost is a universal intuition, than miraculous mediation is a universal intuition. It is the intuition of such souls only as happen to come within the range of that particular pencil of light with which Hebrew tradition

has streaked the world's history. The larger portion of the human family have always been, and are still, without that illumination and without that idea ; and he who fancies that outside of this historic beam he would have had the idea of God which he now has, confounds traditional experience with original intuition.

I will not say that absolutely there is no revelation of God which is not historical. Here and there, in cases of exceptional intelligence or exceptional holiness, individuals have attained to a theism independent of Semitic tradition. For there is a "light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world." But scarcely in one of a hundred million does this light suffice to show the God of the monotheistic religions. The idea of one only God, self-existent, almighty, wise, and good, Creator and Father of all, is a Hebrew tradition. The conceptions which simulate this idea in other faiths will be found, on closer inspection, to have but little affinity with it.

On the whole, the belief in a personal, sole God, so essential to human well-being, is committed to the charge and trust of historical religion. I do not believe it is capable of any social embodiment, of any organized existence, of any existence at all, except as a rare and fitful experience of the private soul, independently of that tutelage. The speculative intellect, uncontrolled by religious faith, unquickenened by moral sentiment, the intellect in its own unbiassed action, does not necessarily—I think I may say does not readily—incline to that belief. Science, if I rightly interpret its recent voices, is less and less disposed to adopt it as the best solution of the problem of creation. On the contrary, I suspect that, of those who have lapsed from the faith in historical religion, the majority are atheists. "Our cultivated men," said an eminent and not illiberal German to me some seventeen years since, speaking of the prospects of the nation just before the revolutions of 1848,— "our cultivated men have lost the consciousness of God." The augury which he drew for the future of Germany from that circumstance was not a favorable one.

Whether science in some future development may not to some extent supply the place of popular religious ministrations, is a question I shall not discuss. The thing is conceivable only

on condition that science shall have reached the same certainty in matters pertaining to the social and moral well-being of man to which she has arrived in astronomy and chemistry, — that the laws of the soul and of human relations shall be as well understood as the laws of elemental structure and mechanical motion. But whether philosophic Theism or Intuitive Morals can ever supply the place of religion is a question on which I, for one, have no doubt whatsoever. The first and most essential requisite in popular doctrinal ministration, in any preached
> Gospel, Christian or not Christian, is authority. And authority sufficient for such ministration is derivable only from one of two sources, — a supposed Divine communication from whose record the preacher draws, or, failing that, unquestionable and unquestioned scientific certainty. In concrete terms, the Bible or the mathematics. Personal authority, the authority of the individual preacher for those whom he addresses, is something. When reinforced by character, ability, and long experience, it is much. But that personal authority is based on the supposition of some other, ulterior authority, on which
> the preacher rests and whose exponent he is. Take away that, and, with all his weight of character, his authority would shrink perceptibly. The authority of a young man just entering the ministry, who shall be understood to speak from no warrant but his private opinion, with only his own talent or his own conceit to back him, cannot be exactly measured, but we are safe in placing it somewhere in the neighborhood of zero.

The Bible or the mathematics as the basis of preaching, — in the long run it must come to that. Either of these represents a valid and intelligible principle; nothing between them does. Either of these stands for authority; nothing between them does. Even now I should say that the graduate of the Scientific School is better qualified to be a preacher of righteousness to his fellow-men than the graduate of the Divinity School, whose three years of theological study have weakened instead of strengthening his faith in the Gospel and all Christian traditions, and have brought him to accept, as his solution of the great historic and miraculous fact of Christianity, the theory thus stated by a recent critic, — that, eighteen hundred years ago, in Galilee and Judæa, on the shores of Tiberias and round

about Jordan, — “nothing happened.” Hence these wonderful writings, whose inspired breath still perfumes the Church and the closet with the incense of holiness. Hence the tragedies of the Roman amphitheatre. Hence the life of solitude and prayer of countless saints. Hence Peter’s “wondrous dome” and Dante’s immortal verse, and a winter landing of the Puritans on the outside of the world.

All this the fruit of certain poems which men have styled the Gospels according to St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. John ! Or rather, of the nothing in particular which dictated those poems, and the fabrications they embody and present to us as historical facts, — the only admissible fact being, that, among the teachers who have undertaken to instruct mankind, there was one Jesus whom his followers called the Christ, a pure-minded and benevolent man, who died, as many others have done, a martyr to his well-meant efforts to reform his countrymen.

My quarrel with the antisupernaturalism of the present day is, that it satisfies no spiritual or intellectual want. It is neither one thing nor the other, neither religion nor science ; too self-willed for the one, not positive enough for the other. It is any man’s opinion of human and divine things, with no definite authority, human or divine, for its warrant.

Let me not be misunderstood: I have no controversy with antisupernaturalism as such, except as one opinion implicitly controverts the opposite opinion. I speak of it only as standing-ground for the preacher who comes before the world as nominally a Christian minister, and assumes the charge of a nominally Christian Church. I say that the preacher who takes that ground betrays the Gospel he is supposed to represent. He places himself in direct antagonism with the radical idea of that Gospel which claims on the face of it superhuman authority. I acknowledge, of course, a code of Christian ethics which may be considered and may be preached independently of this claim, and I am far from denying that an individual whose character and ability are such as to give him weight may do a good work as a preacher of Christian morals, without that faith in Christ which constitutes a Christian believer, in the stricter sense.

But, after all, the moral law alone is mere Judaism over again, — Judaism, without its sanction. Christianity means a great deal more than that. It means participation of the Divine Nature, through faith, and through the communion of the Spirit, of which the Church is supposed to be the repository and the mediator. Of this there is no pretence and no thought in the kind of ministration to which I have referred. Whatever the merit or use of such ministration in any particular case, its meaning is bounded by the speaker's personality ; it stands for nothing but his opinion ; it surrogates a lectureship and a Sunday lyceum for the Christian Church.

Meanwhile, it owes to that Church its place and opportunity and leave to be. Take away the Christian Church, and how long would the preacher's profession endure? How long would the lecturer on morals and theism find an audience? I mean a stated Sunday audience, a congregation pledged to his support? How long would the Sunday itself survive? Be sure, it is not the itching ear and the fluent tongue, it is not the weekly demand and supply of mortal wit, that created and maintains that sacred custom, and which made it impossible in revolutionary France for a nation to do it away. It has other authors and supports than these: Reverence and Faith and gray Tradition, — already gray when Jesus went into the synagogue at Nazareth on the Sabbath day, "as his custom was." These, and withal a sense of mystery and holiness not yet extinct, — even in curious, questioning New England, God be praised! not quite extinct; the sense of a fathomless and awful background to this every-day world, and a Presence that pervades it, and a righteous God, and the consciousness of sin and the need of pardoning grace; and supplication and sacraments that came not of "art or man's device." All this is in the heart of the Christian Sunday, and this is its warrant and reason for being, without which the Lord's day would straightway subside into the secular week, and the Christian rubric, which now tints the civil calendar as with streaks of a heavenly dawn, would go out in one uniform sanctionless, savorless black. For though the day being given and the temple being given, antisupernaturalists and secularists, and trance-mediums and all manner of alien voices and

ministrations, may find place in its courts ; it is not these nor the like of these, for whose sake the temple and the Sunday exist. It is not these that created or can keep them agoing a single year. It is the Christian Church, however disowned, that backs these performers in their several parts, and historical traditional Christianity backs and sustains the Church.

I anticipate the plea that may be urged against the position I here assume. Once yield to tradition, it may be said, and you place yourself at the mercy of tradition ; you become a debtor to all the past, you render yourself liable to all the superstitions and irrationalities that have ever worn the pretence of orthodoxy ; you sink into a weak Bibliolatry, or you let go your hold of Protestantism, and land in the Church of Rome. I deny that any such conclusion is deducible from my position in theory or is likely to flow from it in fact. I am far enough from counselling a blind and unqualified surrender to tradition or any renunciation of reason in religion. Tradition is one factor, and Reason is another ; they are not antagonistic, but complementary the one of the other.

There is, and must be, in all religion an element of faith, a region of the indemonstrable, unaccountable ; for this it is which specifically distinguishes religion from science. Its office is communion with that for which reason in its proper and legitimate function does not suffice. There is also in religion a right of reason, as the counterpoise and corrective of faith, which without that corrective tends to boundless superstition and wild disorder. The practical principle here is very obvious. Things which contradict reason are not to be confounded with things which transcend reason. We are bound in wisdom to accept some things which reason alone could never discover and perhaps can never establish, but cannot disprove, — a region of the unaccountable, if you please so to call it, of the preternatural. We are equally bound in wisdom *not* to accept what reason not only does not perceive and cannot legitimate, but emphatically contradicts, — doctrines which outrage reason and the moral sense.

And as to any supposed danger that respect for tradition and resting in faith may lead to Romanism, the facts with us are the other way. Nothing is more notorious than that the

ology outgrows the crude conceptions of an earlier age. Development is God's method in the education of the race. Whatever in religion is destined to endure, must be the offspring of the past. It must be related to the old by natural descent. It must come as Christianity came, by providential agencies springing from the bosom of the Church and working in its name, and not by come-outers acting on the Church from without. All the reformers of the Church hitherto, all who have contributed anything effectual to correct its errors, to enlarge its views, to quicken its zeal,—Luther, Fox, Swedenborg, Wesley, Channing,—have been disciples and preachers of that faith which they have helped to new-mould and reform.

The religious education of the human race cannot deny its lineage. There is a line of Divine communication along which the spiritual progress of mankind has advanced thus far. Whatever of truth and Divine authority is to come, whatever is destined to act with enduring and beneficent effect on the moral and religious condition of the world, will spring from this root and fall in with this line, and whatever appears in opposition to it will finally be absorbed in it, or perish from the world.

One thing more. The prime condition of progress in theology, as in everything else, is conscientious love of truth. This may seem a superfluous caution, as addressed to preachers of the Gospel,—as if one should counsel gentlemen of breeding and honorable rank to abstain from petty larceny. But experience has taught me that love of truth, in the sense I intend, is a very rare quality in preachers of the Gospel. I have known many religious, many devout, many pure livers, many faithful and devoted Christians, but very few whom I could credit with entire intellectual sincerity, few who seemed to me actuated by a sole desire for the truth. Kant has remarked, that, although truthfulness is the least we ask of any reputable character, it is precisely the quality “to which human nature is least inclined.” It is rare in all the professions, it is especially rare in theology. Most theologians have some ulterior interest, some theory or creed or prejudice, some cause to which they are unwittingly bound, in the spirit

of which they speak, in the spirit of which they investigate or refuse to investigate, and which predetermines all their conclusions. When the committee who presented the Oxford Declaration congratulate themselves on having promoted the glory of God by limiting his saving mercy, they betray a lurking hope of salvation by orthodoxy,—a mean and self-contradictory expectation of purchasing the favor of God by extolling its exclusiveness; much in the same way that the subjects of an Oriental despot seek the favor of their sovereign by magnifying the terror of his name. On the other hand, the radical theologian, who adopts a canon of criticism which eliminates without discrimination whatever in the Gospel record the understanding cannot verify or experience match, commits the absurdity of supposing that the ways of the Infinite must be commensurate with our ways, that the human understanding is a gauge of the possibilities of God.

Give me the theologian whose only aim is to see distinctly and to say what he sees. Criticism is indispensable, but faith is equally so; and the only way in which theology can advance to new and more adequate solution of its problems, is by the joint action of both these factors,—each supplying what the other lacks, both guided and determined by an all-controlling love of truth.

ART. II.—CAROLINA CORONADO.

Poesias de la SEÑORITA DOÑA CAROLINA CORONADO. Precedidas de una Noticia Biografica, y de una Prologo por DON JUAN EUGENIO HARTZENBUSCH. Madrid: Oficinas y Establecimiento Tipográfico del Semanario Pintoresco y de la Ilustracion. 1852. 4to. pp. 139.

THE name of this lady is unfamiliar to the ears of our countrymen. Excepting a few literary men who are conversant with the modern poetry of Spain, and here and there a traveller who has heard her praises in her own country, no readers will recognize her right to appear on these pages. Yet it should not be so. The earliest memories of this continent are those which connect it with the history of Spain. Spite of political intrigues, a kindly feeling towards us still exists among the Spanish people, while the Spanish tongue has only our own to dispute its supremacy in this new world. And these reasons, along with its commercial importance, would seem sufficient to make this language, with its peculiar and rich literature, familiar not only to our literary men, but to our people. It will not give us the easy graces of the French, or the sweet languors of the Italian; still less will it lift us into high regions of thought, like the German; but it has its own charm and dignity. Plain and direct in its construction, noble and imposing in sound, nervous and exalted in expression, it suits itself to the plainest understanding, and at the same time gains an ascendancy over the imagination of the most cultivated.

Although the education of the women of Spain is at a very low ebb, there are many women who haunt the capital, led by the fatal facility of rhyme, who weary the literary cliques with their ceaseless aspirations after public notice. So easy is it to rhyme in the Spanish tongue, that we often find the Spaniard saying to the foreigner who is acquiring the language, "Why do you not make verses?" Then, too, in all the cities of Spain there is an intense passion for the drama, that keen stimulant of poetic feeling, and we can well understand that among such a people, and with such a facile instru-

ment of expression, persons of very little culture should addict themselves to verse, and discredit the name of poet.

Caroline Coronado was a woman of a different order. She had no patrons, — she was a country girl, — she knew nothing of courts nor literary circles. Young, gifted, and full of simplicity, she started suddenly into notice, and made a mark which neither the coldness of established writers nor the envy of petty aspirants could obliterate.

She was born in the year 1823, in the province of Estremadura, in the village of Almendralejo, about nine leagues from Badajos, a town beautifully seated upon the banks of the Guadiana. She is the daughter of Don Nicolas Coronado, and Doña Maria Antonia Romero.

Political troubles disturbed the family of Coronado in her early youth, and the grandfather of the poet, after having filled many valuable offices in the state, died a victim to party rancor, like so many other faithful servants of Spain. Her father was shortly afterwards seized and imprisoned on account of the politics of his family. The free and solitary life which the young girl led must have contributed early to form a character of great maturity. The anxieties of her mother's life weighed down her young nature, and threw her back upon her own resources. She was obliged to spend a large portion of her day in assisting her mother in the duties of the household ; but when the hours of the night came, she seized her beloved books, — books such as a poor village in Spain could afford ; not plays and novels, which naturally attract the young mind, and feed its love of the marvellous, but the dry pages of the critical history of Spain, and works of a like character. Her mother, educated to the narrow ideas of the Spanish women, soon discovered her pursuits, and prohibited them, deeming that she was wasting her time and strength in occupations unbecoming her sex. She then had recourse to the expedient of learning by heart long passages from her favorite books. In this way she strengthened her memory, and acquired that power for which she was afterwards remarkable, of composing her verses without pen or paper, often carrying long productions in her mind for many weeks.

While she was still young, her family removed to Badajos,

the capital of Estremadura, where she received a good education. She applied herself to music, drawing, and embroidery, not forgetting, however, to assist in domestic duties. The mother appears at this time to have become reconciled to her daughter's pursuits, for we find her reading without molestation the works of all the best poets. She also began to compose, singing her innocent songs in the quiet of early morning, amid her daily duties, or in the silence of the night; seldom, however, daring to spread her thoughts upon the open page, but bearing them in her breast, a burden of musical and tender thought.

The province of Estremadura is for the most part a pastoral country in a primitive stage of development. There the shepherd tends his flock all the day long, and clothes himself in the skins of beasts. No murmur of the work-day world had reached the seclusion of our young poet in the home of her childhood. She had wandered among the solitudes of a region which, with all its charm, impresses the traveller with a feeling of great loneliness. The bold precipices, dotted here and there with a red Moorish tower, — the silent roads traversed by the peasant, and his mule tinkling through the recesses of the hills, — the wide plains cheered by the scattered olive-trees, — all these sights sank into the soul of the young Spanish girl, and lay there until awakening genius blended them into song. Meanwhile, she often spent a portion of her year with her uncle in a neighboring castle, hoary with age and deeds of Spanish and Moorish chivalry.

The first poem which we hear of her composing is a lamentation written at the age of ten years, addressed to a dead bird. She buried it at the foot of an oak, the paper upon which the poem was written serving as a winding-sheet for the bird.

A year or two afterwards, in a fragment of verse sent to a youthful friend, she evinces that early longing and tumult of the soul which reaches out for something, it knows not what, — that struggling aspiration which expands at length into the clear flight of the poet. "I feel myself restrained," she says, "like a child who wishes to speak and knows not what to say."

There is a little poem found among her earlier effusions, addressed to her uncle Don Pedro Romero, which appears to have been written about the time of her removal to her new home, when the troubles of her family were at their height, and the serious work of life had begun. She says: "If in this hard life I find no food for my numbers, I can at least sing a lamentation for our country, — I can sing of genius and virtue, — I can strive to humble vice. But no. My voice is weak. My harp will not be heard. I will rather imitate the modest bee, that flies innocently from flower to flower, than the infatuated eagle, attempting to soar with broken wings. I can at least sing of the flowers, for they always please thee."

At about the age of fifteen, she first published a composition entitled "The Palm." The poem surprised the literary public. It was greeted enthusiastically by the poets, — quoted by Herrera, eulogized by Cortes, and complimented in *El Piloto*, a periodical of Madrid, in a strain of profuse adulation, by Espronceda, who calls the poem the "music of innocence." It is, however, something more than that. It is a glowing and lofty song to the mystic tree. It is a wonderful production for a girl of fifteen. She sings first of the beauty of the palm, its majesty and dignity; then of its tenderness to the Arab; then her imagination flames up with the picture of the Simoon sweeping onward: —

"Terribly the Simoon o'er the desert sweeps!

Through thy top in fury leaps!

Swift-consuming fires upon the earth 't is aiming!

Bloody too the sun has grown,

Seated there upon his throne,

Hurling hot destruction downward he is flaming!

"Calmly in the clouds of red and burning sand

Thou in majesty dost stand,

Or beneath the western breezes lightly swing,

Looking upward loftily,

Proud and most resplendent tree,

Ages of thy glorious being numbering.

"No sweet waters hast thou running peacefully

Down upon their rippled way:

'Neath the gold pavilion thou around art throwing

In the hot midsummer days,
Dews shall never cool the blaze;
Thou on food of fire and sand alone art growing!"

She passes in imagination to the victor's palm, the wreath
around the hero's brow.

"Sacred virgin stranger, sitting there on high
In communion with the sky,
Symbol unto fame and victory bestowing,
Thou dost weave a crown of light
From thy leaves that sparkle bright,
Round the hero's brow a radiant glory throwing."

Now the crown of the poet comes before her, and her soul
dilates with burning ardor and longing.

"Man it doth encircle, the immortal crown
With a glorious renown,
Taking on his forehead high and noble station.
He with swift and giant might
Borne to heaven in raptured flight,
Drinketh from the fount of sacred inspiration.

"What are all the jewels of a crownéd king
By this emblem, — mystic thing
Which the tides of genius proudly doth control?
If around this brow of mine
I one single leaf could twine,
How it would assuage the longing of my soul!"

Then her song trembles. She lowers her flight. "I am
dreaming," she says; "no such future is for me." And she
sings on, with a subdued and reverent voice, forgetting her
own ambition in her love for the sacred tree.

"Keep thou then thy branches for the bard august,
To his lyre an offering just,
Or for ceremonial sacred consecrated
When comes out the chant sonorous,
From the great religious chorus,
By the altar of the temple congregated.

"Keep thou then thy branches, virginal Sultana,
Beauteous noble Africana,
Airily around thy lightsome mantle flinging,
While the pilgrim bird shall rest,
With her kisses on thy crest,
Leaving there an echo of her sweetest singing!"

In 1838 civil war raged in Spain with all its horrors. Our poet occupied herself industriously in embroidering a beautiful flag for a battalion newly organized in Badajos. The provincial deputation of the town passed a resolution, complimenting her upon the elaborateness and beauty of the work, and presented her a valuable diamond ring inscribed with the name of the corporation.

In 1843 a small collection of her poems first appeared, with an introduction by the poet Hartzenbusch. Her name now began to figure conspicuously in the periodicals of Madrid, the provinces, and Havana. She was ere long admitted into the Spanish Institute, and to the various Lyceums of Spain and Cuba.

Just at this period, when her star seemed to be rising in the horizon, there came through the press a report of her death. This false rumor reached her quiet retreat, and made a great impression upon her imagination, as we see in the title of a book called "Two Deaths in the Midst of Life," — *Dos Muertes en Media Vida*. She felt as if she were speaking from the tomb, although she declared to the world that it was only the harassments of her early apprenticeship to her art which had died, and that her soul was young, free, and immortal.

Her health, however, was much impaired by her incessant labor, and in 1847 she went to Andalusia for a change of air, spending a portion of her time in Cadiz, where she wrote her poem to the Sea, which was much copied by the journals. Any one who has seen the Alameda of Cadiz, one of the most delightful public promenades in the world, and the blue boundless ocean, sweeping up to its sides with breezes invigorating, yet soft as the gales of the tropics, can imagine the effect which they must have had upon the mind of this ardent Spanish girl, fresh from the confines of an inland province.

"No es sueño, es la verdad, oh mar! te veo, . . .
No es sueño, es la verdad, estoy contigo! . . .
No es sueño, es la verdad, tus ondas sigo,
Y sacio en contemplarte mi deseo;
Aquí esta la verdad en que yo creo
Aquí habita el Señor que yo bendigo

Y siento entre estas vividas montañas
El hondo palpitar de sus entrañas." *

You feel a light rocking, as of the motion of a boat, in some of the verses. The sight of the airy forms which glance up and down the Alameda — the far-famed Gaditana, the beauty of Cadiz, with her swinging gait and lustrous eye — entrances her imagination, and she addresses the renowned city of Cadiz : —

"Hija de las entrañas de oceano
Como sus conchas y sus peces eres,
Y las que guardas celicas mujeres,
Son perlas escogidas por tu mano.
A bordo de tu buque soberano,
Siempre embarcados, tus felices seres,
Gozan en paz de la ilusion divina,
De este viaje que jamás termina." †

Her health still continued to suffer, and she was at length induced to try the waters of a spring not far from Madrid. In this way she was brought to the notice of the literary circles of the capital and before the eyes of the court. The Lyceum of Art and Literature, on the eve of her departure from Madrid, devoted a special session to her, at which she was honored with a crown of laurel and gold, in the leaves of which were inscribed her name and that of the Lyceum. She read there, in the presence of all the distinguished members, a poem entitled *Se va mi sombra pero yo me quedo*, — "My shadow departs, but I remain." This poem was probably written with

* "This is not a dream, it is the truth, O sea !
This is not a dream, for I am by thy side !
This is not a dream, — I watch thy rising tide,
I am satisfied in contemplating thee.
Here is truth, which I believe to be,
Here the Lord I bless doth now abide.
When I feel these living mountains roll,
'T is the mighty palpitation of his soul !"

† "Daughter from the bosom of the sea,
Like thy radiant shells and fishes gliding,
Beautiful the women thou art hiding,
Pearls they are, and gathered all by thee :
There upon thy queenly bark, so free,
Sailing onward, — happy beings riding,
Peacefully enjoying the divine deceit
Of a never-ending voyage calm and sweet."

reference to the startling intelligence of her death, which reached her ears in her country home. It is a pensive adieu, in which she would have her friends believe that her spirit will be present among them when she herself shall have returned to the banks of her own Guadiana.

At a royal session of the Lyceum held shortly after, in honor of the king and queen, one of her dramatic works, called *El cuadro de la Esperanza*, was represented. She afterwards wrote three other dramas, — *Alfonso IV. de Leon*, *Petrarca*, and *El Divino Figueroa*. At this epoch she appears to have reached the height of her literary success. Eulogistic verses were addressed to her from all parts of Spain, and even from France and Italy. Her genius, never idle, turned itself to other departments of literature. She began to write novels, which met with remarkable success. The most prominent ones are *Paquita*, *La Luz del Tajo*, *Jarilla*, a wild romantic tale, and *La Esclaustrada*, a novel which, by its startling contrasts of wit and melancholy, produced a great sensation at the time of its appearance. She also published a story called *La Sigea*, in *El Semanario*, a Spanish weekly, and a fine analytic article, called "A Parallel between Sappho and St. Teresa." This is a remarkable production, as coming from the pen of a Spanish woman and a Catholic. She draws a comparison between the holy raptures, the sacred ecstasies, of this favorite Spanish saint, and the ardent, undying love of the infatuated Greek maiden. The adoration of Teresa for her bridegroom, Christ, she believes to be an emotion of the same quality as that which consumed the life of the unhappy Sappho, and at last overwhelmed her with its terrific power. Our limits will not allow us to examine this article further, but it will suffice to say that it is ingenious as well as reasonable, and especially interesting, considering the quarter of the world whence it comes.

The zeal of the poet in the cause of education appears to have been unwearied during all this time. She visited the schools of Badajos, encouraging the young pupils, and by her enthusiasm contributed largely to the progress of an institution founded in that place for the education of the children of the common people of Spain. About the year 1850 she made a

journey to France, England, Belgium, and Germany. She was received with enthusiasm by some of the leading French authors of the day, one of whom accompanied her to England, — probably Victor Hugo, as a cordial acquaintance existed between them. Her facility in speaking French contributed much to her enjoyment of France. We do not hear of her forming many social relations in England, very likely on account of her ignorance of the English language. She appears, however, to have been much delighted with the landscape. Her French again served her in Belgium and Germany, and we find her enjoying intensely the memorials of art scattered everywhere over these countries. On her return she published a collection of letters, called “A Journey from the Tagus to the Rhine.”

Not long after this period she was married at Gibraltar to Horatio Justus Perry, of Keene, New Hampshire, then Secretary of Legation under President Taylor. We give her family name at the top of our page, because it is under that signature that she has gained her reputation as a writer. The cares of a little family, the loss of children by death, added to delicate health and the demands of diplomatic society, have necessarily somewhat interrupted her poetic avocations for the last ten years. The latest production which we have seen from her pen is a poem addressed to Abraham Lincoln, full of sympathy for the cause of liberty in America.

It now remains for us to survey the volume before us, containing her poems. It is divided into several parts. The first collection probably appears as it was originally published, on the entrance of the young writer to the world of letters, prefaced with an introduction by the poet Hartzenbusch. The second is dedicated to this poet, with the modesty and gratitude of the timid girl who ventures once more before the eyes of the public. These poems are full of the sweetness, the sensibility, and the innocence of youth. The subjects are mostly in keeping with the artless age that produced them. The simple, natural objects around continually awaken her affection. The clouds, the white rose, the butterfly, the turtle-dove, the jessamine, the nightingale, — all are tender images in her young heart.

It is impossible to translate such poems, — the vague longing, the gentle melancholy, the delicate murmur, are all in the sound of the Spanish words. The charm is indescribable: it is like the purling of a brook; you must hear it. The very word, *arrullo*, — cooing, lulling, — which she uses often to express the sounds of nature, fitly applies to these poems of hers. They are, however, so characteristic of her genius at one period, that we venture to give a single specimen.

“A UNA TÓRTOLA.

“Tórtola que misteriosa
Querella de amores cantas
Dolorida
Azorada, temblorosa
Como la lluvia en las plantas
Conmovida:

“Que levantas arrullando
De tu seno palpitante
La alba pluma,
Como el agua murmurando
En las olas, vacilante
Leve espuma:

“Tórtola tímida y bella,
Melancólica vecina,
De los valles
Nunca tu blanda querella
Tu cantiga peregrina
Muda acallea.

“Canta, canta dulcemente
Con la tierna compañera
Tus amores
Verás tu arrullo inocente
Dar mas vida á la pradera
Y á las flores.

“¿Mas porqué si regalado
Tu murmurio en mis oídos
Des fallece
El pecho mío turbado
A tus lánguidos gemidos
Se estremece?

"Será que yo tam bien como tu siento
Esa ternura que tu seno oprime
Y el dulce sentimiento
Que de inefable amor tu acento esprime ?

"Con nuevo fuego el corazon se anima
Al escuchar tu canto apasionado ;
¿Sera que tambien gima
En amoroso lazo aprisionado ?

"Es tu tristeza la tristeza mia
Con tono igual nuestro cantar alzamos
Si nunca en la armonia
Tórtola, en el gemir nos igualarnos." *

"The Palm," to which we have before referred, which is found in this collection, is an exception to this style; also an impassioned poem called "Sappho." There is a very sweet poem to her mother, for whom she has an unbounded affec-

[TO A TURTLE-DOVE

Turtle-dove mysterious,
Mournfully thy loving chants
Uttering,
Agitated, tremulous,
Like the rain upon the plants
Fluttering.

How thy plumage with the sigh
From thy bosom palpitating
Rises light,
Like the water murmuring by
When the wavelet vacillating
Foameth white.

Timid, beauteous turtle-dove,
Gentle, melancholy guest
'Mong the hills,
Thy complaining note of love,
Thy sweet song of deep unrest,
Never stills.

Sing it, sing it, gently wooing
Her thy tender mate and friend,
Sing thy loves.
Thou shalt see thy artless cooing
Sympathetic life doth send
Through the groves.

tion, and there are several pieces addressed to a baby-brother, over whose cradle she hangs with rapt delight and awe.

The third part, dedicated to "Alberto," and the fourth, called "Inspirations of Solitude," take us into a larger region. We feel the same palpitating heart, but the breathing grows full and deep. She is not satisfied, as before, with the whisperings of Nature's childlike voice. The woman dawns; love deepens in her heart; not so much the love of any one object, as the heaving of a passionate nature, that begins to feel its needs and its power. Here we find the *Amor de los Amores*, the long, passionate, burning cry of a woman's soul for love. We say long, for the poem contains forty-six verses; but it rushes on with such vehemence that we do not think of its length any more than of the length of a forest-bird's song, when he pours out a long freshet of fast-coming notes, before he sails down to a full tide of sound at the close.

The fifth part is called "Romances." The sixth and seventh are devoted to "Salutations and Farewells," and "To the Memories of Heroes, Kings, and Queens." In these poems we find her losing somewhat the subjective element which so much distinguishes her earlier productions. Her genius goes out and addresses itself to the world of human-

Why, since thou so well dost please
Murmuring in my wearied ear
Soft and low,
Is my breast so ill at ease
When thy plaintive song I hear
Trembling so ?

Is it because I also feel as thou,
O'erburdened with my bosom's tenderness ?
Is it because my sweetest sorrow now
Thy love ineffable would fain express ?

With newer fire my heart is animate
In listening to thy passionate complaint.
Is it because I also sigh and wait,
By love's ensnarement held in long restraint ?

May not thy sadness then my sadness be ?
For with the selfsame note our song we strike ;
If we are never one in melody,
In grieving we are surely then alike.

ity and truth. We find a severe poem addressed to Spain, in which the negro woman looms up as the embodiment of her country's sins; another to "The Times"; another to the Spanish youth of the nineteenth century; another to "Liberty," which she declares will one day come for all men, but never for women; another to Cuba. On this island she lavishes all the enthusiasm of her poetic nature. She, like all her countrymen and countrywomen, looks on it with fond yet jealous love. She says not a word of that great evil which broods like a nightmare over this beautiful possession, contenting herself, perhaps, with castigating Spain, the real author of the sin. She apostrophizes Cuba as a spot of plenty and peace, contrasting its serenity with the wars and rumors of wars that vex the soil of Europe. "Woe be to thee," she says, "if thou shouldst ever seek to cast off the protecting mantle of Spain, and declare thyself free. Thou wouldst be the spoil of the pirate and the prey of the filibuster." We can pardon the poet for not having learned the wretched lesson which we have gained through tears, that war and revolution are far better than stagnant corruption at home.

We find in this collection an admiring poem addressed to Cortes, a reverent one to Isabella the Catholic, and a very eulogistic one to Christina de Bourbon, the Queen-mother. This is not mere court flattery. It is well known that Christina assisted her family in their hour of persecution and distress, and has ever been a true adviser to her. We believe that the affection she manifests for her royal friend is reciprocated, and that the Queen has been unvarying in her friendship.

The next two portions of the volume consist of poems addressed "To the Poets and Poetesses." Then we have "Fantasias"; then a collection of poems written for the albums of friends. This custom, which has become somewhat antiquated with us, seems still to have a vigorous existence in Spain. Lastly, we have a few miscellaneous poems to close the book. One of them in particular deserves mention. It is written on the occasion of "The Construction of a new Plaza for the Bull-fight in Spain." We give a translation of a part of this poem, as it is very spirited, and of a different style from any others which we have offered.

[ON THE BULL-FIGHT.

✓ Bravo! thou nation of a noble line!
 Thou mean'st to fashion after beasts thy men.
 How well thy mission thou dost now divine,
 Escaping from the Latin Church's shrine
 To intrench thyself around the fighters' pen!

✓ New Plazas for the bull-fight let there be;
 Build them, O Country! pour thy treasures free!
 Ah! stranger lands are wiser far than we,—
 For here we are but cowherds, we are fools:
 Which do we value most, the laws or bulls?

✓ Who cares for liberty, while he doth roar,
 The hunted bull, along the spacious plain,
 Or tear the arena, and his victim gore?
 When swells his passion with the pricking pain,
 Who sees the vision of our mournful Spain?

✓ And when he draws his breath with hoarsest sigh,
 And from his piercé heart come out the groans,
 And men fall down to earth, and horses die,
 How sweet to hear the rosy children nigh
 Break out in merry laughter's silvery tones!

✓ But hark! I see before my vision rise,
 Brave to uphold the war of beasts and men,
 Some spirited hidalgo, listening wise.
 'I glory in the spectacle,' he cries;
 'The thing is Spanish,—it has always been!'

✓ O patriotic ardor! Let them bind
 A starry crown upon the learned brow
 Of every noble knight, who thinks to find
 Our highest strength within the bull enshrined,
 Our Spanish glory in the Picafo's bow!

✓ With all the fairest ladies of repute
 The love of country so refined has grown
 They look with rapture even on this brute;
 For tenderness is here a foreign shoot
 And cruelty is Spanish-born alone!

In looking at the character of Carolina Coronado, we are struck with several remarkable qualities which reveal themselves in her writings. She possesses reverence in the highest

degree, one of the truest attributes of the poet. We see it not only in her sacred poetry, but in all the emotions which she experiences in contemplating the glories of nature, the greatness of man, and the wonders of art. This quality in woman is apt to be allied with narrowness and superstition, especially if she be trained in the Roman Catholic Church; we therefore the more admire another quality, her liberality. Although a Catholic, she sees the corruptions of her Church; moreover, she is not afraid to speak out her thought, as we see in the parallel between Sappho and St. Teresa, although by so doing she exposed herself to odium with the priesthood, who were offended by her censure of the vices of their order. One of the priests is said to have made the remark, that, if she had lived a little earlier, they would have had her in the Inquisition. She nevertheless always received the kindest manifestations of friendship from the Archbishop of Toledo, the head of the Spanish Church. We see, too, how she rises above her age in the last poem which we have quoted; so also in her upbraiding apostrophes to the women of Spain, and in her unsparing castigation of her own country, though she dearly loves it, and is Spanish in heart and soul.

There is another element of her poetry, which it would be well if modern poets would endeavor to acquire, if nature has not bestowed it upon them. It is simplicity of thought and expression. There is none of that redundancy of words, that pompousness of expression, which mark so large a part of modern Spanish poetry, and show themselves so conspicuously in the conversation of the mediocre sentimental Spaniard. She is direct and pointed, and marches on to the culmination of her verse with a Saxon brevity, nervous and graphic, added to a glow of passion, which kindles the whole theme, and shows us unmistakably the fiery heart of the Southern poet. Her thought is strong, yet so blended with the verse that you know not which is thought and which is music. She sings her thought rather than thinks her song. So is it with all the best poets.

Often we hear the remark made, "I suppose that is fine poetry: it is deep, but I cannot read it." We believe there is no such thing as fine poetry, which cannot be read. Just

so far as it cannot be read or sung, it is not fine. It may be that the poet has got hold of a great idea, — he has got a partial hold on it; but the gods did not come and help, they did not set it before him in letters of light, so that he might sing it aloud. A great poetic rhythmic thought is a rare gift to the world; a great thought merely set in verse is a cumbersome thing, which the world does not want.

ART. III. — AMERICAN ART AND ARTISTS.

The Art Idea. Part Second of Confessions of an Inquirer. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Hurd and Houghton. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

“HE who tells the truth,” Mr. Emerson has said, “will find himself in sufficiently dramatic situations.” This fact, so artistically worded, means, when stated at length, that the man who confronts a cowardly public opinion with the truth burning within him must be prepared for crucifixion and made of martyr’s stuff, for he is a hero far in advance of the soldier who falls fighting the battles of *status quo*. There is no premium paid on veracity; its stock sells in the market very much below par, and has few bidders. As a speculation it is ruinous, and the man who invests largely in it is as sane in the eyes of the world as he who goes in search of the philosopher’s stone or takes passage for Utopia.

A review of Mr. Jarves’s literary and art career forcibly suggests the Emersonian dictum to which we have referred. Known first as the author of certain books on France and Italy, wherein the social caldron was superficially skimmed, he was read, enjoyed for the moment, and laid aside without abuse. In these books, and in his *History of the Sandwich Islands*, there was no internal evidence to prove Mr. Jarves to be a man among men, or that the world would be made any better by his living in it. Great, then, was our surprise when,

seven years ago, chance threw in our way the "Confessions of an Inquirer." Taking it up out of curiosity, told that it had been received with scoffing, we laid it down with emotion. For the first time Mr. Jarves had looked within and written, not a purely personal history, as the prejudiced and ignorant maintained, but the likely experience of an erring yet truth-seeking heart. It was an exceptional, though not unexceptionable book, faulty in the extreme from overmuch bad taste, frequent flippant treatment of serious matters, and carelessness of diction. It seemed as though the author feared to fully bare his earnestness, lest there should be mockery, and so made light of his subject now and then, to show that he had not forgotten the existence of "French principles." The jester in *Le Roi s'Amuse* joked with his lips while his heart bled, and thus it is with many writers who, shrinking to expose the deepest depths of feeling to the general gaze, — a seeming desecration, — play with the fire by which they are consumed. Life, too, was then a greater problem to Mr. Jarves than it is now: the confessor wrote with longing eyes, but still with blinkers, and there is even something pathetic in his reaching out towards the divinity in life.

In searching for the true, the confessor told much truth, digging deep to find the roots of the human heart, to know himself, and thence to know better the Creator, calling things by their right names, as a confessor should. Though the many scoffed, the few saw in the confessor a brother, — one like themselves, human, weak in deed but strong in desire, whose life in the eyes of the world was a failure, yet to his own

" An overthrow
Worth many victories,"

each step, though a stumble, leading nearer to the goal for which he yearned. Certain social problems were shorn of much mystery, if not solved, by the sincere confessions of the inquirer. Religion, separated from the dross of theology, was made beautiful, idiosyncrasies found a friend, youth and its impulses a vindicator, American fallibilities a critic. If the confessor had written nothing but his exposition of the doctrine and lesson of life, he had not lived in vain. His defi-

nition of true love was such as to fill the requirements of the noblest souls, and the moral drawn from his earth experience was full of consolation to those who, like him, had suffered.

"I intend to go my own way and win my own destiny. I have already learned enough to know that I am immortal, and that the universe is but the workshop of each individual soul. . . . God manifests a definite design in every particular of creation. There is, to my mind, no law more certain than that hope and aspiration are the forerunners of realization,—the seeds planted in time, to blossom and bear fruit throughout eternity. . . . Let each man and woman guard well his or her actions and motives, self-examining and self-denying, acting love to their neighbor and leaning on God; and so shall all make a more rapid progress towards happiness and freedom than if emperors leagued with popes, or the people with their presidents, to legislate the widest reforms that ever were dreamed of. In the degree that each individual disciplines his heart, legislation becomes obsolete for that one. By him, written codes come to be viewed as the necessity only of a dark age. What need has the truly enlightened man for the legal hieroglyphics of an infant race? What need the righteous man for prisons and armories? All men, in the progress of their moral being, will finally grow to view these things curiously, as now all civilized men wonder at judicial torture and the Pyramids of the Nile. Has not the ripened man a perfect law within himself, self-directing, self-acting, and self-speaking? Who shall say that the possibility of one man may not become the experience of all mankind, when reform takes perfect root within?"

Such was Mr. Jarves, the author, seven years ago. In taking up the "Art Idea," which is part second of "Confessions of an Inquirer," there is undeniable proof that profound faith in the creed "hope and aspiration" have led to "realization." If rapidity of expansion be the truest indication of a fine organization, Mr. Jarves deserves high regard, for we know of no American writer who has grown out of so many errors and into so many truths as he; and the time has been short. A powerful intellect that remains stationary through prejudices is a sad spectacle, of far less benefit to the man and to the world than a lesser mind that can look back as from a great distance on all former work, and gauge future expansion by the regular growth of the past. "Progress," that most cheering of all signs to the human heart, is written on all that Mr.

Jarves does. The faults of the "Confessions" are acknowledged and atoned for in "The Art Idea." In style, Mr. Jarves has made wonderful improvement. Always brave in opinion, he is now not afraid to be always dignified and fully in earnest. Having learned to take the world at its proper valuation, he has attained tranquillity of mind, clearness of judgment, and freedom from all conventionality of thought, without losing any of youth's enthusiastic beliefs in the triumph of what is great and good.

In his former works on art, Mr. Jarves appealed to a much more limited circle of readers. His "Art Hints," in which there was little original matter, demanded a certain amount of art culture. "Art Studies" was addressed to those who, if not familiar with the old Italian masters, were at least greatly attracted towards them. It received, in consequence, a warmer welcome, and was more fully appreciated, in England than in this country. But "The Art Idea" is written primarily for Americans: its aim is to popularize, if possible, the *idea* of art, and nothing more is required of the reader than a general feeling for and interest in the subject. Mr. Jarves is no imperious or imperial teacher. With unassuming words he gives to the public the result of years of thought and uninterrupted study, candidly confessing that

"a series of mistakes gradually led him towards the right road. He has begun to get more correct views of art. They are not its highest and deepest; but they are his highest and deepest of to-day, and, in comparison with earlier ones, wise. He offers them because there are some minds treading the paths that he has trod, to whom his experience may shorten the way; while to those in advance beseechingly does he cry, Give, give! even as he seeks to give!"

We are told that America is sold bodily to the material: here is an American of commercial antecedents and rearing, who believes Truth and Beauty to be nobler deities than the god Mammon, who, respecting Utility, yet venerates Art, and who has sacrificed worldly interests to an *idea*. We are ready to listen to all that such a one has to say, for he insists upon no infallibility; and in escaping self-sufficiency, which is the taint of the land, Mr. Jarves sets an excellent example to the wise.

Mr. Jarves has been widely regarded in America as a fanatical devotee of the old masters, having little sympathy with modern work. "The Art Idea" fully disproves this opinion. Reverencing the old masters for what is truly great in them, he is no more blind to the faults of Michel Angelo than to those of modern artists; and as interesting as is his book on the subject of abstract art, it is when he treats of the art idea in America that he most impresses his readers. A critic more generous to our past and present, and more enthusiastic for our future, — a critic possessing common-sense in his generosity and enthusiasm, — it would be difficult to find.

"No people," he maintains, "are more eager than ourselves in the exploration of the unknown in art, as its horizon bursts upon our vision. . . . So let us cast out, once and forever, the mean idea that the nature of the New-Englander, or the American at large, is not possessed of all the elemental faculties that make the complete man. He has them. All he requires is opportunity, stimulus, and culture, to become as proficient in the æsthetic as he is in the practical arts."

And in drawing a parallel between England and America, in those manufactures wherein "art enters as an elemental feature," Mr. Jarves says, "Under similar advantages, there is no reason why our people, with more cosmopolitan brains, acuter sensibilities, readier impressibility, and quicker inventive faculties, should not excel her in these respects, as we do already in some of the industrial arts." Yet Mr. Jarves does not hesitate to paint us as we are, asserting with truth that "Fashion is still the protecting deity of art, a few minds only receiving it as a portion of the true bread of life." And after stating that, "to get at the prevailing life-motive of any epoch, we must read its architecture as well as its literature," he declares that

"the one intense, barren fact which stares us fixedly in the face is, that, were we annihilated to-morrow, nothing could be learned of us, as a distinctive race, from our architecture. It is simply substantial building, with ornamentation, orders, styles, or forms borrowed or stolen from European races, — an incongruous medley as a whole, developing no system or harmonious principle of adaptation, but chaotic, incomplete, and arbitrary, declaring plagiarism and superficiality, and proving be-

yond all question the absolute poverty of our imaginative faculties, and general absence of right feeling and correct taste."

That our architecture is owing far more to a low standard of public taste than to the want of good architects, is testified from the little demand in which the best designers are held. A country that can produce the genius of Hammatt Billings can attain to a noble order of architecture. Centuries of progress should have taught the Protestant Church that the senses were not given to us for perpetual mortification. A people can never be bores who in their public squares look upon the David of Michel Angelo and the Perseus of John of Bologna, and whose churches, offering a hospitable welcome at all times to miserable sinners, — not excluding them six days out of seven, — tell the story of Christianity in a *coup d'œil* that genius alone can produce. The Roman Church is a bright and shining light in more ways than one, and hence its hold on the majority of civilized races at the present day. It lives upon the principle that nothing is too good for God. Raphael and Michel Angelo, Giotto and Brunelleschi, lay the fruit of their divine gifts upon His altar. Mozart and Pergolesi bequeath their grandest inspirations to the Mother Church. "The hope of art now lies in the free principles of Protestantism," writes Mr. Jarves. We should protest, then, against our present condition, that the era of reform may come the more quickly.

Mr. Jarves is not able to take up the gauntlet when Ferguson declares that "The perfection of art in an American's eye would be the invention of a self-acting machine, which should produce plans of cities, and designs for Gothic churches and classic monumental buildings, at so much per foot super, and so save all further thought and trouble."

"Resentment at this caricature," replies Mr. Jarves, "is checked, when we remember that our countrymen have actually patented machines for producing sculpture, whether from life or copy; and that almost every new town *founded* — once they were allowed to grow — is on a rectangular, gridiron plan, utterly devoid of picturesque beauty or æsthetic design, as monotonous and unrefreshing as a table of logarithms. Such towns have no organic structure. They are all extremities, as if the human being was made up only of arms and legs,

and his sole function to get about at right angles. The saving feature of Boston is that it has a heart, head, and lungs, as well as extremities."

Nevertheless, this same goodly city of Boston, to which all America turns for wisdom in words and deeds, is in the act of coolly and deliberately perpetrating an ignoble suicide, so far as its picturesqueness is concerned.

"Bostonians have continued Beacon Street straight out over the Mill Dam, making an avenue finer than anything New York has to show, but poverty itself compared with what was in their power to do. If, instead of fronting the houses on the present line, they had faced them the other way, looking on a magnificent esplanade of ample width, a feature of unique value and loveliness for America would have been given to their city. That beautiful sheet of water, forming a tiny lake, fed by Charles River and the ocean, used for regattas, not coveted by commerce, might have been bordered for miles with palatial houses and public edifices, forming a splendid drive or promenade, attractive at all seasons. . . . Sunrise and sunset would have painted on its cool, delicious waters an endless variety of pictures in purple, orange, crimson, and gold, intensified by the dark shadows of the overhanging houses, or flaming back from their crystal windows sheets of glory, lighting up earth and sky with dazzling effulgence, such as no Claude or Church can rival, and only Turner suggest. Quick-pulling wherries, with their gayly-uniformed crews and dancing banners, the snowy sails of the tiny yacht, and the rhythmical strokes of the row-boat, would have made of each fine day a joyous carnival, and turned the heaviness of Puritan life into a thankfulness and delight."

Can any Bostonian view, in his imagination, this picture of beauty sketched in by Mr. Jarves, without feeling that Venetian glory is departing from his city through ignorance and want of thought? Is there no edict possible by which the barbarism of builders may be stayed? or must we wait until ideas ripen, grow out of the present generation of houses, and level them to make way for an American architecture and a grand canal? Is this carelessness of a city's grandeur and the good of the many owing, as Mr. Jarves suggests, to the virtue of domesticity carried to a vice? An American home, he thinks,

"has become something more than its original intent. It distracts the

individual too much from mankind at large. . . . The tendency is to narrow his humanity, by putting it under bonds to vanity and selfishness."

A clever writer, in a recent notice of "The Art Idea," has, strangely enough, taken occasion to congratulate Mr. Jarves because of his want of practical art knowledge, — a fact that Mr. Jarves himself very properly regards as a misfortune. That theory should be preferred to practice is indeed a revelation, one to which artists themselves would accord little sympathy; and they are the proper tribunal to appeal to on this subject. Ask the painter or sculptor whose judgment he holds highest in esteem, and he will reply, that of his own profession; except indeed he be a charlatan, when the verdict will be given in favor of an "unprejudiced public." The jealousy of artists is a favorite theme with amateurs, yet truth asserts that the really clever artist is the first to rejoice at the appearance of ability in others. Our own experience testifies to exceeding generosity among real artists. Ignorance and incompetency usually follow in the wake of jealousy. What artist would not receive abuse from such a quarter as the highest compliment? No one doubts that the carpenter who has served his time at his trade, and is pronounced a master-workman, is a better critic of carpentry than the man who has merely been a looker-on, even though the latter has used his eyes to the best advantage. The farmer does not go to books written by dreamers to find out how to cultivate his land and breed cattle, or he would be bankrupt to-morrow; though it is fashionable for poets, lawyers, and clergymen to deliver the addresses at cattle-shows and agricultural fairs. The person who talks authoritatively on finance without experience, is deemed conceited and rash. Trade demands to be judged by trade. Why, then, should art be subjected to a different standard of criticism? The man who pleads guilty to entire ignorance of horse-shoeing, and allows the smith to shoe his horse to the best of his ability, will yet dare to interfere with the plan of his house as drawn by an educated architect, criticise acting and singing with the greatest *aplomb*, and pronounce dogmatically upon a picture or statue, though equally uninformed on all these matters. This is the martyrdom to which artists have been too long subjected.

No, the best art critics are those who have served their time at the profession and know its difficulties and mysteries. Painters and sculptors do not attend the lectures of those who cannot mix colors, draw, or pinch clay. Mr. Jarves's errors in criticism are the errors of a *dilettante*. Had he been an artist, he would not have given Nast so honorable a mention in his book, neither would he have called Palmer versatile. His praise of John Rogers, placing him beyond Wilkie and Teniers, is, we think, carried to an absurd extreme. Clever Rogers is, most assuredly. His originality and ingenuity are as apparent as are the originality and ingenuity of the Yankee who recently invented the toy of "the dancing contraband." Mr. Rogers's groups are very novel, and amuse immensely for the moment; so does the contraband. Both are sufficiently "naturalistic," but nature may be very small, and Mr. Rogers's ability displays the very littleness of art. How little, is best seen by taking his groups, not singly, but collectively. Such works, prolonged indefinitely, would produce entire vacuity of mind. Its popularity is natural; were Rogers's talent of a higher order, it would be less appreciated. Equally incorrect do we think Mr. Jarves in preferring Gignoux's "Niagara" to that of Church. Regarding the painting of the latter as the very best work yet done by this artist, — so good that we wonder why his other pictures are not better, — we regret that it should have suggested nothing to Mr. Jarves but pure mathematics.

High as is the praise which Mr. Jarves has awarded to William M. Hunt, we consider it insufficient. Educated in the best school of modern French art, enjoying intimate companionship with such masters as Millet, whose earliest patron he was, and (we think) Couture, Mr. Hunt stands at present at the head of high art in this country. Leading a student's life in Boston, content that his pictures should pass from his easel directly to the drawing-rooms of friends for whom they have been painted, Mr. Hunt rarely gives the public an opportunity to see his work, for which we think him greatly to blame. However modest he may be of his attainments, Mr. Hunt must, to a certain extent, feel his power, and know that he can be a teacher. The public can only learn to ap-

preciate good things by seeing them. If the eye be perpetually fed on scene-painting, bad taste is necessarily the result ; therefore we deprecate the recluse system practised by so able an artist. He owes it to the cause of true art, the advancement of which is the aspiration of his life, to exhibit on all suitable occasions.

"Owing," as Mr. Jarves says, "to the concentration of our most promising artists at New York, it has grown to be the representative city of America in art, and indeed for the present so overshadows all others, that we should be justified in speaking of American painting in its present stages as the New York school, in the same light that the school of Paris represents the art of France."

Yet it is the misfortune of New York to know little or nothing of William Hunt. To be of the greatest good to the greatest number, and to fully establish his reputation, Mr. Hunt should have a studio in that city, where he would be welcomed as a leader by the young artists on whom the fate of future art in America depends. Mr. Hunt's age, experience, natural ability, liberal education, and high social position eminently fit him for leadership. He has all the animal magnetism and *élan* necessary for a *condottiere*, and his absence of prejudice, thorough loyalty to art, and encouraging admiration of ability wherever manifest, would speedily gain for him the enthusiastic support of his disciples. There would have been the beginning of a revolution, had he even sent so much as a "head" to the last exhibition of the National Academy. His full-length portrait of a mother and child, lately shown at an artists' reception in Boston, would have been a new sensation in New York art. Mr. Hunt's "Hamlet," now on the easel, shows the artist to still better advantage ; and that he is capable of much greater work, his "Aurora" will at some future time prove.

We have taken exception at certain conclusions arrived at by Mr. Jarves, because we have little but good to say of the greater part of his criticisms. There are few American critics who are equally appreciative. He puts our sculptors where they belong, and very properly brands much of the bronze and marble that disgrace our public buildings and squares as "old clothes statuary." In being among the first to welcome

the rising talents of J. Q. A. Ward of New York, Mr. Jarves does justice to a sculptor whose work is more encouraging than that of many Americans grown strangely famous. A native of the West, Mr. Ward is endowed with its hopeful characteristic of originality, strength, and largeness of idea. He is thoroughly American, in the best sense of the word. His statuette of "The African Freedman," of which Mr. Jarves says he had "seen nothing in our sculpture more soul-lifting or more comprehensive," marks an era in our art, showing that it is possible for the American intellect to create, and not always parody the fauns and satyrs of Greek art, or remain spellbound under the influence of slaves and captives. Small in size, it is great in suggestiveness, — the best test of its excellence. We agree that

"it is the hint of a great work, which, put into heroic size, should become the companion of the Washington of our nation's Capitol, to commemorate the crowning virtue of democratic institutions in the final liberty of the slave."

Mr. Ward's "Indian Hunting," a still later production, life-size, is very vigorous, and full of the spirit of the woods.

In believing that in Elihu Vedder the "American school has the promise of an artist of wider scope, greater vigor, more varied, intense, and original conceptions and thorough executive skill, than has hitherto appeared," Mr. Jarves shows excellent penetration. From the Sphinx to *Æsop's Fables*, from Venus to the Sea-Serpent, Vedder's imagination wanders freely, his brush readily fulfilling the dictates of the prevailing brain-passion. His last painting, "The Lair of the Sea-Serpent," — superior much to the Sphinx in point of execution, — renders the spectator speechless from its fantastic originality; for the myth of the sea has at last found an interpreter. Criticisms of this picture are loud and various; but though many are repelled by the steel-gray monster that is the only bit of life in a wonderful landscape, all are obliged to allow the exceeding ability of the artist. A silvery-blue sea, and soft, transparent sky, which is a reflex of the water, a dead calm pervading, that scarce allows a ripple of the water even where it nears the land, form a background so tropical in warmth that the

spectator feels as though he stood on the equator. In the foreground lies a sandy, sultry waste, stretching out into the sea, with marvellous effect. Tufts of grass, burnt yellow by the scorching noonday sun, show how dead is vegetation; a cluster of scrubby brush is the centre around which the serpent "trails his slow length along." Back of this, on higher ground, lies the sea-serpent, coil on coil, his head resting upon the sand, the eye dilated, as glittering and sultry as the still-life about it. To us that eye, which critics have dwelt upon as indicative of every mentionable evil passion, expresses nothing more terrible than insatiable, impatient longing. Drearily alone in his lair, this creature, the last of his kind, is doomed to roam the sea, — another species of Wandering Jew, — no likeness to other monsters of the deep, no recognition from them, — a friendless thing, that sees itself unlike all nature in its loneliness, that seems to ask, in a dumb, passionate way, how many ages more existence must be prolonged. This picture is the tragedy of solitude. Though Mr. Jarves writes for the art lover and not doer, artists may go to him and profit by his interpretation of the spirit and intent of art. That art may be made a pitfall in which the artist may bury himself, is the record of more than one life that has left unheeded the text, "Hitch your wagon to a star." Art

"particularly exposes man to seductive influences, through the medium of his senses, from its greater affinity for feeling. In the degree that the soul's vision is obscured by carnal instincts, sensation and reason develop themselves in the direction of external life, seizing upon that as their chief object of pleasure and investigation, and thus, by ignoring the divine origin and purpose of matter, come to view it, as the ultimate good of existence. This sensuous proclivity of art is its chief snare, but its force depends upon the tendency of human will."

It is this will in which the artistic nature most frequently fails. To the painter especially does matter present its most exquisite fascinations, and easy is it for weak humanity to sink into the slough prepared for it, forgetting soul and the tremendous import of art in passionate love of color. A notable instance of this entire *abandon* to feeling is found in Babcock of Paris. His is the saturnalia of color in which the sympathetic eye revels, for it is the very poetry of sensuousness; yet in

soberer moments the judicious cannot but grieve that color should be made the god, when in reality it is the servant of a god. Titian and the great painters of the Venetian school were wiser, because they were masters of color: color was not their master. He who sacrifices nature to an inborn susceptibility, making no effort to temper feeling with reason, can never be a teacher, and to a greater or less extent is a failure in his art. Such an artist becomes an object of pitying regret.

Genius, too, which often fails to comprehend its high mission on earth, receives a timely warning from Mr. Jarves.

“Though it may be accounted in its possessors as a divine gift, over and above the measure of ordinary humanity, yet is it subjected, for its perfect expression, to the study and labor common to all men who would win to themselves the power and repose of wisdom. *If it bestows more on the individual, it also requires more of him.* His penalties of misapplication are in ratio to his joys of appreciation. Therein God shows his unerring justice. He gives to all as they are qualified to receive, and holds each to a strict responsibility in use. So fearful is this responsibility, and so liable to abuse, that the earthly destiny of genius is a proverbial warning to the common mind not to covet an excess of the divine light.”

This mighty burden of genius is the lesson that artists have to learn, for rarely is it realized. Young artists of a young country, with scarcely an antecedent as a guide, deal more in imagination than in fact, and indulge in the comfortable belief that great work does not mean hard work. Such a creed is suicidal. Could its disciples visit for a day the *ateliers* of Paris, and see how the best artists of the best living school put their lives into their art, there would be less waiting for moods and inspirations, and more faith put in intensity of purpose. We do not disbelieve in inspirational moments, but we know also that great industry is a characteristic of great genius. “To-morrow never is,” they say: then who dare map out the future that does not take care of to-day? When Opie said that he mixed his colors with brains, he very pertinently retorted to those many who hold to the opinion that art is an affair of blind impulse. The artist without profound thought is without profound ability.

We claim, too, with Mr. Jarves, that

"it is the duty of the artist, if he would maintain his rightful position as teacher and interpreter of Beauty, so to cultivate his own soul as to keep not merely intellectual pace with his constituents, but far enough in advance to continually stimulate their faculties to their fullest limits of thought and feeling by the successive glimpses he gives them of the unutterable things that lie beyond both, far reaching into eternal joy."

And how can this divine mission be fulfilled except the artist live up, as far as able, to his ideal of humanity?

"Now must thou be *man* and artist, —

"T is the turning of the tide," —

sings the poet, who will not allow that the greatest work can come from an impure source. It never has, it never will, for we have in no way touched the margin of art capabilities, — if there be a margin, — nor shall we until there is more of heaven and less of earth in our teachers. Ignoring the man is the theory, and sometimes the practice, of those who should know better. "I would sell my soul to the Devil," said a clever artist, "if I could only be what I would in my profession." Degradation of the moral nature inevitably reacts on the intellect. Mind and body are too intimately connected for the one to aspire while the other grovels. Great intellect, when unallied to loftiness of soul, is a stupendous power, but satanic; and, however much admiration it may excite as a power, eventually makes for itself a bed of curses. The artist who "would sell his soul to the Devil" is clever because of his intense aspiration, and will attain his richest possibilities when he has grown wise enough to unite man and artist, thereby ceasing to be distracted by the different requirements of two natures. His is that spirit of unrest in art so graphically portrayed by Mr. Jarves, in contradistinction to the tranquillity engendered by science.

Yet we accord a higher place to the unrest of art than to the tranquillity of science. Science discovers creation, while art creates, and therefore approaches nearer to divinity. Reason dominates science, love inspires art, and we are told that "God is love." Science appeals to the intellect, art to the soul. Science deals more with matter, pure art with spirit.

If the philosopher lead a more composed and satisfactory existence, it is because his range of vision is narrower, and he sees by law. Beyond law the poet experiences emotion, and discovers "a soul of goodness in things evil." He finds a beautiful side to what a more circumscribed nature would brand as utterly base, and consumes himself in questions that the world condemns, and leaves unanswered because of superior blindness.

Much has been said of the innate selfishness of the artistic temperament. So strong flows the popular current in favor of philanthropy, that self-renunciation is the universal demand. Beautiful and holy as is unselfishness, we think its most enthusiastic supporters have ignored the fact that there is also such a requirement as *justice to self*, which does not mean egotism, but the charity very properly beginning at home. Art endows its elect with plenipotentary powers, and in return exacts entire devotion. Common gratitude to the generosity of nature demands thus much. There is, what few see clearly enough to acknowledge, philanthropy in art, and he is its greatest benefactor who, acting up to a true manhood meanwhile, consecrates his life to the art idea. If this be selfishness, it is not heartlessness. We call that artist selfish who, without *esprit du corps*, sinks his art in pleasure, does good work to-day that he may revel in sensual indulgence to-morrow, and brings his profession into disrepute. We reprobate the conduct of those American students who, on going to Paris, put away all self-respect, ignore responsibility, and resign themselves to the madness of the hour. It is taking art in vain, dragging divinity into the mire. Nor have we much good to say of those who, finding sympathetic homes in Europe, revile their native country, disclaim allegiance to it, and dispose of their work to foreigners. To study abroad is the duty of every artist who is able to travel,—our faith is not in the narrow creed that asserts America to be sufficient herself; but having learned what Greece, Italy, and Paris have to teach, we claim that, for the greater progress of art, Americans should make their studios in America; or, circumstances being opposed to this, that they should give home patronage the preference, and send their best specimens where they are most needed. The artist

who does not feel it a high privilege to advance the good name and fame of national art, deserves to be deprived of all gifts conferred on him by nature.

But America can better spare renegades now than when Allston nobly sacrificed inclination to duty; for never was the art horizon so brilliant and cheering as at present, thus fulfilling the testimony of the world's experience, which, to use Mr. Jarves's own words, "shows that great artists and a corresponding advance in art are almost always contemporaneous with the cessation of great wars and decisive crises in historical periods." Never has the profession of artist stood so high in America, never has there been so much genius to honor it, never has patronage been so well and so lavishly bestowed. Yet a little while and high art will be as free to soar upward as the enfranchised bondman will be to claim manhood. Liberty national, the demon of slavery once overcome by the St. Michaels of our glorious crusade, and art, in common with every other great inspiration, will exceed the brightest predictions of to-day's profoundest dreamers.

Firm in this belief, we close "The Art Idea," hoping that it may be Mr. Jarves's good fortune to record the coming revolution. If this record, or the third part of "Confessions of an Inquirer," which is to be embodied in a work on the "Religious Idea," be as far in advance of "The Art Idea" as this is in advance of what preceded it, Mr. Jarves will stand among the most enlightened thinkers and writers of America.

ART. IV.—THE BIBLE AND SLAVERY.

1. *Does the Bible sanction American Slavery?* By GOLDWIN SMITH. Cambridge: Sever and Francis. 1864.
2. *A Scriptural, Ecclesiastical, and Historical View of Slavery.* By JOHN HENRY HOPKINS, D. D., LL. D. New York: W. I. Pooley & Co. 1864.

THE publication within the past year of these two works upon the Bible and Slavery is significant. One of these works, the production of an American Bishop of the Episcopal Church, advocates, we hardly need say, the Scriptural authority of Negro slavery; while the other, written by an English layman, is an earnest denial of any Biblical sanction of our "peculiar institution." Such works show a remnant of life in a discussion which many persons have regarded as finally settled. Little originality in the method or substance of the argument can be claimed for either. Better pleas for Slavery than Bishop Hopkins has himself made are found in his quotations from Basil and Augustine; while most of the arguments of Goldwin Smith are familiar in the antislavery literature of the last thirty years. We shall take them as a text, in considering briefly some of the relations of Judaism and Christianity to the various forms of servitude with which these religions have come in contact.

Slavery, as it existed under the Mosaic code, was a system less severe in some respects than the modern chattel slavery of Christian nations, but also far less humane than Jewish apologists and zealous antislavery theologians have represented. It is hard to distinguish the true features of ancient custom through the smoke of modern conflict. Eager champions of American slavery have strained exegesis and taxed all the energies of criticism to shelter the moral wrong of slaveholding behind a fortress built of the decaying mould of Judaism. On the other hand, Jewish writers of ability and scholarship have labored to soften the harsher features of the old Hebrew slavery, in order to establish more easily the superiority of the ethics and social law of Mosaism; while Christian theologians, anxious to defend the Pentateuch from

each new assault of science and humanity, and boldly attempting to give an antislavery interpretation to every controverted passage of ancient Scripture, have presented the laws of Moses as the very embodiment of justice, and the great lawgiver himself as a *liberator* of slaves!

For convenience, we will briefly state a few points in the Hebrew law upon this subject, which have been set in very clear light by a later class of commentators than any whom Mr. Goldwin Smith appears to have consulted.

Saalschütz, in his very learned treatise on the Mosaic law, has shown that there were three classes of slaves among the Hebrews: — 1. impoverished Israelites; 2. heathen slaves; and, 3. a peculiar class, intermediate between these two, called “Hebrew servants.” The slavery of the impoverished Israelite was terminated by the year of jubilee; that of the heathen slave was perpetual; while that of the “Hebrew servant” was compulsory only for six years. In the case of the Israelite who sold himself on account of debt, the enslavement may be regarded as a sort of governmental servitude, which gave to the poor land-owner and his family protection from extreme need, and, as Mielziner observes, “an opportunity, by several years of service, to acquire enough to redeem his lost possessions.” Over his bondmen thus acquired, the master was not to rule with rigor, but they were to be with him as hired servants and sojourners.

The bondage of the peculiar class of servants who were neither proper Israelites nor heathen, was of a different nature, and more severe while it lasted. They were such as had been before in a state of servitude, whether born in slavery, as was the case with the children of a handmaid given in marriage by a master to his servant, or captive slaves who had grown up in the house, or slaves of foreign origin, who, by the rite of circumcision, had become fully incorporated into the household. Such servants were sold into a six years’ slavery under the name of “Hebrew servants,” — this term signifying the privilege, not of birthright, but of adoption or naturalization. The laws regulating the treatment of the “Hebrew slaves” secure to them, as Mr. Goldwin Smith very clearly shows, a milder condition of servitude than that

which existed in many heathen countries. But the claim which has been made by several antislavery theologians, and which Mr. Smith nowhere contradicts, that the master had no power over the body and life of his slave, cannot be supported by any fair interpretation of the law. The master who in a passion should beat his slave to death was liable, not to the death penalty, which the code employs without stint in the case of lesser crimes, but only to such punishment as should be awarded by a judge who might himself be a slaveholder. But if the death of the servant did not immediately follow the blow, the law expressly declares that the master shall not be punished, "for the servant is his MONEY." The actual power of the Hebrew master over his servants is fairly stated by DeWette, when he affirms that "corporal chastisement, to the extent of death, was allowed to be inflicted upon slaves, provided only that it was not instantaneous."

The state of the heathen slaves was one of perpetual bondage. "The Jews," says Professor Stuart of Andover, "had unlimited liberty to purchase foreign slaves, and to hold them as heritable property." Ingenious interpreters have, indeed, sought to apply the law of the jubilee year to this class of slaves; but it is difficult to see how any one, without a preconceived theory in regard to the passage in Leviticus,* could refer the liberty there granted to any but the impoverished Israelites, who were "to return every man to his possession and every man to his family." Unless, therefore, we wholly disregard the safest rules of interpretation, we shall be forced to admit, not only that the privilege of the jubilee was denied to heathen slaves, but that even the Hebrew servant who remained with his family at the expiration of his six years' service, and thereby entered upon a voluntary life-servitude, had no share in it.

The *status* of the slave thus held in perpetual bondage has already been indicated. He is the "money" of his master, and if he dies from blows at his master's hands, the property loss (unless the death be instantaneous) is considered as sufficient punishment for the murderer. We are surprised to find

* Lev. xxv. 10.

that so learned a writer as Albert Barnes adduces this very passage from Exodus* as a proof of the "humanity and kindness" with which the slave was treated! The same writer discovers a "careful and humane regard for the sacredness of the marriage tie" in the law compelling the Hebrew servant who loves the wife whom he has wedded in his master's house to choose between his family without freedom and his freedom without family.† An unprejudiced interpretation of this law would lead more naturally to the conclusion, that, while the Mosaic code, in its provisions respecting the matrimonial relations of slaves, is far removed from the barbarisms of the civil code of South Carolina, it nevertheless does authorize us to connect with Hebrew slavery the exercise of an unjust and tyrannical power. In a similar light must we view the treatment of the handmaid sold into servitude by her father,‡ and of the female slave taken as a captive in war.§ We are forced to recognize the absolute injustice of laws which allow a man to "put away" a woman in whom "he has no delight"; while, at the same time, we cannot fail to perceive the wide difference between such laws and the code of a state which permits the slavemaster to *sell* the woman who has been the victim of his lust.

The slavery which the Hebrew lawgiver thus regulates with such minuteness has often been compared with Roman and Grecian slavery. Mr. Goldwin Smith, who admits some of the oppressive features of Hebrew servitude, maintains that slavery under Moses was far more mild and beneficent than in any heathen nation of antiquity. We do not believe that this sweeping assertion has any historical support. It is easy to paint the vice and immorality of Greece and Rome in colors so dark, that, upon a background thus prepared, the vice and immorality of the Hebrew commonwealth may stand out in bright relief. The materials for such a picture are found in abundance on the surface of history; but rhetorical caricature like this is wholly out of place in a fair treatment of the subject. Besides, our knowledge of the Hebrew system must be derived almost exclusively from a critical examination of those

* Exod. xxi. 20, 21.

† Ibid. 4-6.

‡ Ibid. 7-11.

§ Deut. xxi. 11-14.

laws which are, as it were, the *ideal* of the Hebrew state; while, in the case of Roman and Grecian slavery; not only the laws of those states, but the pages of the ancient historians, the letters of eminent philosophers, and the writings of poets and satirists, furnish graphic pictures of the actual workings of slavery in them. The testimony of Jeremiah shows that, in the Mosaic code, we see only the *minimum* of injustice which the lawgiver permitted. The actual abuses of Hebrew slavery, unlike the relapses of the Jews into idolatry, are unrecorded in the Biblical annals. But the denunciations of the prophets, the history of servitude in all countries, and the tendency in man to misuse any absolute power over his fellow-man, leave no doubt as to the manifold evils of even so "mild" a system of oppression as Mosaic servitude.

In contrasting the Hebrew slavery with the systems of Rome and Greece, Mr. Goldwin Smith asserts, as the most important point of all, that "in Greece and Rome the slave took no part in the worship of the state; while the Hebrew law especially enjoins that the slave shall take part with the freeman in the most solemn acts of national worship." Against this unqualified statement we may appeal to a work of the highest authority on Roman slavery.

"In matters of religion the Romans were not regardless of their slaves. Their system of polytheism was at all times exceedingly tolerant, and it is not surprising that the Romans should have suffered the servile classes to follow any religion they pleased. There is good reason to believe that it was customary to permit slaves to employ a small portion of each day in worship. In ages of simplicity, rustic masters and their slaves united in offering up sacrifices to the gods; and even in later times slaves were not specially excluded from attending any great religious solemnities, except the Megalensian plays in honor of Cybele."*

Among the Hebrews the servant enjoyed the rest of the Sabbath, shared in the great national feasts of "Weeks" and "Tabernacles," and participated in the family rite of the Passover. That his worship was purer and his enjoyments more rational than those of the Roman slave, may be admitted; but

* Blair's Inquiry into the State of Slavery among the Romans, pp. 65, 66.

from this we cannot infer any superiority in the condition of the Hebrew bondman over that of the Roman, since the hard lot of both was alleviated by the same permission to share in the religious privileges of their master.

The period of the restored Jewish state after the return from the Babylonian exile marks the final abolition of the strictly Hebrew slavery. The holding of foreign slaves, and the laws respecting such servitude, continued, and the Jews among whom Jesus was born were a people of slaveholders. We need not dwell long upon the universally admitted fact, that the founder of Christianity nowhere directly condemns the institution of slavery. But it is by no means a sufficient explanation of this fact to say that Jesus gave precepts which would ultimately abolish all systems of servitude; for we shall find instructions from other teachers which, *if carried out*, would produce the same result.

"I believe," says Mr. Mill, "that the sayings of Christ are irreconcilable with nothing which a comprehensive morality requires; but it is quite consistent with this to believe, that they contain, and were meant to contain, only a part of the truth; that many of the essential elements of the highest morality are among the things not provided for, nor *intended* to be provided for, in the recorded deliverances of the founder of Christianity."

The ethics of Jesus are in great part a protest against the dead formalities of Judaism; but they also include principles of universal application, and touch with a divine impulse springs of action in every human heart. If his chief work was to undo the heavy burdens of the ceremonial law, the *means* by which that deliverance was wrought are eternally pledged to loosen every yoke and let all the oppressed go free. We are not, then, to look to the explicit precepts of Jesus as having of themselves very largely influenced the various forms of slavery which have existed in Christendom.

Still less shall we find an antislavery Scripture in the writings of the Apostles. Their teachings in reference to slavery have often been compared with those of the philosophers of Greece and Rome.

Aristotle, in his "Politics," presents an extended and elaborate discussion of servitude in the abstract, and the language

of this great philosopher has constantly been referred to as showing the wide difference supposed to exist between Pagan and Apostolic ethics. "Some men," says Aristotle, "are free by nature, while others are slaves." Yet this purely speculative notion is admitted by the philosopher himself to be contradicted by facts, and he willingly allows that many are found in a state of servitude who are not slaves by nature. The Justinian code divided mankind, in a similar way, into free-men and slaves; but slavery, in the eye of Roman law, was *contra naturam*, not in accordance with nature. The ideal slavery, therefore, which Aristotle defends, is diametrically opposed to the slavery which actually existed in society and to that which was defined in the law. Indeed, Aristotle's own explanation of what he means leaves no doubt on this point. "Those," he affirms, "are slaves by nature who differ as much from others as body from soul, or brute from man; and these are to be ruled, just as the soul rules the body, as the male rules the female, as those who are born to govern rule those who are born to be governed."* This perfect Utopia of natural slavery is further described by the philosopher as a state in which advantage and friendship always exist between master and slave; while, as if the actual servitude then prevalent in the world were before his mind, he expressly declares that there can be neither advantage nor friendship *when men are enslaved by law or violence*. The "heartlessness" of the Aristotelian doctrine of slavery is supposed to be still more clearly illustrated by the philosopher's characterizing the slave as a "living instrument." But the separation of slaves from machines, as "living" from "lifeless" instruments, only illustrates, in Aristotle's system, the difference which exists between all human beings who serve by intelligent obedience, and the inanimate things which man uses to accomplish his purpose. In accordance with this distinction, the sailor is called by Aristotle the "animate instrument" of the pilot, in contrast with the tiller, which is the "lifeless instrument." Such metaphysical niceties as these cannot be regarded, in any fair estimate, as *justifying* the systems of Grecian and Roman slavery which

* Aristotle, Politics, Book I. Chap. V.

the Apostles accepted as facts, and for which they prescribed rules of action, as for a relation not incompatible with the Christian faith.

If Christianity had possessed no other weapons in its armory wherewith to contend with oppression than the instructions of its first teachers, it would long since have been compelled to abandon the field of reform to natural religion and the instinctive justice of mankind. Slavery in the age of Paul was no less unjust, and no more closely interwoven with commercial interests and social customs, than the slavery of modern times. Had the great Apostle to the Gentiles outgrown his misconception of the future, had the slavery of the Athenians stirred his soul as did their idolatry, how different might have been the speech on Mars' Hill. Recognizing the beneficent provisions for the slaves which already existed in the Athenian law, and referring to the proud boast of their favorite orator, that the condition of a slave at Athens was preferable to that of a freeman in other cities, how powerfully could he have urged them to finish the work which they had so well begun! Assenting to what their own Homer had said, when he affirmed that the slave was robbed of half his manhood, how eloquently could he have declared to them the whole of that Golden Rule of natural morality, which they had imperfectly apprehended, but which Jesus had proclaimed as the very corner-stone of Christian ethics!

But we must leave the writings and labors of the Apostles to glance for a moment at the wider field of general history. The claim that Christianity was chiefly instrumental in abolishing the systems of slavery in mediæval and modern Europe has been denied by many able historians and writers upon national law. The language of M. Guizot is emphatic on this point. "Slavery," he affirms, "subsisted a long time in the bosom of the Church, without any great horror or irritation being excited against it. It required a multitude of causes, a great development of other ideas, other principles of civilization, to abolish this evil of evils, this iniquity of iniquities."* Most of the antislavery writers upon this subject have over-

* Guizot's *History of Civilization in Europe*, Lecture VI.

estimated the influence of historical Christianity in mitigating and removing slavery, while they have generally overlooked its counterbalancing influence in justifying and continuing various forms of servitude. The same writers, in treating of the comparative effects of Christianity upon the institutions of society, have also disregarded the power of those *common motives* which have operated in every period of the world's history. Pity for the unfortunate, kindness to those who have rendered faithful service, and, above all, that sentiment of justice which, "emanating from the Divinity, has a place in the breast of every man," — who shall presume to estimate the influence of these natural principles of human action upon the great social wrong of the ages? In softening the rigors of slavery, in sanctioning the enlightened verdict of mankind against the enslavement of prisoners of war, and in reckoning emancipation among the meritorious acts of Christian piety, historical Christianity has not been without an influence in promoting the cause of freedom. But Liberty, which is older than Christianity, has waged perpetual warfare with every form of human bondage, gaining new successes with each advance of civilization and each new development of the religious consciousness.

The last form of servitude with which the Christian religion has had to contend is African slavery. The history of this is too familiar to need recital. Mr. Bancroft attributes its origin to the indiscriminate and retaliatory bigotry of the Christian nations of Europe, which felt no remorse at dooming the sons of Africa to bondage, in return for the enslavement of Christian captives by the Moors. But this practice of European nations was only the natural outgrowth of ideas which had long been cherished in the Church. Historical Christianity not only contributed to alter the law of nations by abolishing or mitigating slavery as between Europeans, but it also modified that law by introducing a new basis for chattel slavery.

"Among Christians," says Mr. Hurd, in his able work on the Law of Freedom and Bondage, "the right to enslave heathens and barbarians was almost universally supported, if the extension of the Christian faith and civilization were made the professed motive." Armed with warrant from the Church, encouraged by the authority of Popes, who "assumed the right to carve out the countries of the heathen, and bestow them

with their inhabitants upon Christian powers," meeting no opposition from the traditional morality of Apostles and Church Fathers, intrenched in the strongholds of laws and institutions, and gaining continually new strength from the avarice and cupidity of commerce, African slavery seemed to defy every attack of justice and religion. But the present century has witnessed its downfall in a large portion of Christendom, while, in those countries where the conflict is still raging, we see sure indications of its ultimate extinction. Various causes have combined to produce this result. That which the philanthropist has condemned as the "sum of all villanies," the economist has pronounced fatal to the prosperity of any nation. The political evils of slavery have called forth the energetic protest of statesmanship, while patriotism has been stirred by its insolent menace to something of that resolute heroism which belonged to it in the best periods of Greece and Rome. And the steady influence of those purer views of religious truth, which Bishop Hopkins has called the "daring and impious innovations of the nineteenth century," has been far more effectual in the cause of human freedom than the spasmodic action of individual prelates or churches.

Now, what is the Christianity which has produced these results? Is it any revealed economy of social life, once promulgated, and containing all the civic and social duties of man? Is it a scheme of morality once taught by Apostles, and to be forever interpreted in blind deference to its literal authority? Is it the collective creeds of Christendom, with their conflicting doctrines? Is it the Church, with its ceremonial and its traditional sacraments? What historian at the present day would presume so far to disregard the laws of evidence as to affirm that to one of these things, or to all combined, can justly be ascribed the glory of the triumphs so bravely won by freedom over slavery? But if Christianity be that divine force which forever impels mankind to holy living; if it embrace as parts of a progressive revelation all intuitions of moral and spiritual truth that were otherwise unknown; and if its authority come not by any "coercion of outward demonstration," but from its gracious appeals to man's religious consciousness;—then do we justly assert its name and power in these victories of Right.

ART. V.—THE RELIGIOUS LESSON OF RELIGIOUS
CONTROVERSY.

*Light in Darkness; or, Christ Discovered in his true Character by
a Unitarian.* Boston: Gould and Lincoln.

WE do not cite the title of this little book for the sake of controverting any of its positions, or of entering into that debate, so weary and so old, which it seems to invite. We are willing to accept it as the frank record of a personal experience, and the sincere utterance of a personal conviction. We are quite willing to believe, and to be glad in believing, that our friend has found "light in darkness," by accepting a form of doctrine from which our intellect steadily though quietly dissents. If strength is in fact given to those who struggle against the power of wrong, or comfort to those who faint under its burden, far from us the regret that they should have found it in a way we cannot travel with them: ours only the wish that strength and comfort as real may be found in our way too.

What we wish to call attention to is the remarkable and familiar fact, that the great joys of religious belief are often found—perhaps oftenest found—in close connection with some such radical change in the substance of belief. The reader of religious biographies must call to mind many cases which illustrate this fact, and which seem to show that the devout gratitude and joy depend very little on the form of faith abandoned, as on that received. The testimony which we get from these sources seems absolutely contradictory, as it comes from the converts of one or another creed; yet there is no reason to suspect its entire sincerity as its entire truth. It appears to point to a law of the religious life, which we propose very briefly to illustrate.

Undoubtedly, the first effect upon the mind of testimonies so contradictory and so sincere is to suggest the doubt whether there is, after all, any great difference in the amount of truth. Some of them, at least, must be mistaken, and all of them may be. It seems as if the only test of religious truth were the feelings of the believer in it, and as if about all forms of it had about the same amount of that proof. To persons who

stand entirely outside the sphere of religious experience, — who do not believe and feel themselves, but only reason on what they find other people believe and feel, — all such things will seem merely interior, subjective, emotional; as if the truth of religion had nothing to correspond to it in the world of reality, as the truth of science has, but its only world were in the heart. When we are told of the spaces of the sky, the motions of the stars, the law of growth in plants and animals, or the law of proportion in chemistry, we know that, with the proper instruments to observe them, we could see these things ourselves. But what (we say) is that religious truth, or doctrine, or opinion, which is proved only by the state of the believer's heart? — especially when the opposite of it is proved just as confidently, and accepted with just such devout gratitude and joy.

This is not only an honest conclusion, — it is also a natural conclusion, for those who *stand outside the circle of religious experience*. But as soon as one has entered into that circle, — as soon as he has felt for himself the awe and mystery of human life, — when he has been drawn within the circles of devout sympathy, of the affections, interests, and hopes that dwell in the heart of faith, — when he has felt contrition and penitence in the bitter sense of sin, and has known for himself the earnestness of moral struggle and the upward aspiration to holiness, — when the deeper things of human experience have come near him, — when he has been overtaken by calamity, or plunged in sorrow, or brought in weakness and humility in sight of the gates of death, — in a word, as soon as he has come into the sphere where religion is a thing not talked about and argued about, but felt and lived, — then all this has a different meaning. The opposite testimonies from the two sides do not show that the thing itself has no existence, — only that it is larger and grander than those on either side had thought. We can understand that the gratitude and gladness on either side may be real and sincere, and for a real thing. We can feel for ourselves that there is at least something very real and very glorious at the heart of this mystery of the universe and human life, if we could only find it out. We can well believe that each testifies in a broken and imperfect way

to the side of truth that has been shown him. And the thing seen thus imperfectly is so grand and glorious, that even these half-glimpses of it,—these fresh views of it got from a little shifting of the ground,—the new color and shape it shows in when the sun's rays strike it a little differently, or the eye has been trained to take in new aspects of it,—even this has power to call forth all the energy of the soul in thanksgiving and adoration, to recast a man's opinions, to change his sympathies and fellowships, and lead him to consecrate himself with devout gratitude and joy to lines of service wholly new.

As to the doctrine of the Trinity, for example,—the acceptance or else the rejection of which has so often seemed "light in darkness" to those in the joy of a new-found faith,—the thought will now and then occur, how vastly grander and deeper the real truth must be than the form of words in which either party seeks to state its holding of it. To say frankly for ourselves, no statement or "proof" of this doctrine we have ever seen has ever once suggested so much as the question to our mind whether it might perhaps be true. As to the interpretations of Scripture by which it is supported, they never have raised so much as a question or a doubt what the main sense of Scripture is: at most, they have shown it to be very doubtful what precise force certain phrases might have in the mind of those who wrote them. In one single point, its believers have appeared—at least, they have claimed—to have some advantage,—the personal, intimate, rapturous communion of the soul with God, manifested in the person of his Son. This language of theirs no doubt corresponds to something real in their experience. Intellectually, it does not put us in the least upon the way of recognizing the doctrine, even as one of the hypotheses to explain the transcendent mystery of the Divine nature, or its relation to the human soul. But spiritually, it teaches how shallow and imperfect at best our views of the Godhead are. It hints the defects and shortcomings of our own belief. It shows how imperfectly we have seized, how inadequately we have felt, the truth which to us is better expressed in other forms of thought. But often much of the effect is due simply to the

novelty of the position, and the new aspect in which old things are shown under a change of light. Let us imagine the case of a liberal Christian, perhaps a little cold and neutral in his religious creed; and let us suppose that by some process of conversion he should be led to embrace thoroughly any one of the doctrines he now rejects and condemns; it would show in a marvellous light some side, some trait, some phase of religious truth, which had grown dull and tame to him. If he could believe in the Orthodox heaven and hell, no doubt it would be with a more shuddering and awful sense of the eternal, impassable distance between truth and falsehood, good and evil, which yet his mind acknowledges clearly enough already. If he could believe in the Atonement, no doubt his gratitude to God would be heightened, and the sense of his infinite and compassionate mercies deepened, through that rendering of the symbol of the Cross; though his religious language now means enough to suggest all that gratitude and all that adoring love of the Divine goodness. And if he could with his mind apprehend and with his heart receive the cordial doctrine of the Trinity, no doubt his religious experience in so receiving it would be just what we have been told in the experience of others, converts to it. There is a side of the Divine nature, and of the soul's deeper life, whereby it is drawn to God, which through that symbol would be revealed to him far more vividly than now, or quickened in him to a stronger, a nobler, a more vigorous vitality.

But do we mean by this that it is a pity we cannot embrace opinions ratified by so much of the experience and testimony of the Christian world? No, we do not mean this at all. Truth—even such imperfect glimpses of it as may come direct to our vision—is certainly better than error; though partial error may be our way of seeing some neglected or forgotten truth. We all have enough, in the simplest thought of God we can possibly entertain, to waken us to veneration and praise; we have enough in our own life, smoothly as the course of it may flow, to stir within us at times the need of more perfect reconciliation and profounder trust. We have enough in our simplest rendering of the Gospel, or of the passages of human history impelled and interpreted by it, to

lead us to crave and welcome the power of the Christian salvation, and the healing virtue of the cross. By changes in life's experience, if not by changes in religious creed, the deeper things of the spirit may yet be shown to us. And if there is a joy in accepting the more solemn and startling and mysterious symbols of His infinite, unsounded truth, there is joy, too, in cherishing that truth in its simplicity, and in dwelling, glad and confident, in the calm sunlight of His ever-present Word.

A single word as to the book which has led to these remarks. There is one aspect of what is called Orthodox opinion which we regard with sincere respect and sympathy, however foreign from our own modes of thought,—that, namely, which illustrates some forgotten or unfamiliar phase of religious truth. We can well understand the joy with which one might receive the fresh conviction of it, and the real value it may have as an element in his personal experience. What we cannot understand, or respect, or pardon, is the spiritual arrogance which some persons affect, along with their change of creed,—as if, of itself, it brought them into a *safer* position respecting the ultimate destiny of the soul; as if, in short, a man's salvation should depend upon his creed, and of dissenters from it the damnation were sure. A pious, a sentimental, a speculative satisfaction we are glad that any man should find in the new opinions he has received; but does he therefore imply a judgment on the character or the doom of those from whom he has learned to differ? As to this question,—the only one which seems to us of any serious importance in the debate,—we observe no hint of answer in the volume before us. We propose it to the writer, in all frankness and respect. We all know the motive and the radical assumption of the old-school "Orthodoxy,"—namely, that the acceptance of it is, very literally, the only refuge from the doom of hell-fire everlastingly. We are loath to believe that any man of liberal culture, who has once professed a liberal faith, should have drifted into that frightful alternative. If *that* is the "light in darkness" which this writer has found, after his many years of travail, we have nothing to offer it but hostility, defiance, and contempt. If, on the other hand, it is the mental satisfaction

or the spiritual joy which he has in what he regards as a profounder and larger apprehension of the unfathomable truth of God, then we have no controversy together, but are simply critics and helpers of one another, seeing different phases of one "Liberal" faith, and accepting different shares in that grand task of exposition which requires all ages and all orders of thought for its full accomplishment.

ART. VI. — THE TWO CARLYLES, OR CARLYLE PAST AND PRESENT.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By THOMAS CARLYLE. In Four Volumes. Vol. IV. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1864.

WE have here a fourth volume, in five hundred pages, of Carlyle's *Frederick the Great*, by which the story is brought down to 1757, and to the end of the first campaign in the Seven Years' War. At the rate at which the work has hitherto proceeded, it will take four more volumes to complete it. We should not much object to this prolixity, if the biography was written in the earlier manner of its author, as in those wonderful pictures of the French Revolution. But, alas! the present Thomas Carlyle is not *that* Carlyle. As we plod on, with determined effort, through these tangles, this swamp, where no path is to be seen, we say, Can this be really the work of that child of genius, whose words once shone with auroral light, who could look a subject out of confusion into order, whose every sentence we prized, whose lightest phrase had a precious worth? Ah! how changed, to become the author of this "*History of Frederick the Great*," a history into which he seems to have emptied his old note-books haphazard, and which can best be described in his own language concerning another History: — "It has, in truth, nothing historical about it; but is a mere aggregate of Dissertations, Translations, Notices and Notes, bound together indeed by the circumstance that they are all about Frederick the Great, — also by the sequence of time, and

still more strongly by bookseller's packthread; but by no other sufficient tie whatever. The authentic title should be, 'General Jail-Delivery of all Publications and Manuscripts, original or translated, composed or borrowed, on the subject of Frederick the Great, &c.'" Or is it too much to apply to this book about Frederick what its author says of another Biography? — "This biographical work is a monstrous quarry, or mound of shot-rubbish, in eight strata, hiding valuable matter, which he that seeks may find. Its author, having access to all manner of archives and secret records, and working therein long years with unwearied interest, has made himself piously at home in all corners of the matter. He brings to light things new and old, — now precious illustrative private documents, now the poorest public heaps of mere pamphleteer and parliamentary matter, — and jumbles and tumbles the whole together with such reckless clumsiness, with such endless copiousness, as gives the reader many a pang. The very pains bestowed on it are often perverse, — the whole is become so hard, heavy, unworkable, except in the sweat of one's brow." Or, to go yet again to our author for a criticism on his own book; take what he has said elsewhere of the Koran: "A wearisome, confused jumble, crude, incondite; endless iterations, long-windedness, entanglement; most crude, incondite; — insupportable —" Well, we will stop before quoting the next word.

In Thomas Carlyle's earlier days, when he followed a better inspiration than his present, — when his writings were steeped, not in cynicism, but in the pure human love of his fellow-beings, — in the days when he did not worship Force, but Truth and Goodness, — in those days, it was the fashion of critics to pass the most sweeping censures on his writings as "affected," "unintelligible," extravagant." But he worked his way on, in spite of that superficial criticism, — he won for himself an audience, he gained renown, he became authentic. *Now*, the same class of critics admire and praise whatever he writes. For the rule with most critics is that of the bully in school and college, — to tyrannize over the new boys, to abuse the strangers, but to treat with respect whoever has bravely fought his way into a recognized position. "Hit him! he has

no friends!" is their maxim. Carlyle has fought his way into the position of a great literary chief, — so now he may be ever so stupid, ever so careless, ever so wilful, and he will be spoken of in high terms by all Monthlies and Quarterlies. When he deserved admiration, he was treated with cool contempt; now that he deserves the sharpest criticism, not only for his false moral position, but for his gross literary sins, the critics, we observe, all treat him with deference and respect. It may therefore be necessary, before proceeding to a discussion of Mr. Carlyle's past and present position, to justify what we have said concerning this history by a few remarks.

But let us say beforehand, that we can never write of Thomas Carlyle with bitterness. We have received too much good from him in past days. He is our "Lost Leader," but we have loved and honored him as few men were ever loved and honored. It is therefore with tenderness, and not any cold, indifferent criticism, that we find fault with him now. We shall always be grateful to the real Carlyle, the old Carlyle of "Sartor Resartus," of the "French Revolution," of the "Life of Schiller," of "Heroes and Hero-Worship," and of that long and noble series of articles in the *Edinburgh*, *Foreign Review*, *Westminster*, and *Frazer*, each of which illuminated some theme, and threw the glory of genius over whatever his mind touched or his pencil drew.

Carlyle's "Frederick the Great" seems to us a badly written book. Let us confine ourselves to the present volume, containing the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth chapters. Nothing in these chapters is brought out clearly. When we have finished the volume, the mind is filled with a confusion of vague images. We know that Mr. Carlyle is not bound to "provide us with brains" as well as with a history, but neither was he so bound in other days. Yet no such confusion was left after reading the "French Revolution." How brilliantly distinct was every leading event, every influential person, every pathetic or poetic episode, in that charmed narrative." Who can forget Carlyle's account of the "Menads," the King's "Flight to Varennes," the Constitutions that "would not march," the "September Massacres," "Charlotte

Corday," — every chief tragic movement, every grotesque episode, moving forward, distinct and clear, to the final issue, "a whiff of grapeshot"? Is there anything like that in this confused "Frederick"?

Compare, for example, his chapters on Voltaire in the present volume with the article on Voltaire published in 1829.

The sixteenth book is devoted to the ten years of peace which followed the second Silesian war. These were from 1746 to 1756. The book contains fifteen chapters. Carlyle begins, in Chapter I., by lamenting that there is very little to be known or said about these ten years. "Nothing visible in them of main significance but a crash of authors' quarrels, and the crowning visit of Voltaire." Yet one would think that matter enough might be found in describing the immense activity of Friedrich, of which Macaulay says, "His exertions were such as were hardly to be expected from a human body or a human mind." During these years Frederick brought a seventh part of his people into the army, and organized and drilled it under his own personal inspection, till it became the finest in Europe. He compiled a code of laws, in which he, among the first, abolished torture. He made constant journeys through his dominions, examining the condition of manufactures, arts, commerce, and agriculture. He introduced the strictest economy into the expenditures of the state. He indulged himself, indeed, in various architectural extravagances at Berlin and Potsdam, — but otherwise saved every florin for his army. He wrote an epic poem on the "Art of War," and "Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg." But our author disdains to give us an account of these things. They are not picturesque, they can only be told in general terms, and Carlyle will tell us only what an eyewitness could see or a listener hear. Accordingly, instead of giving us an account of these great labors of his hero, he inserts (Chapter II.), "a peep at Voltaire and his divine Emilie"; "a visit to Frederick by Marshal Saxe"; (Chapter III.), a long account of Candidate Linsensbarth's visit to the King; "Sir Jonas Hanway stalks across the scene"; the lawsuit of Voltaire about the Jew Hirsch; "a demon news-writer gives an idea of Friedrich"; the quarrel of Voltaire

and Maupertuis; "Friedrich is visible in Holland to the naked eye for some minutes."

This is very unsatisfactory. Reports of eyewitnesses are, no doubt, picturesque and valuable; but only so, on condition of being properly arranged, and tending, in their use, toward some positive result. Then the tone of banter, of irony, almost of *persiflage*, is very discouraging. If the whole story of Friedrich is so unintelligible, uninteresting, or incommunicable, why take the trouble to write it? The *poco-curante* air with which he narrates, as though it were of no great consequence whether he told his story or not, contrasts wonderfully with his early earnestness. Carlyle writes this history like a man thoroughly *blasé*. Impossible for him to take any interest in it himself,—how then does he expect to interest us? Has he not himself told us, in his former writings, that the man who proposes to teach others anything must be good enough to believe it first himself?

Here, then, is the problem we have to solve. How came this change from the Carlyle of the Past to the Carlyle of the Present,—from Carlyle the universal believer to Carlyle the universal sceptic,—from him to whom the world was full of wonder and beauty, to him who can see in it nothing but Force on the one side and Shams on the other? What changed that tender, loving, brave soul into this hard cynic? And how was it, as Faith and Love faded out of him, that the life passed from his thought, the glory from his pen,—and the page, once alive with flashing ideas, turned into this confused heap of rubbish, in which silver spoons, old shoes, gold sovereigns, and copper pennies are pitched out promiscuously, for the patient reader to sift and pick over as he can? In reading the Carlyle of thirty years ago, we were like California miners,—come upon a rich *placer*, never before opened, where we could all become rich in a day. Now the reader of Carlyle is a *chiffonier*, raking in a heap of street-dust for whatever precious matters may turn up.

To investigate this question is our purpose now,—and in doing so we will consider, in succession, these two Carlyles.

I. It was about the year 1830 that readers of books in this vicinity became aware of a new power coming up in the literary

republic. Opinions concerning him varied widely. To some he seemed a Jack Cade, leader of rebels, foe to good taste and all sound opinions. Such was the view taken, among others, by Mr. Andrews Norton, who, in his "Select Journal of Foreign Literature," expressed no small dissatisfaction with Carlyle and his writings. Especially did his admiration for Goethe and for German literature seem to many preposterous and extravagant. It was said of them, that "the force of folly could no further go," — that they "constituted a burlesque too extravagant to be amusing." The tone of Carlyle was said to be of "unbounded assumption," — his language to be "obscure and barbarous," — his ideas composed of "extravagant paradoxes, familiar truths or familiar falsehoods," — "wildest extravagance and merest silliness."

But to others, and especially to the younger sort, this new writer came opening up unknown worlds of beauty and wonder. A strange influence, unlike any other, attracted us to his writing. Before we knew his name, we knew *him*. We could tell an article by our new author as soon as we opened the pages of the Foreign Review, Edinburgh, or Westminster, and read a few paragraphs. But it was not the style, though a singular freedom and originality marked the style, — not the tone of kindly humor, the good-natured irony, the happy illustrations brought from afar, — not the amount of literary knowledge, the familiarity with German, French, Italian, Spanish literature, — not any or all of these so bewitched us. We knew a young man who used to walk from a neighboring town to Boston, every week, in order to read over again two articles by Carlyle in two numbers of the Foreign Review lying on a table in the reading-room of the Athenæum. This was his food, in the strength of which he could go a week, till hunger drove him back to get another meal at the same table. We knew other young men and women who taught themselves German in order to read for themselves the authors made so luminous by this writer. Those were counted fortunate who possessed the works of our author, as yet unpublished in America, — his "Life of Schiller," his "German Romance," his Review Articles. What then was the charm, — whence the fascination?

To explain this we must describe a little the state of literature and opinion in this vicinity at the time that Carlyle's writings first made their appearance.

Unitarianism and Orthodoxy had fought their battle, and were resting on their arms. Each had intrenched itself in certain positions, each had won to its side most of those who legitimately belonged to it. Controversy had done all it could, and had come to an end. Among the Unitarians, the so-called "practical preaching" was in vogue; that is, ethical and moral essays, pointing out the goodness of being good, and the excellence of what was called "moral virtue." One Unitarian minister of those days is said to have commenced a sermon thus: "Without the virtue of piety, one can hardly hope to be acceptable to God." There was, no doubt, a body of original thinkers and writers,—better thinkers and writers, it may be, than we have now,—who were preparing the way for another advance. Channing had already unfolded his doctrine of man, of which the central idea was, that human nature was not to be moulded by religion, but to be developed by it. Walker, Greenwood, Ware, and their brave associates, were conducting this journal with unsurpassed ability. But something more was needed. The general character of preaching was not of a vitalizing character. It was much like what Carlyle says of preaching in England at the same period,—“The most enthusiastic Evangelicals do not preach a Gospel, but keep describing how it should and might be preached; to awaken the sacred fire of faith is not their endeavor; but at most, to describe how faith shows and acts, and scientifically to distinguish true faith from false.” It is “not the Love of God which is taught, but the love of the Love of God.”

In truth, the Unitarian reform had not gone deep enough. It had been a question of opinions, rather than principles and ideas. The common basis of both parties was the material philosophy of Locke, not the spiritual philosophy of earlier and later thinkers. Christianity was to be proved by miracles; miracles were to be proved by the testimony of the Evangelists; the Evangelists were proved good witnesses to the miracles by their evident honesty, their excellent oppor-

tunity for information, and an inspiration, more or less, which was rather assumed than verified. Christianity being thus proved true, it was regarded as a special revelation, a kind of message sent from God by Jesus, in order to teach us with authority some important truths in regard to God, Duty, and Immortality. To give more importance to this message, it was argued that we could know scarcely anything about the existence or character of God, or the fact of immortality, without a miraculous revelation. This revelation is contained for us in the New Testament, and notably in the Four Gospels. Being written by inspired Evangelists, who were also eye-witnesses, they are trustworthy. To be sure that these we possess are the genuine original Gospels, we have a "Catena," or chain of testimony, reaching back to the earliest centuries, collected and arranged for us by Doctor Lardner and Arch-deacon Paley.

This was the basis of Christianity, according to both parties, Orthodox and Unitarian,—a theory held as firmly by Andrews Norton as by Dr. Dwight or Moses Stuart,—taught in the Divinity School at Cambridge, as well as that at Andover. Some room was granted in this argument to the "Internal Evidences," but these were admitted only to reinforce the other.

According to this theory, God was outside of the world, at a distance from his children, and obliged to communicate with them in this indirect way, by breaking through the walls of natural law with an occasional miracle. There was no door by which he could enter into the sheepfold to his sheep. Miracles were represented, even by Dr. Channing, as abnormal, as "violations of the laws of nature"; something, therefore, unnatural and monstrous, and not to be believed except on the best evidence. God could not be supposed to break through the walls of this house of nature, except in order to speak to his children on some great occasions. That he had done it, in the case of Christianity, could be proved by the eleven volumes of Dr. Lardner, which showed the Four Gospels to have been written by the companions of Christ, and not otherwise.

The whole of this singularly artificial theory rested, it will

be observed, on a sensuous system of mental philosophy. "All knowledge comes through the senses," was its foundation. Revelation, like every other form of knowledge, must come through the senses. A miracle, which appeals to the sight, touch, hearing, is the only possible proof of a Divine act. For, in the last analysis, all our theology rests on our philosophy. Theology, being belief, must proceed according to those laws of belief, whatever they are, which we accept and hold. The man who thinks that all knowledge comes through the senses must receive his theological knowledge also that way, and no other. This was the general opinion thirty or forty years ago; hence this theory of Christianity, which supposes that God is obliged to break his own laws in order to communicate it.

But the result of this belief was evil in the last degree. It made our religion formal, our worship a mere ceremony,—it made real communication with God impossible,—it turned prayer into a self-magnetizing operation,—it left us virtually "without God and hope in the world." Thanks to Him who never leaves himself without a witness in the human heart, this bad theory was everywhere nullified in practice by the irrepressible instincts which it denied, by the spiritual intuitions which it ridiculed. Even Professor Norton, the chief champion of this theory, had a heart steeped in the sweetest piety. Denying, intellectually, all intuitions of God, Duty, and Immortality, his beautiful and tender hymns show the highest spiritual insight. Still it cannot be denied that this theory always tended to dry up the fountains of religious faith in the human heart, and to leave us in a merely mechanical and unspiritualized world.

/ Now the first voice which came to break this evil enchantment which held us all was, to many, the voice of Thomas Carlyle. It needed for this end, it always needs, a man who could come face to face with Truth. Every great idol-breaker, every man who has delivered the world from the yoke of Forms, has been one who was able to see the substance of things, who was gifted with the insight of realities. Forms of worship, forms of belief, at first the channels of life, through which the Living Spirit flowed into human

hearts, at last became petrified, incrustated, choked. A few drops of the vital current still ooze slowly through them, and our parched lips, sucking these few drops, cling all the more closely to the form as it becomes less and less a vehicle of life. The poorest word, old and trite, is precious when there is no open vision. We do well continually to resort to the half-dead form, "till the day dawn, and the day-star arise in our hearts."

But at last there comes a man capable of dispensing with the form, — some man endowed with a high degree of intuitive faculty, — a born seer, a prophet, seeing the great realities of the universe with open vision. The work of such a man is to break up the old formulas and introduce new light and life. This work was done for the Orthodox thirty years ago by the writings of Coleridge; for the Unitarians in this vicinity, by the writings of Thomas Carlyle.

This was the secret of the enthusiasm felt for Carlyle, in those days, by so many of the younger men and women. He taught us to look at realities instead of names, at substance instead of surface, — to see God in the world, in nature, in life, in providence, in man, — to see divine truth and beauty and wonder everywhere around. He taught that the only organ necessary by which to see the divine in all things was sincerity, or inward truth. And so he enabled us to escape from the form into the spirit, he helped us to rise to that plane of freedom from which we could see the divine in the human, the infinite in the finite, God in man, heaven on earth, immortality commencing here, eternity pervading time. This made to us a new heaven and a new earth, a new religion and a new life. We had become capable again of religion. Faith was once more possible, and a faith which should not be bought by the renunciation of mature reason or the beauty and glory of the present hour.

But all this was taught us by our new prophet, not by the intellect merely, but by the spirit in which he spoke. He did not seem to be giving us a new creed, so much as inspiring us with a new life. That which came from his experience went into ours. Therefore it might have been difficult, in those days, for any of his disciples to state what it was that they had

learned from him. They had not learned his doctrine, — they had absorbed it. It was like eating the flesh and drinking the blood of a teacher. Hence, very naturally, came the numerous imitations of Carlyle, which so disgusted the members of the old school. Hence the absurd Carlylish writing, the feeble imitations by honest, but weak disciples of the great master. It was a pity, but not unnatural, and it soon passed by.

As Carlyle thus did his work, not so much by direct teaching as by an influence hidden in all that he said, it did not much matter on what subject he wrote, — the influence was there still. But his articles on Goethe were the most attractive, because he asserted that in this patriarch of German literature he had found one who saw in all things their real essence, one whose majestic and trained intelligence could interpret to us in all parts of nature and life the inmost quality, the *terza essenza*, as the Italian Platonists called it, which made each itself. Goethe was announced as the prophet of Realism. He, it should seem, had perfectly escaped from words into things. He saw the world, not through dogmas, traditions, formulas, but as it was in itself. To him

“the world’s unwithered countenance
Was fresh as on creation’s day.”

Consider the immense charm of such hopes as these ! No wonder that the critics complained that the disciples of Carlyle were “insensible to ridicule.” What did they care for the laughter, which seemed to them, in their enthusiasm, like “the crackling of thorns under the pot.” Ridicule, in fact, never touches the sincere enthusiast. It is a very good and useful weapon against affectation, but it falls, shivered to pieces, from the magic breastplate of truth. No sincere person, at work in a cause which he knows to be important, ever minds being laughed at.

But besides his admirable discussions of Goethe, Carlyle’s “Life of Schiller” opened the portals of German literature, and made an epoch in biography and criticism. It was a new thing to read a biography written with such enthusiasm, — to find a critic who could really write with reverence and tender love of the poet whom he criticised. Instead of taking his seat on the judicial bench, and calling his author up before

him to be judged as a culprit, Carlyle walks with Schiller through the circles of his poems and plays, as Dante goes with Virgil through the *Inferno* and *Paradiso*. He accepts the great poet as his teacher and master,* a thing unknown before in all criticism. It was supposed that a biographer would become a mere Boswell if he looked up to his hero, instead of looking down on him. It was not understood that it was that "angel of the world," Reverence, which had exalted even a poor, mean, vain fool, like Boswell, and enabled him to write one of the best books ever written. It was not his reverence for Johnson which made Boswell a fool,—his reverence for Johnson made him a fool capable of writing one of the best books of modern times.

This capacity of reverence in Carlyle — this power of perceiving a divine, infinite quality in human souls — tinges all his biographical writing with a deep religious tone. He wrote of Goethe, Schiller, Richter, Burns, Novalis, even Voltaire, with reverence. He could see their defects easily enough, he could playfully expose their little weaknesses; but beneath all was the sacred undertone of reverence for the divine element in each,—for that which God had made and meant them to be, and which they had realized more or less imperfectly in the struggle of life. The difference between the reverence of a Carlyle and that of a Boswell is, that one is blind and the other intelligent. The one worships his hero down to his shoes and stockings, the other distinguishes the divine idea from its weak embodiment.

Two articles from this happy period — that on the "Signs of the Times," and that called "Characteristics"—indicate some of his leading ideas concerning right thinking and right living. In the first, he declares the present to be an age of mechanism,—not heroic, devout, or philosophic. All things are done by machinery. "Men have no faith in individual endeavor or natural force," says he. Metaphysics has become material. Government is a machine. All this he thinks evil. The liv-

* "Tu se' lo mio maestro, e 'l mio autore,
O degli altri poeti onore e lume."

ing force is in the individual soul,—not mechanic, but dynamic. Religion is a calculation of expediency, not an impulse of worship; no thousand-voiced psalm from the heart of man to his invisible Father, the Fountain of all goodness, beauty, and truth, but a contrivance by which a small quantum of earthly enjoyment may be exchanged for a much larger quantum of celestial enjoyment.” “Virtue is pleasure, is profit.” “In all senses we worship and follow after power, which may be called a physical pursuit.” (Ah, Carlyle of the Present! does not that wand of thine old true self touch thee?) “No man now loves truth, as truth must be loved, with an infinite love; but only with a finite love, and, as it were, *par amours*.”

In the other article, “Characteristics,” printed two years later, in 1831, he unfolds the doctrine of “Unconsciousness” as the sign of health in soul as well as body. He finds society sick everywhere; he finds its religion, literature, science, all diseased, yet he ends the article, as the other was ended, in hope of a change to something better.

These two articles may be considered as an introduction to his next great work, “Sartor Resartus,” or the “Clothes-Philosophy.” Here, in a vein of irony and genial humor, he unfolds his doctrine of substance and form. The object of all thought and all experience is to see through the clothes to the living being beneath them. According to his book, all human institutions are the clothing of society; language is the garment of thought, the heavens and earth the time-vesture of the Eternal. So, too, are religious creeds and ceremonies the clothing of religion; so are all symbols the vesture of some idea; so are the crown and sceptre the vesture of government. This book is the autobiography of a seeker for truth. In it he is led from the shows of things to their innermost substance, and, as in all his other writings, he teaches here also that sincerity, truthfulness, is the organ by which we are led to the solid rock of reality, which underlies all shows and shams.

II. We now come to treat of Carlyle in his present aspect, — a much less agreeable task. We leave Carlyle the generous and gentle, for Carlyle the hard cynic. We leave him, the friend of man, lover of his race, for another Carlyle, advocate

of negro slavery, worshipper of mere force, sneering at philanthropy, and admiring only tyrants, despots, and slaveholders. The change, and the steps which led to it, chronologically and logically, it is our business to scrutinize, — not a grateful occupation indeed, but possibly instructive and useful.

Thomas Carlyle, after spending his previous life in Scotland, and from 1827 to 1834 in his solitude at Craigenputtoch, removed to London in the latter year, when thirty-eight years old. Since then he has permanently resided in London, in a house situated on one of the quiet streets running at right angles with the Thames. He came to London almost an unknown man; he has there become a great name and power in literature. He has had for friends such men as John Stuart Mill, Sterling, Maurice, Leigh Hunt, Browning, Thackeray, and Emerson. His "French Revolution" was published in 1837; "Sartor Resartus" (published in Frazer in 1833, and in Boston in a volume in 1836) was put forth collectively in 1838; and in the same year his "Miscellanies" (also collected and issued in Boston in 1838) were published in London, in four volumes. "Chartism" was issued in 1839. He gave four courses of Lectures in Willis's rooms "to a select but crowded audience," in 1837, 1838, 1839, and 1840. Only the last of these — "Heroes and Hero-Worship" — was published. "Past and Present" followed in 1843, "Oliver Cromwell" in 1845. In 1850 he issued "Latter-Day Pamphlets," and subsequently his "Life of Sterling" (1851), and the four volumes, now issued, of "Frederick the Great."

The first evidence of his altered tendency is perhaps to be traced in the "French Revolution." It is a noble and glorious book; but, as one of his friendly critics has said, "its philosophy is contemptuous and mocking, and it depicts the varied and gigantic characters which stalk across the scene, not so much as responsible and living mortals, as the mere mechanical implements of some tremendous and irresistible destiny." In "Heroes and Hero-Worship" the habit has grown of revering mere will, rather than calm intellectual and moral power. The same thing is shown in "Past and Present," in "Cromwell," and in "Latter-Day Pamphlets," which the critic quoted above says is "only remarkable as a violent

imitation of himself, and not of his better self." For the works of this later period, indeed, the best motto would be that verse from Daniel : " He shall exalt himself, and magnify himself, and speak marvellous things ; neither shall he regard the God of his fathers, but in his stead shall he honor the GOD OF FORCES, a god whom his fathers knew not."

Probably this apostasy from his better faith had begun, before this, to show itself in conversation. At least Margaret Fuller, in a letter dated 1846, finds herself in his presence admiring his brilliancy, but " disclaiming and rejecting almost everything he said." " For a couple of hours," says she, " he was talking about poetry, and the whole harangue was one eloquent proclamation of the defects in his own mind." " All Carlyle's talk, another evening," says she, " was a defence of mere force, — success the test of right ; if people would not behave well, put collars round their necks ; find a hero, and let them be his slaves." " Mazzini was there, and, after some vain attempts to remonstrate, became very sad. Mrs. Carlyle said to me, ' These are but opinions to Carlyle ; but to Mazzini, who has given his all, and helped bring his friends to the scaffold, in pursuit of such subjects, it is a matter of life and death.' "

As this mood of Mr. Carlyle comes out so strongly in the " Latter-Day Pamphlets," it is perhaps best to dwell on them at greater leisure.

The first is " The Present Time." In this he describes Democracy as inevitable, but as utterly evil ; calls for a government ; finds most European governments, that of England included, to be shams and falsities, — no-government, or drifting, to be a yet greater evil. The object, he states, is to find the noblest and best men to govern. Democracy fails to do this ; for universal balloting is not adequate to the task. Democracy answered in the old republics, when the mass were slaves, but will not answer now. The United States are no proof of its success, for (1st) anarchy is avoided merely by the quantity of cheap land, and (2d) the United States have produced no spiritual results, but only material. Democracy in America is no-government, and " its only feat is to have produced eighteen millions of the greatest *bored* ever

seen in the world." Mr. Carlyle's plan, therefore, is to find, somehow, the *best man* for a ruler, to make him a despot, to make the mass of the English and Irish slaves, to beat them if they will not work, to shoot them if they still refuse. The only method of finding this best man, which he suggests, is to *call for him*. Accordingly, Mr. Thomas Carlyle *calls*, saying, "Best man, come forward, and govern."

The sum, therefore, of his recipe for the diseases of the times is SLAVERY.

The second pamphlet is called "Model Prisons," and the main object of this is to ridicule all attempts at helping men by philanthropy or humanity. The talk of "Fraternity" is nonsense, and must be drummed out of the world. Beginning with model prisons, he finds them much too good for the "scoundrels" who are shut up there. He would have them whipped and hung (seventy thousand in a year, we suppose, as in bluff King Harry's time, with no great benefit therefrom). "Revenge," he says, "is a right feeling against bad men,—only the excess of it wrong." The proper thing to say to a bad man is, "Caitiff, I hate thee." "A collar round the neck, and a cart-whip over the back," is what he thinks would be more just to criminals than a model prison. The whole effort of humanity should be to help the industrious and virtuous poor, the criminals should be swept out of the way, whipt, enslaved, or hung. As for human brotherhood, he does not admit brotherhood with "scoundrels." Particularly disgusting to him is it to hear this philanthropy to bad men called Christianity. Christianity, he thinks, does not tell us to love the bad, but to hate them as God hates them. According, probably, to his private expurgated version of the Gospel, "that ye may be the children of your Father in heaven, whose sun only rises on the good, and whose rain falls only on the just."

"Downing Street" and "New Downing Street" are fiery tirades against the governing classes in England. Mr. Carlyle says (according to his inevitable refrain), that England does not want a reformed Parliament, a body of talkers, but a reformed Downing Street, a body of workers. He describes the utter imbecility of the English government, and calls loudly for some able man to take its place. Two passages are worth

quoting; the first as to England's aspect in her foreign relations, which is quite as true for 1864 as for 1854.

"How it stands with the Foreign Office, again, one still less knows. Seizures of Sapienza, and the like sudden appearances of Britain in the character of Hercules-Harlequin, waving, with big bully-voice, her sword of sharpness over field-mice, and in the air making horrid circles (horrid Catherine-wheels and death-disks of metallic terror from said huge sword) to see how they will like it. Hercules-Harlequin, the Attorney Triumphant, the World's Busybody!"

Or see the following description of the sort of rulers who prevail in England, no less than in America:—

"If our government is to be a No-Government, what is the matter who administers it? Fling an orange-skin into St. James Street, let the man it hits be your man. He, if you bend him a little to it, and tie the due official bladders to his ankles, will do as well as another this sublime problem of balancing himself upon the vortexes, with the long loaded pole in his hand, and will, with straddling, painful gestures, float hither and thither, walking the waters in that singular manner for a little while, till he also capsizes, and be left floating feet uppermost, — after which you choose another."

Concerning which we may say, that if this is the result of monarchy and aristocracy in England, we can stick a little longer to our democracy in America. Mr. Carlyle says that the object of all these methods is to find the ablest man for a ruler. He thinks our republican method very insufficient and absurd,—much preferring the English system,—and then tells us that this is the out-come of that; that you might as well select your ruler by throwing an orange-skin into the street as by the method taken in England.

Despotism, tempered by assassination, seems to be Carlyle's notion of a good government.

The pamphlet "*Stump-Orator*" is simply a bitter denunciation of all talking, speech-making, and writing as the curse of the time, and ends with the proposition to cut out the tongues of one whole generation, as an act of mercy to them and a blessing to the human race.

Thus this collection of "*Latter-Day Pamphlets*" consists of the bitterest cynicism. Carlyle sits in it, as in a tub, snarling at freedom, yelping at philanthropy, growling at the

English government, snapping at all men who speak or write, and ending with one long howl over the universal falsity and hollowness of mankind in general.

After which he proceeds to his final apotheosis of despotism pure and simple, in this "Life of Frederick the Great." Of this it is not necessary to say more than that Frederick, being a perfect despot, but a very able one, having plunged Europe into war in order to steal Silesia, is everywhere admired, justified, or excused by Carlyle, who reserves his rebukes and contempt for those who find fault with all this.

That, with these opinions, Carlyle should have taken sides with the slaveholders' conspiracy against the Union is not surprising. His sympathies were with them; first, as slaveholders, secondly, as aristocrats. He hates us because we are democrats, and he loves them because they are despots and tyrants. Long before the outbreak of the rebellion, he had ridiculed emancipation, and denounced as folly and evil the noblest deed of England,—the emancipation of her West India slaves. In scornful, bitter satire, he denounced England for keeping the fast which God had chosen, in undoing the heavy burdens, letting the oppressed go free, and breaking every yoke. He ridiculed the black man, and described the poor patient African as "Quashee, steeped to the eyes in pumpkin." In the hateful service of oppression he had already done his best to uphold slavery and discourage freedom. And while he fully believed in enslaving the laboring population, black or white, and driving it to work by the cart-whip, he as fully abhorred republicanism everywhere, and most of all in the United States. He had exhausted the resources of language in vilifying American institutions. It was a matter of course, therefore, that at the outbreak of this civil war all his sympathies should be with those who whip women and sell babies. And yet it did seem a little strange that, in his attempt to settle the question in a dozen lines, he should have been unable to tell the truth. He published, it will be remembered, in Macmillan's Magazine, in May, 1863, what he called "The American Iliad in a Nutshell." That he should admire the women-whipping chivalry was natural, that he should desire the destruction of the Union was to be expected; but that a

man who had spent his life in glorifying truth should condescend to falsify the facts in order to make out his case was rather pitiable. Yet this is what he said:—

"Ilias (Americana) in Nuce.

"Peter of the North (to Paul of the South). 'Paul, you unaccountable scoundrel, I find you hire your servants for life, not by the month or year, as I do! You are going straight to hell, you —!'

"Paul. 'Good words, Peter! The risk is my own; I am willing to take the risk. Hire you your servants by the month or the day, and get straight to heaven; leave me to my own method.'

"Peter. 'No, I won't. I will beat your brains out first!' (*And is trying dreadfully ever since, but cannot yet manage it.*)

"T. C."

"MAY, 1863."

This statement contains these falsehoods.

FALSEHOOD FIRST. *Slavery is only hiring a man for life.*

To hire a man for a day, a month, or for life, is to agree with him that he shall render you a certain definite service, and receive for it a certain compensation. Now the slaveholder makes no agreement with the slave, enters into no compact with him, and gives him what food, clothing, shelter, he sees fit to give,—no more and no less.

Again, the man who is hired gives his labor, but does not give himself. He cannot be bought or sold. If injured, he can break the contract by appealing to the laws. His wife cannot be taken from him, his children belong to him, not to his master. If he refuses to work, his master can compel him by appeal to the law, but he cannot whip him to death or burn him alive.

Such being the distinctions between hiring a man for life, and enslaving him, to call them the same thing, as it cannot be stupidity or ignorance, is simply a wilful falsehood on the part of our model truth-teller.

FALSEHOOD SECOND. *That the North attacked the South to make it leave off slaveholding.*

The question between the North and South was, whether slavery should be excluded or not from the territories belonging to the whole Union. Nobody proposed to abolish slavery in the States. As to that, we all agreed that the risk of Paul

was his own. The North elected a President who was pledged against allowing slavery to go into the territories. Thereupon the South rebelled, attacked Fort Sumter, took by force the United States forts, arsenals, ammunition, and began the war.

This Carlyle calls Peter of the North trying to beat out Paul's brains, to make him leave off "hiring his servants for life."

How is it that this great change should have taken place? Men change,—but not often in this way. The ardent reformer often hardens into the stiff conservative. The radical in religion is very likely to join the Catholic Church. If a Catholic changes his religion, he goes over to atheism. To swing from one extreme to another, is a common experience. But it is a new thing to see calmness in youth, violence in age,—to find the young man wise and all-sided, the old man bigoted and narrow. But such has been the course with Carlyle.

We think the explanation to be this.

Thomas Carlyle from the beginning has not shown the least appreciation of the essential thing in Christianity. Brought up in Scotland, inheriting from Calvinism a sense of truth, a love of justice, and a reverence for the Jewish Bible, he has never passed out of Judaism into Christianity. To him, Oliver Cromwell is the best type of true religion. Inflexible justice is the best attribute of God or man. He is a worshipper of Jehovah, not of the God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ. He sees in God truth and justice; he does not see in him love. He is himself a prophet after the type of Elijah and John the Baptist. He is the voice crying in the wilderness; and we may say of him, therefore, as was said of his prototype, "He was a burning and a shining light, and ye were willing, for a season, to rejoice in his light,"—but not always,—not now.

Carlyle does not, indeed, claim to be a Jew, or to reject Christ. On the contrary, he speaks of him with very sincere respect. He seems, however, to know nothing of him but what he has read in Goethe about the "worship of sorrow."

The Gospel appears to him to be, essentially, a worship of sorrow. That Christ "came to save sinners," — of that Carlyle has not the faintest idea. To him the notion of "saving sinners" is only "rose-water philanthropy." He does not wish them saved, he wishes them damned, — swept into hell as soon as convenient.

But now, as everything which is real has two sides, — that of *truth* and that of *love*, — it always happens that he who only sees *one* at last ceases even to see that. All goodness, to Carlyle, is truth, — in man being sincerity, or love of reality, sight of the actual facts, — in God being justice, divine adherence to law, infinite guidance of the world and of every human soul according to a strict and inevitable rule of righteousness. At first this seems to be a providence, — and Carlyle has everywhere, in the earlier epoch, shown full confidence in Providence. But believe only in justice and truth, — omit the doctrine of forgiveness, redemption, salvation, — and faith in Providence becomes sooner or later a dark despairing fatalism. The dark problem of evil remains insoluble without the doctrine of redemption.

So it was that Carlyle, seeing at first the chief duty of man to be the worship of reality, the love of truth, — next made that virtue to consist in sincerity, or being in earnest. Truth was being true to one's self. In this lay the essence of heroism. So that Burns, being sincere and earnest, was a hero, — Odin was a hero, — Mohammed was a hero, — Cromwell was a hero, — Mirabeau and Danton were heroes, — and Frederick the Great was a hero. That which was first the love of truth, and caused him to reverence the calm intellectual force of Schiller and Goethe, soon became earnestness and sincerity, and then became power. For the proof of earnestness is power. So from power, by eliminating all love, all tenderness, as being only rose-water philanthropy, he at last became a worshipper of mere will, of force in its grossest form. So he illustrates those lines of Shakespeare in which this process is so well described. In "*Troilus and Cressida*" Ulysses is insisting on the importance of keeping everything in its place, and giving to the best things and persons their due priority. Otherwise, says he, mere force will govern all things.

"Strength would be lord of imbecility," —

as Carlyle indeed openly declares that it ought to be, —

"And the rude son should strike his father dead,"

which Carlyle does not quite approve of in the case of Dr. Francia. But why not, if you maintain that strength is the measure of justice?

"Force should be right ; or, rather, right and wrong
(Between whose endless jar justice resides)
Should lose their names, and so should justice, too.
*Then everything includes itself in power,
Power into will, will into appetite ;
And appetite, an universal wolf,
So doubly seconded with will and power,
Must make perforce an universal prey,
And, last, eat up himself.*"

Just so, in the progress of Carlyle's literary career, first, force became right, — then, everything included itself in power, — next, power was lost in will, and will in mere caprice or appetite. From his admiration for Goethe, as the type of intellectual power, he passed to the praise of Cromwell as the exponent of will, and then to that of Frederick, whose appetite for plunder and territory was seconded by an iron will and the highest power of intellect ; but whose ambition devoured himself, his country, and its prosperity, in the mad pursuit of victory and conquest.

The explanation, therefore, of our author's lapse, is simply this, that he worshipped truth divorced from love, and so ceased to worship truth, and fell into the idolatry of mere will. Truth without love is not truth, but hard, wilful opinion, just as love without truth is not love, but weak good-nature and soft concession.

Carlyle has no idea of that sublime feature of Christianity, which shows to us God caring more for the one sinner who repents than the ninety and nine just persons which need no repentance. To him one just person deserves more care than ninety-nine sinners. Yet it is strange that he did not learn from his master, Goethe, this essential trait of the Gospel. For Goethe in a work translated by Carlyle himself, distinguishes between the three religions thus. The ethnic or

Gentile religions, he says, reverence *what is above us*, — the religion of the philosopher reverences *what is on our own level*, — but Christianity reverences *what is beneath us*. “This is the last step,” says Goethe, “which mankind were destined to attain, — to recognize humility and poverty, mockery and despite, disgrace and wretchedness, as divine, — nay, *even on sin and crime to look not as hinderances, but to honor and love them as furtherances of what is holy.*”

On sin and crime, as we have seen, Carlyle looks with no such tenderness. He would bring back the methods of King Harry, and hang seventy thousand criminals every year, if we may trust his own declarations. But if he does not care for the words of *Christ*, teaching us that we must forgive if we hope to be forgiven, if he does not care for the words of his master, Goethe, he might at least remember his own exposition of this doctrine in an early work, where he shows that the poor left to perish by disease infect a whole community, and declares that the safety of all is involved in the safety of the humblest.

In 1840, when he wrote “Chartism,” Carlyle seems to have known better than he did in 1855, when he wrote these Latter-Day Pamphlets. *Then* he said : —

“To believe practically that the poor and luckless are here only as a nuisance to be abraded and abated, and in some permissible manner made away, and swept out of sight, is not an amiable faith.”

Of Ireland, too, he said : —

“We English pay, even now, the bitter smart of long centuries of injustice to Ireland.” “It is the feeling of *injustice* that is insupportable to all men. The brutalest black African feels it, and cannot bear that he should be used unjustly. No man can bear it, or ought to bear it.”

This seems like the “rose-water philanthropy” which he subsequently so much disliked. In this book also he speaks of a “seven years’ Silesian robber-war,” — we trust not intending to call his beloved Frederick a robber ! And again he proposes, as one of the best things to be done in England, to have all the people taught by government to read and write, — the same thing which this American democracy, in which he could see not one good thing, has been so long doing. That was the

plan by which England was to be saved, — a plan first suggested in England in 1840, — adopted and acted on in America for two hundred years.

But just as love separated from truth becomes hatred, so *truth* by itself — truth *not* tempered and fulfilled by love — runs sooner or later into falsehood. *Truth*, after a while, becomes dogmatism, overbearing assertion, wilful refusal to see and hear other than one's own belief; that is to say, it becomes falsehood. Such has been the case with our author. On all the subjects to which he has committed himself he closes his eyes, and refuses to see the other side. Like his own symbol, the mighty Bull, he makes his charge *with his eyes shut*.

Determined, for example, to *rehabilitate* such men as Mirabeau, Cromwell, Frederick, and Frederick's father, he does thorough work, and defends or excuses all their enormities, palliating whenever he cannot justify.

What can we call this which he says (Frederick the Great, Vol. II. p. 223) concerning the execution of Lieutenant Katte, by order of old King Friedrich Wilhelm? Tired of the tyranny of his father, tired of being kicked and caned, the young prince tried to escape. He was caught and held as a deserter from the army, and his father tried to run him through the body. Lieutenant Katte, who had aided him in getting away, having been kicked and caned, was sent to a court-martial to be tried. The court-martial found him not guilty of deserting, but intending to desert, and sentenced him to two years' imprisonment. Whereupon the king went into a rage, and declared that Katte had committed high treason, and ordered him to be executed. Whereupon Carlyle thus writes: —

“Never was such a transaction before or since in modern history,” cries the angry reader; ‘cruel, like the grinding of human hearts under millstones; like —’ Or, indeed, like the doings of the gods, which are cruel, but not that alone.”

In other words, Carlyle cannot make up his mind frankly to condemn this atrocious murder, and call it by its right name. He must needs try to sophisticate us by talking about “the doings of the gods.” Because Divine Providence takes men out of the world in various ways, it is therefore allowable to a

king, provided he be a hero grim enough and "earnest" enough, to kick men, cane them, and run them through the body when he pleases; and after having sent a man to be tried by court-martial, if the court acquits him, to order him to be executed by his own despotic will. A truth-telling Carlyle ought to have said, "I admit this is murder; but I like the old fellow, and so I will call it right." A Carlyle grown sophistical mumbles something about its being like "the doings of the gods," and leaves off with that small attempt at humbug. Be brave, my men, and defend my Lord Jeffreys next for bullying juries into hanging prisoners. Was not Jeffreys "grim" too? In fact, are not most murderers "grim"?

We have had occasion formerly, in this journal, to examine the writings of another very positive and clear-headed thinker,—Mr. Henry James. Mr. James is, in his philosophy, the very antithesis of Carlyle. With equal fervor of thought, with a like vehemence of style, with a somewhat similar contempt for his opponents, Mr. James takes exactly the opposite view of religion and duty. As Carlyle preaches the law, and the law alone, maintaining justice as the sole Divine attribute, so Mr. James preaches the Gospel only, denying totally that to the Divine Mind any distinction exists between saint and sinner, unless that the sinner is somewhat more of a favorite than the saint. He maintains the Irishman's doctrine, that "one man is as good as another, and better too." We did not, do not, agree with Mr. James in his antinomianism;—as between him and Carlyle, we think his doctrine far the truer and nobler. He stands on a higher plane, and sees much the farther. A course of reading in Mr. James's books might, we think, help our English cynic not a little.

God is the perfect harmony of justice and love. His justice is warmed through and through with love, his love is sanctified and made strong by justice. And so, in Christ, perfect justice was fulfilled in perfect love. But in him first was fully revealed, in this world, this Divine fatherly tenderness to the lost, to the sinner, to those lowest down and farthest away. In him was taught that our own redemption from evil does not lie in despising and hating men worse than ourselves, but in saving them. The hard Pharisaic justice of Carlyle may call

this "rose-water philanthropy," but till he accepts it from his heart, and repents of his contempt for his fallen fellow-men, till he learns to love "scoundrels," there is no hope for him. He lived once in the heaven of reverence, faith, and love; he has gone from it into the hell of Pharisaic scorn and contempt. Till he comes back out of that, there is no hope for him.

But such a noble nature cannot be thus forever lost. He will one day, let us trust, worship the Divine love which he now abhors. Cromwell asked, on his death-bed, "if those once in a state of grace could fall," and being assured not, said, "I am safe then, for I am sure I was once in a state of grace." There is a truth in this doctrine of the perseverance of saints. Some truths once fully seen, even though afterward rejected by the mind and will, stick like a barbed arrow in the conscience, tormenting the soul till they are again accepted and obeyed. Such a truth Carlyle once saw, in the great doctrine of reverence for the fallen and the sinful. He will see it again, if not in this world, then in some other world.

The first Carlyle was an enthusiast, the last Carlyle is a cynic. From enthusiasm to cynicism, from the spirit of reverence to the spirit of contempt, the way seems long, but the condition of arriving is simple. Discard LOVE, and the whole road is passed over. Divorce love from truth, and truth ceases to be open and receptive, — ceases to be a positive function, turns into acrid criticism, bitter disdain, cruel and hollow laughter, empty of all inward peace. Such is the road which Carlyle has passed over, from his earnest, hopeful youth to his bitter old age. His only use to us now is in this moral which we have attempted to draw from his career.

Thus Carlyle fulfilled for many, during these years, the noble work of a mediator. By reverence and love he saw what was divine in nature, in man, and in life. By the profound sincerity of his heart, his worship of all reality, his hatred of all falsehood, he escaped from the commonplaces of literature to a better land of insight and knowledge. So he was enabled to lead many others on, out of their entanglements, into his own luminous insight. It was a great and blessed work. Would that it had been sufficient for him!

ART. VII.—THE BROTHERS GRIMM.

1. *Household Stories, collected by the BROTHERS GRIMM.* Newly translated; with 240 Illustrations by E. H. WEHNERT. London: Routledge, Warne, and Routledge. 1863.
2. *German Fairy Tales and Popular Stories, as told by GAMMER GRETHEL.* Translated from the collection of MM. GRIMM by EDGAR TAYLOR. With Illustrations from Designs by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK and LUDWIG GRIMM. London: H. G. Bohn. 1863.

JAKOB and WILHELM GRIMM till but lately were the acknowledged patriarchs of German letters. Wilhelm died in 1859, at the age of seventy-three, — Jakob, at the age of seventy-eight, on the 20th of September, 1863. One in scholarship, one in love, their lives and their work were alike blended. But to recognize the spirit in which they labored is more to us here over the seas, than to commemorate the fame they won.

Born at Hanau, in the Electorate of Hesse, not far from Frankfort-on-the-Main, in 1785, Jakob Grimm, after the usual course at the gymnasium, became a pupil, in 1802, of the celebrated jurist Savigny, at Marburg, whither he was followed later by Wilhelm, — his junior by a year. But the health of the latter, threatened by a tedious illness, from which he only slowly recovered, did not permit him to indulge in that restless activity which characterized his brother. In 1805 Jakob went with Savigny to Paris, but, returning to Cassel in 1806, was appointed to a government clerkship, — the scanty leisure of which he devoted to those investigations, already begun in Paris, into the language and literature of the early and middle age of Germany, to which his life henceforth was to be given. When the kingdom of Westphalia was constituted, he was recommended by Johannes von Müller to the position which he obtained of superintendent of the library at Cassel, established by the Elector some time before, of which his brother Wilhelm had already been made secretary. On the return of the Elector, in 1814, Jakob accompanied his ambassador to the head-quarters of the Allies; was afterwards at Paris, and

at the Congress of Vienna; and again at Paris, to reclaim for Prussia its share of the manuscripts and treasures of which Europe had been robbed by its great conqueror, defeated at last on that fatal 18th of June, when, as Victor Hugo says, Robespierre on horseback fell from the saddle.

Upon his return to Cassel, after the discharge of these duties, true to that deeper recognition of his own powers which never fails to guide the genius it accompanies, Grimm abandoned forever the tempting ambition of public life for the more enduring glory of a learned career. Appointed in 1816 second librarian at Cassel, he gave himself with ardor to those pursuits of which the world has so long reaped the fruits. Disappointed of his expected and deserved promotion to the position made vacant in 1829 by the death of the first librarian, he accepted in 1830 an invitation as professor and librarian at Göttingen, whither he was accompanied by Wilhelm as assistant librarian, who was also in 1835 made a professor in the philosophical faculty. But in 1837, when the king of Hanover undertook to abolish the constitution he had sworn to maintain, the brothers Grimm being found with Dahlmann and Gervinus among the seven professors who had the courage to sacrifice their interest to their duty by protesting against an act so arbitrary and so dangerous, were deprived of their places. Jakob was banished the kingdom, but Wilhelm was suffered to reside in Göttingen, till in 1838 he joined his brother in Cassel. Upon the accession of Wilhelm the Fourth to the throne of Prussia, in 1840, both brothers were invited to Berlin as members of the Academy of Sciences. Twice President of the assembly of German antiquaries, Jakob was also elected a representative to the National Assembly at Frankfort in 1848, — that year of revolution, which promised so much if rightly guided, and produced so little by not being guided at all. Industrious, successful, the two brothers ended each a life full of labor by a death full of peace in Berlin. That they might better prosecute their studies, they are said, in early life, to have made a compact that only one should be married, in order to provide a common home for both. As the elder, this privilege belonged to Jakob; but Wilhelm having fallen in love, the former kindly waived it, and in 1825 Wil-

helm was married to the great-granddaughter of the poet Gëssner. Of his son, Herman Grimm, the husband of the poetic Gisela, — a daughter of Achim von Arnim and his wife Elisabeth, the sister of Brentano (better known for her childlike love of Goethe under the name of Bettina), — who has achieved some reputation as an essayist and by a life of Michael Angelo, we have already spoken in these pages.

The investigations of Wilhelm Grimm were devoted chiefly to the poetry of the Middle Age, of which he published many specimens with many commentaries, remarkable alike for their profound learning and their poetic insight. Jakob took a wider flight. To develop the intellectual life of the German people, as it showed itself in their language and literature, in their law and customs and faith, and in their relations to other nations, was the task he selected and did so much to accomplish. The great advance of knowledge in our day is made for the most part by exclusive devotion to some special subject, or by an all-embracing grasp of what others have accomplished in divers fields of thought. In Jakob Grimm both were combined. Till he came upon the stage, there was little knowledge of the beauty, and less appreciation of the importance, of the early German age. The Minnesingers and the Nibelungenlied had indeed been rescued from the dust of libraries; some relics of the Gothic tongues had been saved from the mould of convents. But all that had been done was disconnected, without a plan, without science. A love for the old folk-lore was revived, it is true, with the old German art, by Schlegel and Boisserée. But in that far-off time they called antiquity there was little division of periods, little insight into its diverse and changing features. The Middle Ages were to most people what Fouqué represented them. The brothers Grimm were the first to give to the study of them a scientific basis, a consistent purpose. The first work they published together was the "Household Stories" (*Kinder- und Hausmärchen*) in 1812; the last the German Dictionary, — completed only through its third volume in 1862. In the interval their paths were somewhat different. Scrupulous and polished to the minutest details, Wilhelm worked out with indefatigable care the smaller subjects he selected. Restless, vigorous,

anxious rather to collect than to analyze, Jakob swept over many fields for the material he mastered. To what extent the results he attained are permanent, it is useless to speculate. He was not in any degree a master of form ; and it is the perfect form only which survives. Science is always progressive, always in a state of transition, like the nature it investigates. But it is not by the little he leaves to his successors to do, as the contemporary chronicler remarks, but by the elevation of the aims he exhibited and the impulse he imparted, that the influence of the great scholar is to be measured. The works of Jakob Grimm are mines of facts, but the thought he pursues is too often buried in the mass of details he accumulates. Impatient of general conclusions, of speculations which intoxicate, but do not enrich the mind, he liked best, as he himself expresses it, to seek the universal truth in the particular fact. The knowledge acquired in this way was to him more fruitful and surer than that obtained by the opposite method, which too often sacrifices with the smaller details the life with which they are instinct. But however indispensable this heaping up of facts may be to science, to the general reader who seeks only results it is to the last degree oppressive. It still remains to be shown to the world what he has done for the literature of Germany.

In the finer poetical sense with which they penetrated the subjects they studied, the brothers Grimm stand in striking contrast with the scholars of their age. They fled from abstractions as from a ghost of doom. Life with its earthly meaning, and as it were its bodily form in the symbolism of domestic customs and public law, in the very words even in which this symbolism was expressed,—life as it was lived, and not imagined, poetic often, but always real, full of beauty, but fuller of thought,—that was their study. In their historical representation of the sagas there is little reflection, and no invention. They borrowed from the romantic school in which they were educated nothing but its hatred of logic.

In his *Deutsche Grammatik* Jakob Grimm undertook a minute analysis of the grammatical forms of all branches of the German language,—showing how in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries there were nobler dialects than in the twelfth

and thirteenth, when from the Danube to the Rhine, from the Tyrol to Hesse, there was already a universal language, of which the poets made use, absorbing or reconciling the earlier forms,—how, finally, with the sixteenth century, with the purity and the vigor of Luther's speech, the New High German, trampling out forever all tokens of the diversity of stock, took its place as the written language of the nation. One dialect, therefore, was as old as another; all were alike common to the noble and the peasant. But the language which has resulted from the blending of them is the possession of the educated only. Dialects, indeed, still remain among the common people, natural, home-bred, vigorous, but they lack both the grace of form and the power of development. It is only through the written language that the Germans began to feel the common bond of their nationality and their descent. The New High German is the Protestant dialect of Germany. It owed its existence to the emancipation of thought from the Catholic Church; it owes its permanence to the mastery it has obtained, if in an unconscious way, of the poets and writers of the Catholic faith.

But the origin and character of the tribes to which are to be traced the early dialects of Germany were reserved for his *Geschichte der deutschen Sprache*, in which he showed that it is through the Thracians that the Greeks and Romans connect themselves with the Germans,—that the Thracians have an affinity with the Getæ, who are identical with the Goths,—that the Scythians are not Mongols, as Niebuhr affirmed, but composed of various races, the most important having an affinity with the Germans. And it is in this investigation that he developed with so much success the operation of the laws of the displacement of consonants and the modifications of vowels by which words of Indo-Germanic origin, as the Sanscrit, Latin, and Greek, are modified in the German dialects. And the result of his inquiries he affirmed to be, that the German language is connected bodily with the Slavic and the Lithuanian, and at somewhat greater remove with the Greek and the Latin; that, however diverse their ramifications, the early German languages are descended from a single stock; that the higher the investigation is carried, the more do the Gothic and High and Low German resemble one another.

In the *Mythologie*, the *Rechtsalterthümer*, and the *Weisthümer* he develops with the same vast learning and the same poetic sympathy the religious conceptions and the domestic customs of the primitive races and the Middle Age. The transition of the half-civilized nations of the North from the dark idolatry of Thor to the luminous faith of Christ, is one of the most instructive passages in human history. Suddenly, at the lifting of the cross, the gods of nature they had imagined and worshipped became as exiles among the evil spirits. Their weird traditions were changed into Christian legends. The superstitions of the old idolatry became the customs of the new Church. Christianity was at first a destroying and a foreign power. It could alter the outward form of the pagan worship only by incorporating the pagan ideas. The stronger it grew, and the wider it spread, the deeper sank the old traditions, the more fitful became the old superstitions. The household stories of the peasants alone preserved the memory, while they illustrated the beauty, of the ancient faith.

Vast, however, as had been their previous labors, it is in the German Dictionary that the singular industry and learning of the brothers Grimm are brought to bear with the most practical results on the German language. First suggested to Jakob Grimm by a publishing house in Berlin, upon his banishment from Hanover, in 1837, it was not for several years that they could enter upon the task. The first volume was published in 1852, the third, which extends but part way through the letter F, in 1862. It remains a splendid *torso*. Nothing, writes Jakob Grimm, marks more clearly the distinction between the ancient and modern time, than the conception of a dictionary (*Wörterbuch*). Even in the seventeenth century the expression was not known. Kramer was the first to use it, in 1719. The Greeks and Romans had no idea of it. The terms they made use of later — *lexicon*, *glossarium*, *vocabularium*, *dictionarium* — meant something else. Of the three periods into which the German language is divided, — the old High German, which extends from the seventh to the eleventh century, the Middle High German, from the twelfth to the middle of the fifteenth century, and the High German, from that time to the present, — it embraces only the last, but in

the most exhaustive manner, the design being to include every word used by any writer from the time of Luther to that of Goethe.

The works to which we have alluded are addressed for the most part, and in the first instance, to the narrow circle of the learned. The Household Stories and Fairy Tales carry the name of the brothers Grimm across the seas to many lands. There was a certain childlike freshness, a touch of perpetual youth, in these men, which drew them irresistibly to the childlike ages and the youthful thought,— which opened to them the poetry and the wisdom of a long-forgotten world. This courtly notion, they said, that whole centuries are pervaded by a barbarism, deep and obstinate, contradicts at once the benevolence of God and the experience of man. In the worst ages there is a light as of heaven, if we will but open our eyes to it. The gradual development of their language in the course of its history they did not fail to recognize and describe, but they loved best to linger over its sensuous fulness in the epochs of its formation. Yet we cannot but smile at the enthusiasm which led Jakob Grimm to regret that the Germans were ever subjected to the influence of the Roman civilization, or to be willing to sacrifice for the lost fragments of Ulfilas the whole poetry of the thirteenth century.

The first edition of the *Kinder- und Hausmärchen*, published in 1812, was the work of both brothers. The subsequent editions owed their increasing charm to the delicate taste and the scrupulous care of Wilhelm. The tales which they contain are the last relics of that mythical world which has lived through so many ages of diverse culture and a hostile religion,— taken down from the mouths of the peasants with all the *naïveté* with which they were told, with that wholly natural credulity of an ignorant but believing people from which alone the true fairy-tale can spring. To lift men out of themselves, to flatter their wishes, to make them forget the conditions to which they are chained, was, according to Goethe, the office and the charm of the genuine *Märchen*. But myths of that sort are a growth, not an invention. You cannot write fairy-tales, you can only collect them. Especially important, therefore, is the distinction which, as Gervinus re-

marks, the brothers Grimm were the first to make in Germany between the creations of the people and those of the poet. As with the Greeks, the great epics of the Germans are of popular origin, of gradual development.

Still full of many plans, — his *Grammatik* to be finished, a work upon German morals to be written, another upon *Dorfwelsthümer* nearly done, — indefatigable in carrying forward the Dictionary, — the years sat lightly upon Jacob Grimm. Suddenly a stroke of apoplexy, — another, and still a third, — the task of earth was over. The news of his death spread quickly abroad, and the scholars of Berlin thronged to his house. They found him on his bed, at the head a bust of Wilhelm, in the left hand a flower, in the right a laurel-wreath, on his countenance peace. It was as if he slept, they said.

ART. VIII. — AMERICAN EXPOSITIONS OF NEUTRALITY.

1. *Precedents of American Neutrality; in Reply to the Speech of SIR ROUNDSELL PALMER, Attorney-General of England, in the British House of Commons, May 13, 1864.* By GEORGE BEMIS. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co.
2. *Papers relating to Foreign Affairs, accompanying the Annual Message of the President.* 1863. 2 vols. *H. H. Wilson.*

WHEN the British government, at the outbreak of the rebellion, assumed that position of "neutrality" which has opened such delicate and hazardous questions of interpretation, it will be remembered that they claimed to act in accordance with American precedents; and in the discussions which have followed since, it has been very striking to remark how constant the appeal has been to the authority of American jurists and the decisions of American courts. This is not difficult to account for. America had undertaken and kept a strict neutrality for nearly twenty years, in the most formidable conflict in which England has ever been engaged. Her government had acted with great courage and decision, and apparently with perfect good faith, while beset by the violent passions of

one of the belligerents and the imperious demands of the other. Her courts had been obliged to decide cases very embarrassing, such as could not avoid giving serious offence to both parties; and had done it in a temper of moderation and equity which has never been questioned. So that our early history is rich in precedents and principles, and a traditional code of international justice was fixed, which later administrations have, we believe, faithfully kept. It is only necessary to refer to the later instances, which occurred during the Crimean war, and to the persistent efforts of our government to secure the protection of private property at sea from the perils of capture and destruction, to vindicate the right we have claimed throughout our own struggle to a fair, friendly, and generous interpretation of that neutrality which the governments of Europe had assumed.

It was natural, also, that the English government should be glad to avail itself of any possible errors or shortcomings that might be shown in our record, to excuse the vast wrong and mischief which have been wrought in these three years, under the cloak of neutrality. Nations have long memories, and the public law of retribution reaches over "to the third and fourth generation." We do not feel particularly responsible, it is true, for what Mr. Jefferson may have written in 1793, or Mr. Pierce in 1855. But we acquiesce in the wholesome rule, that a nation must be judged by its record, and are spared something of pain and shame when we learn that American example cannot be fairly cited as a precedent for British wrong.

Our own public in special, and the cause of international justice at large, are much indebted to Mr. Bemis for the timely correction he has made of points which have been unaccountably misstated in the debate. It is, indeed, not a little strange, that British statesmen, while affecting familiarity with American precedents, and justifying their own most doubtful positions by means of them, have in so many instances made their most responsible assertions in exact contradiction of fact. It is not long since our journals had to correct a very grievous error made by Lord Palmerston in Parliament, in charging (from memory) that a Russian privateer had been actually fitted out

in an American port, under circumstances much like those of the "Alabama"; the facts varying in the two very important particulars, that our government *did* make a seasonable investigation of the case in question, and that the vessel did *not* prove to be a privateer, and did *not* do any mischief to British commerce. While, to corroborate the good faith of our people, — who probably sympathized, many of them, as really with Russia then as the British with the rebellion now, — the New York Board of Trade resolved that a similar charge, made against the house of A. A. Low and Brothers, "if true, would have made them justly infamous"; and, further, that "we acknowledge and adopt and always have regarded the acts of the United States as *binding in honor and conscience as well as in law*, and that we denounce those who violate them as disturbers of the peace of the world, to be held in universal abhorrence." * What would have been the moral effect of a similar resolution, passed and enforced by a Liverpool Board of Trade in 1862?

Other loose and mistaken charges, made by the high authority of the Attorney-General of England, Sir Roundell Palmer, have led to the appearance of Mr. Bemis's pamphlet, from which we shall cite some of the facts we have occasion to use.

The difficulty of the attitude of neutrality assumed by Washington's administration in 1798 is strongly put by Earl Russell, in his communication of December 19, 1862.

"The revolutionary government of France," he says, "had openly avowed its determination to disregard all the principles of international law which had been acknowledged by civilized states, and that government proceeded to put in force its determination by claiming to equip, as a matter of right, and by actually equipping, privateers in the neutral ports of the United States, by sending those privateers forth from those ports to prey upon British commerce, by bringing prizes into the neutral ports, and by there going through some scant forms of adjudication. This was the avowed system upon which the agents of belligerent France claimed to act, and upon which, owing to the temporary superiority of her naval force, they did, for a short period, act in the neutral ports and waters of the United States, notwithstanding the remonstrances of the United States government." †

* Diplomatic Correspondence, Vol. I. p. 44.

† Ibid., p. 34.

It was in view of this state of things that the following decision (August 16, 1793) was announced to Governor Hancock of Massachusetts : —

“The Executive, after trying other measures in vain to prevent a continuance of the practice, finds itself at length constrained to resort to means more decisive than have hitherto been employed. To avoid, therefore, a further infraction of our rights, and a further commitment of our peace, the President of the United States, after mature deliberation, has decided that no armed vessel, which has been, or shall be, originally fitted out in any port of the United States as a cruiser or privateer, by either of the parties at war, is to have asylum in any ports of the United States.”

But the prohibited vessels, it seems, tried to evade the law by running from port to port, still virtually enjoying “the asylum which it was intended to deny them”; so that, a year later, we find the President

“has come to a resolution to cause every such vessel which, since the promulgation of his instruction to refuse them asylum, shall have been in a port of the United States, so as to have had an opportunity to acquire a knowledge of that instruction, and which shall hereafter be found in any port or district of the United States, to be deprived of her military equipments.” (August 18, 1794.)

• Citizen Genet naturally and bitterly complains of this decision, but conforms; and his successor, Fauchet, learns with sorrow, at New York, that orders have been given to the *Cornelia* immediately to quit that port, “although it was known that two English frigates were to have seized her on her departure,” and that “she is about to go to Boston, to be there completely dismantled.” (August 21, 1794.)

Previous to this (July 8, 1793), we learn that “*Le Vainqueur de la Bastille* has been seized at Wilmington, together with a prize which she took in there.” It is probable “that, as was usual in such cases, the prize was retained by the Federal government, and turned over to its original owners, and the illegally-equipped cruiser, after undergoing a reduction of her armament, allowed to go to sea again, on a promise of never repeating her offence.”

Again, in December, 1794, the *Cassius*, under the name of

Les Jumeaux, having been fitted and armed as a vessel of war in Philadelphia, succeeded in resisting the guard sent to detain her, and put out to sea. The agent who had fitted her out was sentenced to fine and imprisonment; and orders were issued "for seizing the above-mentioned ship, with her tackle, furniture, and stores, and also for apprehending the captain, together with such of his officers and men as have participated with him in violating the laws of the United States." The vessel went to a French port in St. Domingo, and was there regularly transferred by a bill of sale to the French government; but, having ventured back to Philadelphia, "a final condemnation of forfeiture in a *qui tam* suit was pronounced" against her, and, as the French Minister bitterly complains, (Nov. 15, 1796), she was "left to rot in port." This is one of the vessels as to which the Attorney-General of England expressly says (May 14, 1864) that they were "received into the ports of the United States, held not to be amenable to courts of law, and never ordered by the government to leave any port." And this strange misstatement is made by the chief law-officer of the crown, under all the responsibility of parliamentary debate.

As to the other case which Sir Roundell Palmer connects with it in this assertion,—the *Independencia*, which had only taken *additional* armament in an American port, and was regarded by the court as a public ship of war of the Buenos-Ayorean government,—it is shown that her prize (the *Santissima Trinidad*), was taken from her, on the ground of that illegal increase of armament, and restored to the Spanish claimants. "If this is not holding her amenable to the law," adds Mr. Bemis, "we do not know what to call it."

Again, Sir Roundell Palmer alleges that he "can find no instance of any prohibition or exclusion from any [United States] port of any prize after her conversion into a ship-of-war." Which is met by the case of the *Nereyda*, a captured Spanish ship-of-war, which afterwards ventured into Baltimore under the flag of Venezuela. Being claimed by the Spanish consul, the Supreme Court, notwithstanding the regular condemnation and commission of the ship under the authority of Venezuela, "and notwithstanding that the capture

had been made on the high seas, restored her to the possession of the king of Spain, on admission of the original violation of the American law" by the outfit of her captor. (February, 1828.)

Speaking in the name of the government in a previous speech, as Solicitor-General (March 27, 1863), Sir Roundell Palmer thus states the case respecting the *Alabama* : —

"Mr. Adams's first information was given to the government on the 23d of June [1862]; but a period of seventeen days elapsed before he furnished any evidence whatever, and he did not complete it until two days afterwards. In the mean time Mr. Adams had obtained two opinions from the honorable and learned member for Plymouth (Mr. Collier). On the 16th [July] Mr. Collier said there was a case of suspicion upon which he advised that the vessel might be detained, and on the 23d he thought there was a sufficient case for the detention. On that evidence the advisers of the crown came to the same conclusion. Of the six depositions transmitted on the 22d of July, only one was good for anything, — that of Passmore, *which proved the material facts*. Two more, sent in on the 24th, in some degree corroborated Passmore. Now, what was the delay of which the government was accused? The 26th was Saturday, the 27th Sunday; and the *complete evidence* was not sent to Lord Russell until the 26th. On the 28th it was referred to the law officers, who made their report on the 29th, and the same day a telegraph message was sent to stop the vessel."

The *Alabama* having received warning of the detention, apparently from some semi-official source, dropped down the river that very day, and lay at ease for thirty-six hours, within forty miles of Liverpool, receiving her outfit for her piratical career. According to the official warning given on the 30th, by our consul at Liverpool, to the collector of that port, "she had six guns on board, concealed below, and was taking powder from another vessel"; while the steam-tug *Hercules*, her convoy, was "now alongside the Woodside Landing Stage, taking on board men (40 or 50), beams, evidently for gun-carriages, and other things, to convey down to the gunboat"; and "a quantity of cutlasses was taken on board on Friday last." No notice was taken of this warning. The *Alabama* left during the night. By the statement of the Liverpool col-

lector, the message ordering her detention (dated the 29th) was not delivered till the 31st; and, when she was fairly at sea, the farce was played of sending word to detain her, if perchance she should put in at Queenstown, — this notice, again, being delayed long enough to give her a safe and easy lee-way.

To this, which British officials claim to be an instance of exemplary promptness and fidelity, — Lord Palmerston averring that Sir Roundell Palmer “has demonstrated that the Americans have no cause to complain,” and asserting their irritation to be “totally unfounded,” — Mr. Bemis opposes a case in the infancy of our government (August 11, 1794), when

“the militia of Richmond, in Virginia, actually marched, *at a moment's warning*, between seventy and eighty miles, to seize a vessel supposed to be under preparation as a French privateer.”

As the opinion of the President is stated in the communication of Mr. Jefferson to the French Minister (June 17, 1793): —

“The arming and equipping vessels in the ports of the United States, to cruise against nations with whom they are at peace, is incompatible with the sovereignty of the United States; it makes them instrumental to the annoyance of those nations, and thereby tends to commit their peace.”

In accordance with the same honorable scruple, the Secretary of State in 1795 (Edmund Randolph), in the name of the President, requests the Governors of the several States,

“that as often as a fleet, squadron, or ship of any belligerent nation shall clearly and unequivocally use the rivers or other waters of —, as a station, in order to carry on hostile expeditions from thence, you will cause to be notified to the commander thereof, that the President deems such conduct to be contrary to the rights of our neutrality; and that a demand of retribution will be urged upon their government for prizes which may be made in consequence thereof.”

This brings us to the question of compensation for the damage wrought by ships thus illegally fitted out, — one of the sorest points of our recent diplomacy, and evidently the one most immediately threatening our international peace. As there seems to have been a tacit understanding between

the two governments that these matters should be settled, not by abstract right, but by American precedent, it is important to know our own record in this regard, — to inquire, in other words, what has been the American exposition of the rights of neutrality, as we have just seen that of its duties.

We cannot state the claim of compensation which has been urged upon the British government more forcibly than in the following language of the demand made by the Hon. George B. Upton and George B. Upton, Jr., owners of the ship *Nora*, destroyed by the pirate steamer *Alabama*.

“They make and predicate this protest and demand upon the facts hereinafter stated, which can be verified whenever it shall be found necessary so to do. Said vessel calling herself ‘the Confederate States man-of-war *Alabama*’ is an English vessel, and no other. She was built at the port of Birkenhead, and was allowed to leave British waters, although information as to her character, and the intention to use her as a privateer, to prey upon the commerce of the United States, then and now at peace with Great Britain, was lodged with the British government. That said steamer ‘*Alabama*’ (then called the ‘290’) was allowed to leave said waters upon giving a bond to return, which it was well known was intended to be forfeited. That she did leave the waters of Great Britain the latter part of July, 1862, under the protection of the British flag, and manned by British subjects. That had the American man-of-war *Tuscarora*, or any other legally authorized man-of-war of the United States, seized her after leaving said British waters, she would have claimed her British ownership and her flag as her protection. But said steamer was allowed to leave port under the pretence of making a trial trip, and has never been in any port of the so-called ‘Confederate States,’ so as to change her flag, or be otherwise than a British vessel.

“Said steamer, after thus fraudulently leaving the ports of Great Britain, against the Queen’s Proclamation of Neutrality, repeatedly visited or came within the jurisdiction of certain British islands in the Atlantic Ocean, when and where it was well known and patent to the world that she had destroyed American vessels on the high seas; and, instead of being seized and detained by the British government, as they were in duty bound to do, was allowed every facility for obtaining supplies and advice, and to resume her piratical cruise; that no examination was ever made by said British government, through their constituted agents and officers, as to the manning of said steamer by British subjects, or of the prostitution of the British flag by thus

giving protection to the piracies committed under its folds; and that she was and has continued to be, until after the capture of your memorialists' ship *Nora*, principally manned by said British subjects."

The only explicit answer of the British government to claims like this, which we can find, is contained in the following words:—

"I have the honor to state to you that Her Majesty's government entirely disclaim all responsibility for any acts of the *Alabama*, and they had hoped that they had already made this decision on their part plain to the government of the United States."*

Unquestionably, such outrages as those cited above, with the denial of compensation, would have led to reprisals and war, but for the peculiar difficulties under which our nation has been struggling. This the English are full as well aware of as we. No Englishman will pretend that the same impunity would have been expected, or hazarded, or that the experiment would have been ventured on, with a government unembarrassed, as France, or with America a few years ago, say in the Mexican war. No one, we suppose, doubts that in either of these cases the true character of the *Alabama* would have been somehow ascertained before the fatal 29th of July, and that some way would have been found to prevent her sailing on the 31st. No one, we suppose, doubts that this cheerful tolerance of piracy is a direct corollary of the postulate on which the British government has acted all along,—that our nation has undertaken a hopeless task, and will certainly, sooner or later, be broken in pieces by this war. They understand, and we understand, that all this has been suffered, because it happens to be a time when we are very vulnerable and very helpless. Apparently, the British government intends two things by this policy,—to destroy our commerce and to prolong our war. It certainly does not intend to establish "precedents of neutrality," by which it will be willing to abide hereafter, in the calamity of any war which may affect England. And this consciousness was clearly indicated, a few weeks ago, by Lord Palmerston himself, in referring to these unpleasant American antecedents to justify a position of neu-

* Diplomatic Correspondence, Vol. I. p. 145.

trality in the European quarrel, which most Englishmen regarded as deeply humiliating and disgraceful.

Here, now, is the position which England assumed when she herself was a belligerent, contained in the words of a treaty proposed by Lord Grenville to Mr. Jay, on the 30th of August, 1794:—

“And it is further agreed, that if it shall appear that, in the course of the war, loss and damage has been sustained by his Majesty’s subjects by reason of the capture of their vessels and merchandise, such capture having been made *either within the limits of the jurisdiction of the said States, or by vessels armed in the ports of the said States, or by vessels commanded or owned by the citizens of the said States,** the United States will make full satisfaction for such loss or damage, the same being to be ascertained by commissioners in the manner already mentioned in this article.”†

Mr. Bemis makes no reference to this form of the demand, in his statement (page 61) of the provision actually embodied in the treaty, which confined the claim of compensation to the case of prizes *actually brought into American ports*. The distinction, we suppose, covers the point of controversy at this time. And we are curious to see the sequel of the correspondence commenced a year ago, when the pirate Alabama, having been harbored for some ten days in the British waters of the Cape of Good Hope, afterwards (August 5, 1863) way-

* In illustration of this point, we cite the following from the speech of Mr. Thomas Baring (May 14, 1864), to which that of the Attorney-General was in reply:—

“At the time of her departure [April 1, 1863] the Georgia was registered as the property of a Liverpool merchant, a partner of the firm which shipped the crew. She remained the property of this person until the 23d of June, when the register was cancelled, he notifying the collector of her sale to foreign owners. During this period,—namely, from the 1st of April to the 23d of June,—the Georgia being still registered in the name of a Liverpool merchant, and thus his property, was carrying on war against the United States, with whom we were in alliance. It was while still a British vessel that she captured and burnt the Dictator, and captured and released under bond the Griswold, the same vessel which had brought corn to the Lancashire sufferers. The crew of the Georgia was paid through the same Liverpool firm. A copy of an advance-note used was to be found in the Diplomatic Correspondence. The same firm continued to act in this capacity throughout the cruise of the Georgia.” See Appendix to Mr. Bemis’s pamphlet, p. 69.

† Diplomatic Correspondence, Vol. I. p. 40.

laid, captured, and (we believe) burned the American barque *Sea-Bride*, "at the entrance of Table Bay, and clearly in British waters." * The colonial governor pleads the distance from shore of the actual capture,—about four miles; but the prize was afterwards brought "within one and a half miles of Green Point light-house,"—clearly enough within British jurisdiction, and within the prohibition of the proclamation of neutrality. And we have heard, as yet, of neither relief nor remedy. The ignominious career of the *Alabama*, which for nearly two years had hunted down and burned unarmed merchantmen, which only once, using the British flag as a decoy, approached and destroyed an armed hostile ship, and finally was sent to the bottom in an hour in her first open battle, is already boasted of as an evidence of British prowess! We are not quite ready to suppose that the countrymen of Drake and Nelson seriously take Captain Semmes, with his trophies of "sixty chronometers" and his record of plunder on what the Jew Fagin might call "the kinchin lay," to be a naval hero. The demonstrations offered him since his defeat by the *Kearsarge* and rescue by his "neutral" ally, mean simply that there is a party in England willing that her flag shall be used as the cloak of piracy, provided it is profitable and safe, and provided that it can inflict damage on America. Truly, writes Mr. Adams (March 14, 1863), "the conviction is very general in the United States that the war has been continued and sustained by the insurgents, for many months past, *mainly by the co-operation and assistance obtained from British subjects.*"

We entreat our English friends, of whom we are proud to reckon many, to ponder the parallel offered in the two expositions of neutrality which we have cited. To those who believe that the judgments of God are such that retribution for wrong, however disguised in sophisms and quibbles, cannot be very long delayed,—to those, perhaps fewer, who believe that there may be a wrong not precisely defined by statute, and a right not strictly nominated in the bond,—it will not seem a light thing that the future peace of the world is to be vexed

* See Diplomatic Correspondence, Vol. I. pp. 385-392.

by the indefensible pretexts and subterfuges which have given new birth to this execrable trade of buccaneering.*

The day of reckoning may seem far away. Perhaps, in the shape some have wished for it, it will never come. The three years of bitter delay procured already by the ill-judged "neutrality" we have complained of, have taught us not to speak over-boastfully of our future. But, whatever the issue of the past or present campaign, absolute triumph in this contest by no means seems impossible to the great majority of the American people, and there are those who think it very near. With our terrible experience all fresh, we still hear the strong resolve, "Twenty years of war in the Union, rather than two hundred out of it." Of those whom we had relied on as sincere allies and friends abroad, some will learn with mockery, others with sorrow and pain, how often the anticipation is expressed that our peace, when it does come, must be cemented by "another war with England"; and how confidently it is asserted that, after all the weariness and burden of our present conflict, the ranks would be instantly filled for that other struggle, without bounty or draft, out of the deep resentment which England seems to us to have gratuitously and deliberately fostered.

This is a state of feeling which we have deeply deplored, and which we would seek in every way possible to do away or mitigate. But the root of it must last, and grow more bitter, unless clearer proof can be given than any yet, that England's neutrality was honorably meant, and that her government and people will fairly recognize and respond to the precedents of our own earlier history.

* While we write, the intelligence comes that the Tallahassee, having already burnt more than thirty harmless fishing-craft off our coast, after coaling in the Colonial port of Halifax preparatory to a resumption of her piratical cruise, was warned off just in season to escape her pursuer by four hours' distance.

ART. IX. — REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

DIFFICULTIES in detail are easier and earlier to seize on the imagination, and provoke the intellect to deal with them, than any perplexities or impossibilities in the theory with which the attempt is made to reconcile them. The petty variations in the movements of the planets, which called out the invention of cycles and epicycles, offered a real problem to minds that found no trouble in believing that the earth is the centre of the universe. And so with the questions of criticism. In every instance, we believe, the way of free inquiry, and of radical changes in men's opinions, has been opened by some discussion purely incidental, — some question of a paltry side-issue, which offered no suspicion that it would not be solved in a way to leave the old edifice of belief more strong and symmetrical than before. The point may be one of creed, of grammar and dictionary, of history or antiquities; the treatment of it may be in all simplicity of good faith and submission to the accepted authorities: but the fact that it has been touched at all is as an entering wedge; it will hit the line of cleavage somewhere, and cannot leave the structure quite as it was before.

This is the point of general interest suggested to us by the appearance of a small volume,* written with considerable ability, with respectable scholarship, and with great singleness of purpose, touching two or three points of Scripture interpretation, whose importance utterly disappears in comparison with other matters, lying quite as near the surface, which the author accepts, apparently, with no critical qualms whatever. He finds no difficulty, that appears, in the narrative of the creation and the flood, — in the ordinary hard matters of the Old Testament, statistical or moral, — in the sweeping assertion that the Hebrew text, in its integrity, is a first-hand revelation from God himself. The verbal inspiration, at least the infallible authenticity of the Scriptures, is seemingly assumed throughout. And the cavils brought against them, the writer appears to hold, may be done away by so simple a process as rectifying the translation here and there, and so converting a too plain absurdity into intelligible common-sense. If he can make it right about Samson's foxes, and the dial of Ahaz, and the Book of Jasher, the cause of sound religion, and the popular reverence for the Bible, will find a serious relief.

It may be so. At least the discussion will be useful in some other way, if not in that. It will infallibly lead the author and the reader to a wide field of similar questions, which start up on the Bible page as soon as the spell is laid that held them back; and if they can be discussed as candidly, as reverently, as patiently as these, the result will be only good. We mention those treated in this volume, because they illustrate the simple and far-away beginnings that lead at last to in-

* *Spots on the Sun; or The Plumb-line Papers.* By T. M. HOPKINS. Auburn, N. Y.: William J. Moses.

dependent criticism and free investigation. For ourselves, we are glad to have it shown that Samson's three hundred "foxes," with firebrands tied to their tails,—a grotesque and wildly unlikely style of incendiarism, vouched by almost all translators and critics from the Septuagint down,—may plausibly enough be made to mean "sheafs" of corn put end to end. The interpretation is not quite new, as we find in Kitto; but its defence, by connecting the root-meaning of the word in dispute with another word meaning "handful," is novel, we believe, and well deserves to be correct. So with the "sun-dial" of Ahaz, it no doubt relieves the text of some suspicion to note that the original word means simply "steps,"—or "degrees," as our common marginal reading gives it,—which may be, very literally, the palace steps by which the "shadow" of royalty passed day by day to his devotions, unless it should be some rude device for marking the passage of the sun. The splendid hyperbole of the Book of Jasher is very properly explained to common readers as having nothing to do with the genuine story of the conquest; the Book of Joshua is not responsible for the defiance of planetary astronomy, in the stopping of the sun and moon. We find, too, a curious calculation in answer to certain wild statements as to a bodily resurrection,—as that the earth could not contain the generations that have died upon it,—showing that the entire population of the earth, for six thousand years, might have burial, side by side, in an area not more than half as large as the State of New York. These are a sample of the questions of interpretation, treated very much at length, in an ardent popular style, and with a sincere conviction of their importance in the interests of religious truth.

Besides these questions of detail, the volume before us contains one or two discussions of principles of fundamental importance,—touching the nature of human guilt, hereditary sin, native depravity, and the sufficiency of the Gospel in matters of doctrine. The thoughts contained in these chapters are by no means new to those familiar with the Unitarian controversy; but in the connection in which we find them seem to us a very interesting illustration of the beginnings of independent criticism, and freedom in religious doctrine, in quarters remote from the mere radical discussions of the day. The argument is frank, able, ingenious, reverent in tone, and well adapted to win attention and provoke reflection among those to whom it is addressed.

J. T. A.
In his latest volume * Mr. Sawyer offers a sharper challenge than in any of the previous ones to the current beliefs and prepossessions of the religious public. Critically speaking, whether we regard the importance of the topics or the weight of the argument, we have to complain of too crowded and hasty treatment. Mr. Sawyer is well entitled to hold and defend his own opinions. Few men have given fuller proof, either by the amount of faithful study, or by steady intrepidity in fol-

* First Gospel; being the Gospel according to Mark, translated and arranged, with a Critical Examination of the Book, its Life of Jesus, and his Religion. By LEICESTER AMBROSE SAWYER. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. pp. 175.

lowing out its leadings, of their right to speak on these matters. But it is to be regretted that *results* are so crowded — hastily and crudely it will seem to most readers — as in the very slight critical matter which accompanies his new version of Mark. Even where the substance takes the form of argument, it is stated in a curt, rapid, almost haughty way; the reasons given are often unsupported assertions, disdainful of the abatements or the vindication which would commend them to the careful reader. This, too, even where a word of explanation would meet a very obvious objection, — as when he assumes the reading “Cephas,” in Galatians ii. 11, in his argument that Cephas and Peter were different men, without explaining that it is the reading given by some of the best authorities. This is a specimen in detail of what amounts to a serious fault in the handling of the argument. In a little more than a hundred pages, not only the usual introductory matter is given, but a whole field of disputed questions, including some very doubtful ones, is despatched; a theory is set forth as to the genesis of Christianity and the personal history of Jesus, violently opposed to previous opinions, which there is no pretence to answer or conciliate; and besides, a great many incidental matters come in, treated purely in the way of declamation and assertion. Yet the marks of careful critical study appear at intervals, along with a few curious though trifling errors; names of distinguished scholars are cited with sufficient familiarity; and the writer evidently might, if he chose, have put his testimony in a shape to win a more respectful hearing than he has invited for it here. In short, we are obliged to take the book as testimony rather than as argument. We add, that it is the testimony, to all appearance, of a faithful, an able, and a fearless student.

Mr. Sawyer's theory of historical Christianity is simply naturalistic, rather obtrusively so. But it is no more the naturalism of Renan than it is that of Dr. Furness. Its claim to originality, in some points at least, is hardly open to dispute. In his view, Jesus was not the unlettered peasant or carpenter of Nazareth whom most such theories assert, his endowments and acquisitions being limited to the needs of his single task; but a man of rare intellectual as well as spiritual gifts, of paternity somewhat dubious, of thorough training in the letters and arts of the Greek (his native tongue), and probably with a share of Alexandrian culture, as signified in the myth of the flight into Egypt; a physician of natural methods, and of consummate skill, of singular power over nervous maladies, a physician even less of the body than of the soul. The supernatural portions of the Gospel are the natural poetry which gathers about the record of such a life, — poetry written with as free a hand as the Iliad, and no more than that implying the writer's own belief in the particular incidents he relates. The unknown writer, who composed this Gospel “according to Mark,” — probably in Alexandria, which tradition makes the scene of Mark's ministry, — “had no motive to misrepresent either Jesus or his works, but he was bound to represent both to the best advantage, and for this purpose avails himself freely of fiction.” He “was no doubt master of whatever learning and culture belonged to Alexandria, the Greek successor and rival of Memphis.

Evangelic instrument is the title given to the Gospels by Irenæus, Clement of Alexandria, and Tertullian, and is a monument of the earliest judgment of Christians in regard to their characters. They would not have been called instruments if they had been considered narratives of unmixed facts, and this representation fell into disuse when a knowledge of the true character of the books was lost, and they came to be considered as purely historic." (pp. 96-98.)

The scholastic taste which appears in this style of comment gives a certain dry and hard character to the version. It reads often more like a running commentary than a free narration. Thus we have such phrases as these: "Does a light come to be put under a modius [peck measure; more exactly, 1.916 gallons], or under a bed, and not on a light-stand?" "Whoever blasphemes against the Holy Spirit has no forgiveness for eternity [the *aion*], but is the subject of eternal [*aiōnian*] sin." "Blessed is he that comes in the name of Kurios," — *kúrios*, without the article, being always rendered as a proper name. "Bring me a denarius [14 cents], that I may see it." "This myrrh-oil could have been sold for more than 300 denarii [\$45], and given to the poor." "Golgotha, which is interpreted place of a cranium." These matters have evidently been decided, not by rules of literary taste, but by the expository motive; it was the translator's set design to jar the old associations, and clear the ground for an understanding of the text which he thinks more exactly true. It is violently opposed to the feeling and the aim with which we generally wish to read the Gospel story; but then, he may urge, we do not lose the common version when we turn to this. It is surely the legitimate business of an interpreter to give in the plainest way what he thinks the exact meaning of the text.

Mr. Sawyer has occupied so large a field of fact and argument, he has mixed so much of genuine and undoubted learning with so much that is arbitrary and doubtful, and he has given so few aids to the reader to verify and discriminate, that we cannot give a summary judgment of his book, — only point out one or two characteristics in it, leaving the discussion of principles or facts at issue to another time. For ourselves, we wish the opportunity had been given of direct comparison between these views and those of other scholars and critics; and should greatly have preferred a more discursive method and a less dogmatic tone. But it is the great merit of dogmatism to provoke thought where it does not succeed in crushing it. And there is no doubt that, in a large class of intelligent minds, bred to orthodoxy, and longing for yet half dreading independence, the stimulating and tonic quality of this exposition will greatly help towards that mental independence which must attend any radical reformation of religious thought.

THE few weeks of acquaintance since we recorded the title of Mr. Clarke's book of Sermons* have very much won our interest and

* The Hour which cometh and now is. Sermons preached in Indiana Place Chapel, Boston. By JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

liking for them. They are models in their way, — models of the simplicity, flow, unconstraint, variety, and point which make the charm of personal "talk": and this, after all, not "speech," is the sense of that Latin word which the Church has adopted to designate this class of compositions. Plain, direct, familiar, discursive talk, "as a man talketh with his friend," on the familiar things of the outward and the deeper things of the inward life, is the theory of sermonizing which this book illustrates more completely than any other we can recall. There is no dogmatic assertion, no labored argument, no learned exposition, — nothing or next to nothing of the rhetoric or appeal which makes the great staple of pulpit "oratory." Instead of these, we have a picture easy, graceful, natural, even vivid and striking, of the myriad thoughts and things which go to illustrate a scholarly, intelligent, affectionate, and thoughtful piety. The felicity and variety of what is called "illustration," wholly unchecked by any conventionalism or pedantry, along with the incessant reference to facts and events of the period during which these discourses were written, make it a volume singularly full of life, — a volume to be greatly prized hereafter, we should think, for its religious reflections of the hour which "now is." Its cast and tone of piety belong precisely to the time, so full of hope and stir and sadness, that has given it birth. It is a peculiar merit of it, that hardly a page, and not a discourse in it, is such as could have been written at any other period. And, without suggesting any comparison whatever between this and the deeper spiritual thought of Martineau, the grave, clear sense of Robertson, or the popular power and magnetism of Beecher, we reckon it among the genuinely original and valuable contributions to religious thought. We copy one noble testimony from the sermon on "The Thorn in the Flesh."

"What deeper thorn in the heart than the sense of an irreparable loss? But within these two years we have seen the best blood of the land, the purest and noblest children born in our Northern homes, go out to die, with their fathers' blessing and their mothers' kiss. These children, for whose coming God prepared this fair land, that they might open their infant eyes on the beauty of its hills and valleys, its lakes and forests, — for whose childhood past generations of thinkers, from Plato and Aristotle down to Pestalozzi and Horace Mann, have been providing methods of education, — these young men, purified in the calm atmosphere of virtuous homes, developed by the training and discipline of schools, of study, of books, of travel, the costly fruit of the latest century and the most advanced race, go to die in a field of unavailing slaughter. Well, I visit their mothers or sisters, their fathers or brothers, when the fatal news arrives. I go with fear, dreading to meet such a great and hopeless anguish. I find heaven there. I find the peace of God in their souls. It is the happiest place in the city to go to. I cannot bear to leave such a divine atmosphere. I go to carry sympathy, and perhaps words of comfort; but I receive instead inspiration and the influences of angelic joy. Together with the deep sense of bereavement, the thorn penetrating the depth of the soul, the lethal arrow not to be taken from the heart while the heart beats, there is this strange serenity, sent down direct from God. And the boy, falling on the battle-field, renews all the tales of Greek and Roman heroism. We can burn our 'Plutarch.' We do not need to read hereafter the stories of Themistocles, of Aristides, or Leonidas. These Boston chil-

dren, your brothers and sons, are to be spoken of in history forever, and are to be the illuminating lights of the coming age. This is the thorn in the flesh,—deep as death, but changing into the most divine beauty and life for all time.”—pp. 59, 60.

ESSAYS, ETC.

THE most elaborate offering which was laid on the tercentenary shrine of Shakespeare was undoubtedly M. Victor Hugo's new book,* which, though not quite so much of a work as it looks to be (for the French publishers have a grand way of presenting their famous writers to the public), is still a more worthy sacrifice than the noisier glorifications through which the English exhibited to the world their appreciation of the poet.

This book has been long expected, and, now that it has appeared, it disappoints us a little. Whatever Victor Hugo writes is of course well worth reading; but when we remember that Shakespeare has been, as we may say, one of the studies of his literary life, from the time when, as long ago as 1828, in the famous Preface to “Cromwell,” he braved the hostility, and, what was harder, the ridicule, of all the great men of letters in France, that he might pay the enthusiastic homage of youth to the great master of the drama, we had a right to expect, as the result of so much admiration and so much study, a more solid and profound essay than is here before us. There is about it a singular want of consistency and continuity; the matter is abundant, but ill-digested, and, in its present shape, it is not so much an essay on Shakespeare as a scattering mass of material on all sorts of subjects connected with the great dramatists and poets of all ages. This may be imagined from the titles of the various divisions of the book,—as “Geniuses,” “Art and Science,” “Souls,” “The Masses and their Leaders,” “The Beautiful the Servant of the True,” &c.,—all illustrated by frequent reference to Shakespeare, but otherwise quite independent of the general subject. Indeed, the author says himself in the Preface, that the proper title of his book would have been *Apropos de Shakespeare*.

The work has a singular little Introduction, like the opening of a novel,—perfectly characteristic of French sentiment, and especially perfect as an illustration of Hugo himself.

“Some dozen years ago, towards the close of a November afternoon, on a little island near the French coast, a house, of somewhat dismal aspect at all seasons, was growing yet more gloomy with the approach of winter,” &c.; we have not space to go on with the quotation. The house was the new residence of M. Hugo and his family, who had just removed from Brussels to the island of Jersey. The family group is described,—the dismal prospects of a family of exiles thrust out from the country they loved by its new master whom they hated, with a bitter winter coming on, and neither friends nor duties to shorten its dreary and lonesome hours. A very graphic and interesting personal reminiscence, not wholly spoiled even by the melodramatic little dialogue for the sake of which we by and by discover it to have

* Shakespeare, par V. H. Bruxelles : Lacroix, Verboeckhoven & Cie.

been introduced. M. Victor Hugo and his son François, sitting forlorn in the parlor one dismal November afternoon, in the lowest of spirits, with the rain falling outside, and the Channel mists closing in around the mansion, fall into conversation. "*François*. What do you think of this exile? *M. Hugo*. That it will be a long one. *François*. How will you employ your time? *M. Hugo*. I shall look at the ocean. And you? *François*. I? I shall translate Shakespeare."

Unimaginative people, reading this dialogue, would think that, to a man whose life had been as busy as Victor Hugo's, looking at the ocean would, in no long time, get to be a somewhat monotonous, not to say shiftless employment. But we find as we proceed that, when the illustrious *proscrit* said he should spend his time in looking at the ocean, he did not mean the ocean as unimaginative people understand it, but something very different. He meant to say he should study Shakespeare. "In truth there are ocean *men*." He proceeds to explain, in a long and ambitious passage, how all the immensity and grandeur, all the variety and passion and mystery of the ocean, "may be in a spirit; and then that spirit is called a genius, and you have *Æschylus*, *Isaiah*, *Juvenal*, *Dante*, *Michael Angelo*, *Shakespeare*; and it is all the same whether you contemplate these souls or contemplate the ocean."

The first half of the book is devoted to a general view of this ocean, in a series of essays on *Homer*, *Job*, *Æschylus*, *Isaiah*, *Ezekiel*, *Lucretius*, *Juvenal*, *St. John*, *St. Paul*, *Tacitus*, *Dante*, *Rabelais*, *Cervantes*, *Shakespeare*. This is M. Hugo's list of the intellectual heroes. "This is the avenue of the motionless giants of the human mind." With this ample view throughout space, we find ourselves, as we have said, at the middle of the volume, before the writer has settled down to any direct consideration of Shakespeare. Then, indeed, we have some interesting but rather disjointed talk about his genius and his works, entirely eulogistic, but not, as it seems to us, remarkable for any special keenness of appreciation or any nice discrimination. There is no criticism. This the author, with altogether exceptional modesty, declines attempting. "As for me, I admire all, like a brute. That is why I have written this book. To admire, to be an enthusiast. It has seemed to me that, in this age of ours, this example of folly was a good one to give."

In a paper on Victor Hugo's life and writings, in the May issue of the *Examiner*, we had occasion to criticise the way in which he spoke of Shakespeare in the Preface to "*Cromwell*," and to hope that his later studies and reflections had shown him broader grounds for his admiration than were there expressed. We are not disappointed in this respect. Victor Hugo has discovered the greatest of Shakespeare's qualities. "Shakespeare is, first of all, *imagination*. Now imagination is depth; it is the great diver. The poet philosophizes because he imagines. This it is which gives to Shakespeare that control over reality which makes it bend to his caprice."

M. Hugo considers Hamlet to be Shakespeare's greatest work. After Hamlet he names Macbeth, Othello, and King Lear. "These

four figures crown the edifice of Shakespeare." A brief characterization of each of these plays is given, and then, tired of his directness, the writer falls back into digression, and we have several chapters in which Shakespeare is scarcely named or alluded to. No detailed examination of his works is anywhere attempted; the comedies are scarcely mentioned, except "*Much Ado about Nothing*," which is called "a tragedy ending in a burst of laughter." And in the remarks on the four tragedies above named there are many things which have an absurd look,—as, for instance, his discovery of the motive of Hamlet in feigning madness, namely, his own personal safety. "From the moment when Hamlet got possession of the secret of the king's guilt, his life was in danger," says M. Hugo, forgetting those quiet words to Horatio,—"*I do not set my life at a pin's fee.*" He calls Hamlet a possible parricide, and says, if he had been Southern instead of Northern, he would have killed his mother. And in the remarks on Macbeth he is strongly impressed by the power with which the character of the Thane himself is portrayed, but says not a word of Lady Macbeth.

The book is a little tiresome, notwithstanding its undeniable brilliancy, perhaps on account of it. Victor Hugo is one of those men of *esprit*, with jerking minds, of whom Dr. Holmes somewhere speaks, "who are perpetually saying brilliant things, but whose zigzags tire you to death." Talking with a dull person after one of these affords a relief "like taking the oat in your lap after holding a squirrel." Hugo's style of writing and of thought, especially in the present work, is jerky. He never loses an opportunity of saying a smart thing; but is always on the look-out for effects and sensations. He fairly revels in epigrams, and throws them off by the dozen, and makes them more crisp by setting them in sentences by themselves. Thus:—

"L'esprit humaine a une cime.

"Cette cime est l'idéal.

"Dieu y descend. L'homme y monte."

Again:—

"L'art est aussi naturel que la nature.

"Dieu est l'invisible évident.

"Le monde dense, c'est Dieu. Dieu dilaté, c'est le monde.

"Cela dit, continuons," &c.

Again:—

"Les genies sont une dynastie.

"Il n'y en a même d'autre.

"Ils portent toutes les couronnes, y compris celle d'épines."

Here are some speculations on science and art, the one perfectible, the other not:—

"Le progrès, but sans cesse déplacé, étape toujours renouvelée, a des changemens de l'horizon;—l'idéal point. Or, le progrès est le moteur de la science, l'idéal est le générateur de l'art.

"C'est ce qui explique pourquoi le perfectionnement est propre à la science, et n'est point propre à l'art.

"Un savant fait oublier un savant. Un poète ne fait pas oublier un poète."

Throughout the book we find the aphorisms scattered in extraordinary profusion. They catch the eye on every page. Thus:—

"The theatre is a test of civilization."

"In poetry, sobriety is poverty."

"The left hand of Progress is *Force*, her right hand is *Mind*."

And so on to the end. It is extremely rare that there is any *flow* of language or thought. There are, however, a few instances in which the author has forgotten his spasmodic style, and has written some fine passages; as this from the chapter on *Æschylus*:—

"Greece did not colonize without also civilizing. An example for more than one modern nation. To buy and sell is not all. Tyre bought and sold, Berytus bought and sold, Sarepta bought and sold: where are those cities? Athens taught, and she is to-day one of the capitals of human thought. The grass is growing on the six steps of the tribune where Demosthenes spoke; the Ceramicus is a ravine, half filled with marble-dust which was once the palace of Cecrops; the Odeon of Herodius Atticus, at the foot of the Acropolis, is nothing but a ruin, on which falls at certain hours the broken shadow of the Parthenon; the temple of Theseus belongs to the swallows; the goats browse on the Pnyx;—but the Greek idea still lives; but Greece is queen and goddess still. The counting-house passes away,—the school is immortal."

We quote the defence of the French Socialists as an example of the author's more quiet style:—

"The transformation of the crowd into a people;—a prodigious work! It is to this work that during the last forty years the men who are called Socialists have devoted themselves. The author of this book, insignificant as he may be, is one of the oldest of them; the '*Dernier Jour d'un Condamné*' dates from 1828, and *Claude Gueux* from 1834. If he claims his place among the philosophers, it is because it is a place of persecution. A certain hatred of Socialism, very blind, but very general, has been very bitter, and still is so among the influential classes (there are always classes?). Let it not be forgotten that Socialism, *true* Socialism, has for its aim the elevation of the masses into the dignity of citizens; and for its principal work, therefore, their moral and intellectual cultivation. Ignorance is the first hunger. Socialism wishes, then, first of all, to instruct. That does not hinder Socialism from being slandered, or the Socialists from being denounced. In the eyes of many furious tremblers, who have the floor at the present moment, these reformers are public enemies. They are the authors of all the evil that has come to pass. 'O Romans,' said Tertullian, 'we are just men, — benevolent, thoughtful, lettered, honest. We meet together to pray, and we love you because you are our brothers. We are gentle and peaceable as little children, and we wish for concord among men. Nevertheless, O Romans, if the Tiber overflows, or if the Nile does not, you cry, To the lions with the Christians!'" —p. 400.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

IN the seventeen years which have elapsed since the first edition of Mr. Sabine's admirable work on the American Loyalists was published, he has not lost interest in his subject; and in the beautiful volumes now before us* we have abundant evidence that he has continued to

* Biographical Sketches of Loyalists of the American Revolution. With an Historical Essay. By LORENZO SABINE. Boston: Little, Brown, & Co. 1864. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. xii. and 608, 600.

prosecute his inquiries with industry and profit. Indeed, so numerous have been the changes and so important have been the additions which he has made, that his new volumes may almost be considered a new work. The few mistakes as to facts into which he had fallen have been carefully corrected. His Preliminary Essay has been entirely rewritten, and broken into chapters, beside being considerably enlarged and furnished with an analytical Table of Contents. Many new names have been added in the body of the work, and not a few of the biographical sketches have been made much fuller by a judicious use of materials, rendered accessible since the first edition was published. That all the names now inserted are rightfully placed in such a work, may indeed be questioned; and certainly we can see no sufficient ground for including either Benedict Arnold or his second wife, to both of whom long notices are devoted. Nor can we entirely agree in opinion with our author, when he says that a neutral during the Revolution was a Loyalist. Doubtless some of those who would come under this designation, and of whom he has furnished sketches, were really Whigs at heart, but took no overt part in the struggle, simply because they believed it would prove hopeless. We must condemn their timidity, and their want of deep principle; but they can scarcely be accused of adhering to the Crown, in the sense which is commonly given to that phrase. But if Mr. Sabine has sometimes included names which might have been, perhaps, more properly omitted, he has seldom overlooked any which ought to have been inserted; and future gleaners will probably find little to reward their researches in a field which he has made his own. Whether we consider the candor with which he has written, the soundness of his views as to the general character of our Revolution, or the thoroughness of his researches, it will be admitted by all competent critics that he has rendered a most important and useful service by gathering up in a convenient form so great a mass of historical and biographical materials.

THE public certainly have no right to complain when, as in "*The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic*,"* a joint partnership adds to the facility of a woman's pen the matured thought of an experienced man, summing up pleasant adventure through a little known land with political reflections upon the future of Turkey and its dependencies. But most readers will overlook a few lines of preface, and be led by the title-page to take the three concluding chapters as from the same hand which draws with so much vivacity the discomforts and the delights of Albanian travel, and wonder not a little that such a change has come o'er the spirit of her dream. Lady Strangford's description of the Adriatic shores is lively, graphic, and exceedingly inviting,—amongst exquisite prospects, lovely ruins, and races full of promise. The case of Corfu she and her husband only state more strongly than other travellers; that nothing had been done by the English government to

* *The Eastern Shores of the Adriatic* in 1863. By VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD. London: Bentley. 1864.

make its protection a present or future blessing to the Ionian Isles, nothing to educate the natives for self-government, or prepare official gentlemen for the service of England in the East. So that no gratitude was felt for this vast expenditure, no adequate return secured for anybody: the people rushed with enthusiasm into the service of the new king of Greece, who may yet prove that he has learnt nothing by the wretched failure of King Otho: Great Britain, by the destruction of her costly fortifications, making her retirement from the Protectorate with the worst possible grace. The claim of Montenegro to a seaport as an outlet for her pent-up industry, a relief from border warfare, and a redemption from poverty, is well, but hopelessly urged. The political half of the book is a disappointment. Hinting at the absurdities uttered even in Parliament upon the Eastern question, pointing out some gross blunders, no definite views are maintained. The "nice mess" and "fine muddle," as Lord Strangford terms the whole subject, is left as he found it. He is inclined to vindicate Turkey, condemns Austria as timid, changeable, and oppressive, has not much faith in the kingdom of Greece, and seems to see no sure way out of the "muddle." He discerns great possibilities on either side, but no certainty of relief either in English interference or in the help of Providence.

The Seven Months in Russian Poland of Rev. Mr. Fortescue, the son of the Episcopal clergyman of Bonn, were devoted to the instruction of a wealthy Polish Count in English.* He seems to have imagined, that, as his friend and protector scrupulously forbore from countenancing the rebellion at all, and gave no offence by word or deed to the oppressors of his country, his passport would be respected and his liberty as a British subject continue unmolested. Most of his time he passed pleasantly enough in visiting the different estates of the Count, inspecting the rude labors of the peasantry, hunting the abundant game, hearing narratives of Cossack outrage, deploring an utterly hopeless revolt, but, fortunately for him, making no attempt to learn or speak the Polish language. Suddenly, however, upon the testimony of false witnesses, that he had been communicating with the rebels, he and the Count are thrown into a filthy military prison, denied communication with the world without and with British officials, charged with being an accomplice of men with whom he had no means of communication, subjected to every indignity and some hardship, and only discharged through the sturdy interference of three English travellers, who had arrived at Grodno the very day of Mr. Fortescue's imprisonment there. One of the chief witnesses against him was an air-gun, which the police imagined to be some very deadly missile, as his fishing-pole afterwards was supposed to be some new engine of destruction. He was finally obliged to sign an agreement never to revisit Russian territory, to depart at once under charge of a Cossack, and

* *Seven Months' Residence in Russian Poland in 1863.* London: Macmillan. 1864.

to know that his loyal friend Bisping was sent into exile as a favor granted to the intercession of a Russian priest and other friends, and his estates meanwhile occupied by the Cossack troops and pillaged at pleasure. The Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs seems to have taken the insult upon an innocent British subject very coolly, and not so much as to have remonstrated against the prevention of Mr. Fortescue's appeal to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg: so that, had our traveller been acquainted with the Polish language, or had not "Mess Klack and Beyecks," *Anglice* Clark and Birkbeck, arrived so provisionally in an out-of-the-way place, this brief but interesting narrative might have finished with a sketch of Siberia and the criminal institutions of Russia. Mr. Fortescue gives no information as to the Greek Church, and very little as to the rebellion, which does not seem, according to his account, to be countenanced by the nobles, who are yet its saddest victims.

CONSUL Hopkins writes his succinct account of the Sandwich Islanders* in the interest of the Episcopal Church, which is just about to establish one of its bishops at this group of islands, that rest as a water-lily on the bosom of the Pacific. He is not, of course, very partial to the Protestant missionaries. He admits that they persuaded the despotic king to establish a constitutional government, that in less than forty years they educated a whole people, that they have saved a language from extinction, put in the people's hands the Bible and other books, converted half-naked savages to the customs of civilization, and so far rendered an unasked, but unspeakable blessing; yet, with two generations bred in Christianity, public schools in every village, and religious revivals every year, he avers that the missionary influence is on the decline, and from Cook's exaggerated number of four hundred thousand, the population has fallen below seventy thousand. Mr. Hopkins charges the missionaries' failure upon their attempting too severe a system, establishing the Blue Laws of Connecticut, with the addition of the Maine Liquor Law, over a people born in indolence, whose language contained no word to express chastity, and who attached no disgrace to sensuality. The worship they at once established by authority and enforced by penal laws he thinks too stern, graceless, and intellectual.

Some curious statements are given regarding Captain Cook's murder; that he had suffered himself to be worshipped as a deity, assisting at the same time in idol ceremonies so far as to eat pork after it had been masticated by an aged native! and that the severe drain of the people's resources by this continued worship excited universal discontent; again, that the cry uttered by Cook, when he was struck, showed the Islanders that they had been deceived as to his divinity, and accelerated his fate. Some of his bones, it seems, were carefully preserved by the priests for devotion.

* Hawaii. By MANLEY HOPKINS, Hawaiian Consul-General. London: Longman & Co. 1862.

Nothing more singular has occurred in the history of heathenism than a nation's abandoning its idolatry at no foreign impulse, and for no known substitute, from very weariness of the intolerable burden. A woman led the way; the queen-mother set the example of violating the *tabu*; and another distinguished female dared to descend into the crater of Kilauea and defy its divinity by casting in the sacred berries, confronting superstition at its most awful shrine. The high-priest Hewahewa cheerfully cast away his own influence, and even his daily living, by first applying the torch to a heathen temple, saying to the missionaries, who arrived some time afterward, "I knew the wooden images of our deities, carved by our own hands, were incapable of supplying our wants; but I worshipped them because it was the custom of our fathers. My thoughts have always been, that there is only one great God, dwelling in the heavens."

Mr. Hopkins believes, but on hardly sufficient ground, that the decay of this graceful, cheerful, hospitable race has been arrested, and that a new day is to dawn on Hawaii.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGICAL AND RELIGIOUS.

A Commentary on the Gospels of Matthew and Mark, Critical, Doctrinal, and Homiletical. With a General Introduction. By William Nast. Cincinnati: Poe and Hitchcock. 4to. pp. 760.

The Early Dawn; or, Sketches of Christian Life in England in the Olden Time. By the Author of Chronicles of the Schonberg-Cotta Family. New York: M. W. Dodd. 12mo. pp. 397. (A series of interesting brief sketches; but far, inferior in interest to the sustained narrative of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family," noticed in March.)

Patriotism, and Other Papers. By Thomas Starr King. Boston: Tompkins & Co. 12mo. pp. 359. (Containing, among some of the more valuable of Mr. King's earlier writings, the Essay on "Philosophy and Theology," and the remarkable paper on "Plato's Views of Immortality," along with ample illustrations of his treatment of practical religious topics. The value of the volume would be much increased by affixing the dates of these writings. For a general estimate of Mr. King's intellect and character, see Christian Examiner for May.)

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

Man and his Relations; illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body, the Relations of the Faculties to the Organs, and to the Elements, Objects, and Phenomena of the External World. By S. B. Brittan, M. D. New York: W. A. Townsend. 8vo. pp. 578. (To be reviewed.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. Vol. IV. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 510. (Reviewed in Article VI.)

Life and Times of Nathan Bangs, D. D. By Abel Stevens. New York: Carlton and Porter. 12mo. pp. 426.

New Plottings in Aid of the Rebel Doctrine of State Sovereignty. Mr. Jay's Second Letter on Dawson's Introduction to the Federalist. New York: American News Company. pp. 54.

POETRY.

Enoch Arden, &c. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 18mo. pp. 204.

Personal and Political Ballads. Arranged and edited by Frank Moore. New York: G. P. Putnam. 32mo. pp. 368.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

Savage Africa: being the Narrative of a Tour in Equatorial, Southwestern, and Northwestern Africa. By W. Winwood Reade. With Illustrations and a Map. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo. pp. 452. (Noticed in July.)

A Summer Cruise on the Coast of New England. By Robert Carter. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 18mo. pp. 261.

Overland Explorations in Siberia, Northern Asia, and the great Amoor River Country; Incidental Notices of Manchooria, Mongolia, Kamschatka, and Japan, with Map and Plan of an Overland Telegraph round the World, via Behring's Straits and Asiatic Russia to Europe. By Major Perry McD. Collins. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 467.

NOVELS AND TALES.

Linnet's Trial. Boston: Loring. 12mo. pp. 279.

Denis Duval. By W. M. Thackeray. New York: Harper and Brothers. (Paper.)

Azarian; an Episode. By Harriet Elizabeth Prescott. 18mo. pp. 251. Captain Brand of the "Centipede," a Pirate of Eminence in the West Indies. New York: Harper and Brothers. 8vo.

Margaret and her Bridesmaids. Boston: Loring. 12mo. pp. 369.

Maurice Dering; or the Quadrilateral. New York: Harper and Brothers. (Paper.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Wrong of Slavery and the Right of Emancipation, and the Future of the African Race in the United States. By Robert Dale Owen. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo.

Senate Report on the Fort Pillow Massacre, and on Returned Prisoners. pp. 142.

A Latin Grammar for Schools and Colleges. By Albert Harkness. 12mo. pp. 355;

Progressive Lessons in Greek. By William B. Silber. 16mo. pp. 79;

A Primary Arithmetic. pp. 108;

An Elementary Arithmetic. pp. 144; and

First Book of English Grammar. By G. P. Quackenbos. New York: D. Appleton & Co. (Of the above, we are glad to call special attention to the new Latin Grammar of Professor Harkness, which combines the capital merits of fulness of matter, great directness, brevity, and clearness of statement, and a typography which is a real guide to the learner. With deference to the judgment of practical teachers, it appears to us to meet a want which we have seriously felt in the use of other manuals.)

The New Internal Revenue Law, approved June 30, 1864, with References, Index, and Tables. Compiled by Horace E. Dresser. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 122.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

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"Forsis et sapientia Deus est, verus philosophus est amator Dei." —St. AUGUSTINE.

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THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

NOVEMBER, 1864.

John H. Wilson.
ART. I.—DOCTRINE AND THEORY OF INSPIRATION.

THE course of criticism in the last fifty years has done the signal service to theology of removing the question of Inspiration from the field of dogmatics to that of literature and science. In undertaking a fresh discussion of it at the present time, we may hold ourselves excused from regarding it as a doctrine to be either defended or attacked. We are justified in regarding it only as an opinion held under certain historical conditions which are now passed away, — an opinion to be illustrated, accounted for, judged, among the creeds and traditions of the past, but having little other interest or value now to thinking men.

I. We will take for our point of departure the rigid and strict doctrine on the subject familiar to our elder students of theology, — that which we occasionally hear urged among the unlettered, as an antidote to a prevailing scepticism, — that which is sometimes patronized by literary journalists, as a respectable opinion, not to be molested by neutrals in the theological debate, — that which declares (in the language of a recent advocate) that “every verse of the Bible, every word of it, every syllable of it, every letter of it, is the direct utterance of the Most High.” If we were arguing seriously against the opinion, as actually held and cherished by Christian believers, it would be right to give it the benefit of some of those numerous modifications, or compromises, by which it gradually dwindles to a vague suggestion that the “spiritual” portions of the Bible have, as such, a character and authority of their own, inde-

pendent of their subject-matter, and differing in kind from that belonging to any other writing. But these are, evidently, mere modifications and compromises. They point plainly to a doctrine too far outgrown by the world's common-sense to be any longer tenable in its literal import. They are the *débris* of a previously existing creed, not an original formation. And it is necessary, for purposes of criticism, to take for our starting-place the positive, explicit, uncompromising statement of the doctrine already quoted.

In examining now into the conditions under which an opinion so strange to all modern habits of thought could have arisen, it is necessary, next, to look from our modern point of view at the material offered us under the above-named category of "plenary inspiration," — namely, the writings of the Old and New Testaments. And since unquestionably the Christian belief in that doctrine is derived directly from the Jewish, let us consider first the Old Testament by itself.

Now if there is anything which may be asserted with absolute confidence under the light of modern knowledge, it surely is, that the writings of the Old Testament are the relics which have escaped the wrecks of time of *the entire literature of a people during its existence as a nation*. Not only the general aspect of the writings suggests this view, but it is borne out in every detail by a more careful examination of them. While criticism is at fault to assign to many of them a precise date and authorship, and while the old positive assertion on the subject stands in rather advantageous contrast to the present looseness and uncertainty of opinion, the *circumstances* of their composition and their literary character have been brought into very clear light. No competent critic, for example, would argue from Ewald's rather arbitrary assignment of the Pentateuch to six or seven precisely defined sources, either in favor of the old opinion, or against his general conception. To the critical reader it is perfectly clear that there is a great diversity of sources and a wide difference in age in the different parts of what appear on the surface to be single compositions. Here a family register or tradition, there a scrap of old annals or legal code, again a song, a ballad, a patriotic ode,—and these again no way distinguished in the form of composition, ar-

ranged with nothing of what we should call literary skill, but patched together miscellaneously, vivid but inartistic, a precious and genuine memorial in substance, but in form answering to none of what we are wont to consider the tests of unity, integrity, or skill in literary handiwork.

I speak, of course, especially of the historical books ; but what has been said will apply literally to much of the prophetic writings, while the same inartificial and rude style of composition is outgrown in only a very few books, such as Job and Ecclesiastes, which we are justified in bringing down to a comparatively late period. The fact which stands before us, and which I wish to make clear at starting, is, that *during the creative period of the Hebrew literature* there are no symptoms whatever of that set, artificial, and "sacred" character which later periods ascribed to the same writings. On the contrary, besides the qualities already spoken of, there is evidently a very free handling of the material. We find no apparent system of selection, very little of strict and careful form. Looked at as literature, we have, instead of a set and orderly composition, a loose conglomerate of writings, infinitely curious and valuable as specimens of those early formations of life and thought, — far more precious to us, no doubt, than a more systematic structure would have been, — but with no one quality that could possibly suggest a common origin, much less a celestial source.

Such, in brief, are the characteristics of the *creative* period of the Hebrew canonical writings, so far as they bear on our present argument. It seems very evident that the supernatural character ascribed to these writings is a thing of quite other circumstances, and of far later date. We need not enter here into the discussion of those questions of the character of the Israelitish worship, and the date of the Levitical code, which are perhaps the most important in a purely historical view. The period we have to deal with is when all the differences, so obvious now to a critical eye, were merged in a fond, uncritical reverence, a sacred and grateful memory, that knew no more of the controversy of prophet and priest, of Jehovah and Elohim, that saw the life of Israel single and unique, relieved on the dim background of the past. There is a Jewish

tradition which, in a very characteristic way, introduces us to this later phase of the Hebrew mind. It tells that, in the conquest by Nebuchadnezzar and in the captivity of Babylon, all the sacred things were destroyed, and every record burnt, — the sacred history, song, prophecy, all that inspired canon of venerable writings, had perished utterly ; but Ezra the scribe, in the return to Palestine, was specially *inspired to remember* every word as formerly written in the sacred books, so that he dictated a copy in all points identical with that which had been destroyed. Translated into modern phraseology, the task of Ezra was unquestionably the task of editorship. He was the compiler, arranger, *rédacteur*, of the relics which had floated safe from the general wreck. Fragments they were, no doubt, from a vastly greater bulk, — fragments which no skill of editing could piece together so that the loose joints and the diversity of material should be disguised. Neither does any token appear that this was even attempted. It is rather as if, with a pious and reverent care, everything had been pieced together that could be gathered up ; each portion keeps the mark, color, flavor, that belonged to it in its original form ; and often, as in despair of any harmonious adjustment, the fragments are simply cast in, side by side, without pretence of date or sequence, to make the editor's task complete.*

The characteristic thing about the collection of Hebrew writings at this stage is, that, as a collection of fragments, it is final and complete. The very language in which they are written has ceased, as a living tongue, to be spoken among men. *Nothing can be hereafter added, nothing must be taken away.* In this phrase we have already the formal definition of a canon. A collection thus made, never to be altered or diminished, at once, by a law of human thought, begins to be invested with an imaginary symmetry and an ideal perfection. Consider how it is in other examples still more familiar, — the Homeric poems, the cycle of Greek tragedy, the body of classical literature as a whole, — and the sentiment not only of the ancient Greeks, but of modern scholars, that has gathered about these secular canons of antiquity. Or, for a

* As, for example, in the tragic episodes which close the Book of Judges, and in the duplicate character of the narrative in the First Book of Samuel.

singular and very modern instance, consider the phase of constitution-worship prevalent among our own people,—that blind reverence to a document of very recent origin,—not merely the good sense that accepts it as a working polity, but the habit of idealizing it as self-evident perfection, purely, it would seem, from the difficulty of mending it, so that, practically, it can neither be altered nor diminished. Now, among the Jewish colonists after the captivity, this idealizing sentiment had full sway, and spent all its force upon a single object, namely, the closed canon of the Hebrew writings. These writings contained the only record of that national life which those poor pilgrims looked back upon with a fond, an intense, a despairing pride. Here were the sacred odes their fathers had sung. Here were the tales of the camp-fire and the traditions of the hearth. Here were the deeds of famous kings and the words of glorious prophets. Here were the family registers that linked the miseries of the present with the grandeur and mystery of the past. Here, above all, was the Law, the venerable code which made at once the central bond and the glorified ideal of the Hebrew state. Every sentiment—of religion, of veneration for the past, of patriotic pride—combined to stamp that sacred and awful character upon the record which was the one treasure rescued from the perished nation. Intense to a degree which we can feebly conceive, that sentiment must have been: so intense that it found no difficulty in accepting the most extravagant theories as to the origin and perfection of that record; no difficulty in its contradictions, obscurities, and frequent inhumanities; no difficulty in ascribing to it such sanctity, that its very accidents of penmanship became typical of religious mysteries, and till heaven and earth should pass, not one jot or tittle, not a blunder in the text, or misspelt word, or misshapen letter,* should pass from the sacred scroll.

It is, perhaps, one symptom of the intellectual lassitude and

* The standard editions of the Hebrew Bible, it is well known, preserve many of those curious accidents of penmanship. Thus, "the letter *Nun* is twice reversed, signifying once the turning of Jehovah to his people and once their turning back from him"; and "it is an argument for the stability of Scripture that a diminished *Heth* has not vanished entirely."

despair that come upon a people in its decline, that sacred writings, thus fondly idealized and made the type of all perfection, come inevitably to be ascribed to a superhuman source. The national genius, in its decrepitude, cannot even conceive the imagination of a mind to create or a voice to give utterance to them,—sees in itself no likeness or suggestion of such a power; as the dwellers near Baalbec gaze with fear and amazement at the mighty ruin, and think that those vast stones were placed there by genii and not by men. It is characteristic of a people in that condition, that the achievement of the past, the work of its own ancestors, serves no longer to stimulate and instruct, but to oppress and overawe. We have seen, and still see, enough of this mental timidity, even in a population so bold, adventurous, and irreverent as our own, not to be surprised at the shapes it takes in the more slavish and imaginative East, and among a people whose only monument of the past is the group of sacred writings gathered about the shrine of their ancestral faith. And we are well justified in ascribing to that sentiment no small share in forming those previous conditions, under which the doctrine we have before stated became not only possible, but inevitable. In other words, the tendency to canon-worship marks the fact of transition from the creative period of the national genius to degeneracy, poverty, and decline.

In addition to this is a circumstance to which I have just alluded; namely, that the birthplace and peculiar home of this superstition is in the slavish and imaginative East. The canon-worship of the Jews is only one instance of a fact which we find wherever, east of the Mediterranean, sacred writings have been preserved and cherished (as they seem always to have been) in an obsolete and forgotten tongue. “The orthodox Hindoo regards the Vedas with the most intense reverence, as the inspired word of God, as existing from eternity, and as the foundation of everything in religion, philosophy, art, science, and literature.” The Vendidad “is cast chiefly in the form of colloquies between the supreme divinity and his servant or prophet Zarathustra (Zoroaster), in which the former makes known to the latter his will respecting his creation.” “The Koran is, according to the Moslem creed,

coeval with God, uncreated, eternal. Its first transcript was written from the beginning in rays of light upon a gigantic tablet resting by the throne of the Almighty; and upon this tablet are also found the divine decrees relating to things past and future." In the Jewish Sanhedrim "it was a question whether the Law itself or the tradition were the holier; 'The words of the Law are weighty and light, but the words of the Scribes are all weighty,' was a saying among the Jews, — one which must have been vehemently contested until the dispute was compromised by affirming that both, if not absolutely eternal, at least existed in Paradise before the world was."* I do not hold myself bound to trace the subtile association of ideas, or the mental habits of the race, or all the steps of development that led to such a belief. It is enough for my purpose to show, that in dealing with it we are dealing with a fact not particular and exceptional, but wide-spread and general. We are met, if not by a law of the human mind universally, at least by a characteristic which prevails in all the Oriental races whose religious writings we know. Whether superstition, imagination, dogma, or tradition, the fact of such an opinion is a general fact of their religious condition; while the writings to which the opinion clings are, in each instance, writings whose contents, character, and date are ascertained, as nearly as may be, by the ordinary critical and historical proofs.

The evidence already quoted respecting the Hebrew Scriptures brings us down to the time of the Gospel, the forming period of the Christian canonical writings. At the boundary which separates the Jewish from the Christian sacred books, we find an opinion fully developed, and doubtless shared in by the earliest disciples, which ascribed the former in the strictest sense to direct inspiration from celestial sources. The traces of this belief in the New Testament are not very numerous or important; perhaps the most curious illustrations of it are the attempts at allegorizing, — that last effort of an ancient reverence that clings to the letter which a new spirit has outgrown, and substitutes a "spiritual sense" for the native

* These citations are taken from the most familiar and accessible authorities. The general fact is, of course, well known to students of these matters.

meaning, — such as we find, for example, in Galatians and Hebrews. In general, there is but little in the New Testament writings to illustrate, directly, either the Jewish belief of the day, or the transition to the doctrine which afterwards became so prominent in almost all schemes of Christian theology.

Traces we do find, however, of the early stages of that process. It must be borne in mind, that, in treating of the New Testament writings, we are dealing with the creative period of Christian thought, not the period of crystallization and technicality. There is no consciousness in any of those writings that they belong to a peculiar, a “sacred” category. Waiving for the present the polemic sense which modern critics have discovered in them, we seem to find them dealing very directly and simply with the actual condition of things in the early Church. Here is the primitive tradition, or narrative, as gathered from the lips of eyewitnesses and by-standers, of the ministry which was the fountain-head of the faith. Here are the few and fragmentary hints of the missionary career of its first converts and messengers. Here, above all, as illustrations of the feeling and thought of the time, are the letters of counsel, comfort, controversy, exposition, appeal, spreading over the critical space of a dozen or twenty years, during which the faith was getting knit, cleared, and fixed.

If we look to these for hints of that remarkable transition of opinion towards a stage of belief which saw in these very writings a new canon of celestial origin, and of sanctity like that attributed to the old, we shall find them, first, in the assertion of a certain authority, official and apostolic, which entitles the writer to rebuke, exhort, argue, — by no means in a way to overrule the freedom of private thought, indeed, but so as to impress his own mind with great vigor and firmness on the common conscience and belief.

We shall find them, secondly, in the recognition of a Divine Spirit actually present, living and working in the soul of the believer, and to be known by certain indubitable signs. The noble assertion of this doctrine — perhaps more characteristic than any other of the early faith — in the eighth chapter of Romans, the evidences and tests of it set forth in detail in

First Corinthians, the personal and moral characteristics of it as enforced to the Galatians, make perhaps the most important testimony we have as to the very highest order of spiritual sentiments and ideas prevailing in the early Church. And we cannot doubt that writings such as these were speedily received, cherished, held in reverence, as only second in dignity to the canon of the earlier faith.

Far more near, indeed, to the conscience and heart of the believer they must have been than the ancient record, which gradually lapsed into comparative indifference and neglect.* The effort at allegorizing itself seems to show an uneasy consciousness of the distance already forming and widening between the old dispensation and the new. If the old was to be received at all, it had to be in a sense utterly foreign from that it naturally bore; and the Old Testament must be restamped in "types" taken from the modern font. The instinct, the half-unconscious drift of the Christian community, brought it into a position towards the ancient writings not quite in harmony with the creed which was still implicitly retained. The *real* "sacred writings" of the Christians — those which inspired their faith, directed their conscience, and comforted their souls — were getting to be writings that lay outside the canon they had been taught to hold in exclusive reverence. Here was a definite scruple to be met and overcome. It is met, as I understand the matter, in the argument of the famous passage (2 Timothy iii. 16), that "all Scripture divinely inspired," — that is, answering to the tests of true spiritual quality, — though not contained in the limits of any canon, or vouched by any particular creed, is yet "profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness." And these words, so far from being the assertion of a formal dogma, seem to be rather in the nature of a permission or vindication of the new order of *uncanonical* religious writing, which by necessity of the case was coming so fast to take the first place to the conscience and devout feeling of the Church.

* The arguments of Origen and others against the Gnostic hostility to the Old Testament were undoubtedly a protest against a very wide-spread tendency in the early Church.

Again a season of change and revolution, which annihilates for us almost all records of the primitive Christian tradition. Again an interval, almost void and without monument, separating the first generation of believers from the third. And now we are at a time when life is getting fast crystallized into formula, and thought into creed. The first Christian writings, Gospel or Epistle, hold now their place of unchallenged reverence in the heart of the Christian community. The relics which remain of that first age, of miracle, of fervor, of first-hand testimony, of reverent personal memory of the risen Christ, form a group of sacred writings by itself, and unique. From that group nothing may be diminished, to it nothing can be added. Some wavering of boundaries there may have been, some portions of more or less doubtful genuineness; but such questions as these get settled practically, as such questions will; and again we have the phenomenon of a group of writings with the formal characteristics of a canon,—unique, single, and complete.

And it is not long before we find the old instinct of idealizing busy about this comparatively recent record. The Gospels, the pillars of the faith, must be neither more nor less than four, because there are four elements, four winds, four corners of the earth; the type of them is discerned in the four faces of the cherubic vision; the mysteries of the new belief are discovered to have a thousand parallels and symbols in the records of the old. It is not long before we find the Alexandrian spiritualists busy in commenting on the phrases of this new Scripture, assuming sanctities and mysteries in the words themselves; and the old canonical formula of “the Law and the Prophets” is altered in the Christian formula to include “the Gospels and Apostolic writings.” So that, apparently without forethought, without concert, without any positive edict of authority, the Church found itself in possession of its sacred writings, to which the form, the sentiment, and the idea of canonicity had already become attached. That the form, so idealized, was projected on an infinite background, and referred to a transcendental and superhuman source, seems to have been due in part to old traditions and habits of belief, confirmed by the Platonic doctrine of Ideas, and, later, by the

Realistic philosophy of the Catholic Church. And the transition from sentiment to creed was short and simple.

It is no part of my present purpose to trace the forms and phases in which the theory of inspiration has been held at different periods, or to meet the arguments by which it has been maintained. I start with the assumption that it represents an opinion which the progress of human thought has effectively outgrown, and which modern criticism has put quite beyond the pale of rational belief. Whatever benefit may have resulted from it once has long since ceased to exist; whatever mischief has resulted from continuing to profess it is fast diminishing. And we are well entitled to deal with it as has now been done, — that is, to look on it dispassionately as one fact in the history of human opinion, and to trace, as far as we may, the sentiments which gave birth to it, and the circumstances which rendered it a credible, a possible, a dear and helpful belief, in the period of its origin. It is but a sketch and a hint that has now been given; yet we are confident that the fullest exposition would but fix and confirm the outline above traced.

II. But our task in dealing with an opinion so marked, so wide-spread, so sacredly cherished, so profoundly influential in the history of human thought, is only half done when we have considered, critically, the circumstances of its origin. It is a warped and shallow judgment which sees in it only one of a thousand shapes of aimless and baseless error; which refuses to see that it answers not only to something constant in the structure of the human mind, but to something real in the universe of things. Without attempting in detail an exposition of the positive truth contained in the theory of Inspiration, I will simply indicate one or two points in the direction which such an exposition should follow.

In the first place, the general *fact* of Inspiration should be clearly seen and firmly grasped as a truth of intellectual science. And, to be unembarrassed by theological creeds or prejudices, the general fact should be stated in the broadest and simplest way. A phrase as unexceptionable as any appears to me to be, that *Truth is communicated to the mind from sources beyond the conscious, active intelligence.* In

other words, man not only works up to truth, but in some cases — and those perhaps the most essential and fundamental of all — truth comes down to him. Of the fact itself we have no question. The only difficulty is, to state it in such a way that it shall be seen and recognized as a genuine fact in experience. It may help us in our realizing of it, if we remember how the universe is made up of facts which show present, active, and (as it were) conscious thought controlling the phenomena. According to the fine formula of Dr. Hedge's Dupleian Lecture, these facts are best stated in the phrase, INTELLIGENCE CO-ORDINATE WITH EXISTENCE. Mind and matter are the warp and woof of things. The mathematical accuracy in selection and the mechanical nicety in adjustment which make what we call the "law" of crystalline structure, are simply a series of facts prearranged and controlled by the forming Mind. Where are the invisible fingers feeling in the darkness? where is the groping instinct among the "atoms," that will not be content with anything else than absolute obedience to that law? Where the method and intent of the process are still clearer, as in the growth, the symmetrical flowering, the nicely-timed fructification of a plant, it is the same thing on another plane. No one will affect to say either that there is no controlling, and (as it were) consciously contrived and intended plan, or that that plan resides in the symbolic C, H, N, O, with whatever affinities those symbols or elements are supposed to be endowed. Nor will any atheistic fatuity or "positivist" reticence deny the simple fact, that the instincts of animals, to say nothing of the adaptations of their structure, do show a mind, a directing intelligence, a conscious direction and forethought existing somewhere, which it would be wildly and ludicrously absurd to ascribe to anything in the rudimentary mental structure of the animal tribes themselves, or to the laws of their organization as such. I say nothing here of the attributes of the Deity as shown in the works of creation. I would even keep clear from all the tangle of prejudice and misunderstanding that has gathered about the "argument from design." What I wish to show and all I wish to show is, that, in speaking of a superior, a directing, an informing Intelligence, we are committing ourselves to no

doubtful theory whatever, but are using the simplest and plainest language we can find to tell the most familiar fact.

The second step in the direction of a true theory of Inspiration appears to be this: the fact that *all these leadings of a higher Intelligence are seen to be in harmony with the truth of things*; nay, that they constantly involve harmonies remote, occult, unsuspected, which are soon to be made more and more clear with the advance of scientific discovery. The operations of the controlling Mind have never in a single instance been shown to be mistaken or deceptive. The adaptation is just as perfect where it involves spheres of being apparently quite distinct, — as the animal instincts in migration, or in the choice of food, — as in the simpler cases of vegetable growth corresponding to soil and climate, and the narrow play of affinities in the structure of a gem. In other words, the Intelligence which forms, guides, and controls — whatever else we may think of the nature of it — does, in fact, compel each grade of being to conform itself, as if by clear intelligence, to conditions wholly outside its own range; while in every instance the course of action so compelled upon it is found to correspond, in entire harmony, with laws and facts only made known by patient search in other quarters. This second step, or what we may call *veracity of nature*, answers to the practical value of any theory of Inspiration, namely, our reliance on it for the knowledge of objective truth. And, as we have seen, it has nothing to do with any doubtful theory to account for the fact, but is simply our plainest statement of the fact itself.

When we come to apply these principles to the case of human knowledge and thought, we find ourselves embarrassed by the fact, that in man the conscious intellect has so wide a range that it is apt to seem commensurate with the whole field of our knowledge, belief, and mental power; so that the current philosophy draws a sharp distinction in kind between the human and brute intelligence, and holds that the one is as utterly devoid of instinct (or unconscious reason) as the other is of reason or developed consciousness. Without troubling ourselves to enter into that discussion now, it is enough to say that the agency of the universal Mind, the con-

trolling Intelligence, the "Over-soul," the Logos, or Divine Reason, whose conscious sphere is outside the limits of human thought, is quite as plainly to be seen in man as in inferior creatures. As soon as we turn from the limited field of psychology to what we may call the natural history of the human mind, that is, to the facts on a scale broad enough to see their mutual relations and controlling laws, we recognize as clearly the dominion of a higher Intelligence, as in the instincts of animals. Perhaps the most striking evidence of it, to an ordinary mind, is in those laws of history which are beginning to be acknowledged by all classes of thinkers: the life of nations, and the genesis of historical periods following some law or plan, which can be stated in intelligible terms, which must have existed ideally somewhere before the beginnings of human history, and which is so far beyond the scope or fathom of man's thought or will that we cannot even conceive of it as a possible attribute of the human mind, any more than the laws of planetary motion.

But an illustration that comes still nearer to our present topic is found in the laws and faculty of human speech. Nothing at first glance might seem more arbitrary, more strictly within the boundaries of conscious thought. Nothing, on deeper study, is seen to be more strictly ordered by conditions utterly beyond the scope of reason or will,—conditions which intelligently and purposely and essentially fit language for its uses as a vehicle of intercourse among intelligent creatures. Renan,* in maintaining the "spontaneous" origin of human speech, in all its curious complexity, reminds us that; in what comes under the category of spontaneous, there is no such thing as hard or easy; in other words, language in its ultimate laws is the expression of (to us) infinite intelligence, just as much as life is the expression of infinite power. Indeed, no intelligible account can be given of any one of the laws of human thought which does not imply a larger sphere of conscious Intelligence quite outside the range of our consciousness,—a controlling Mind, co-working in all the phenomena of our thought.

* *De l'Origine du Langage.*

Possibly the same thing is shown even more clearly in the case of exceptional minds,—what we call genius in any of its modes. The most striking to the imagination are, perhaps, the instances of mathematical genius,—that clear intuition of an order of facts and relations so remote and complex, that often they cannot be intelligibly stated to persons not gifted with some corresponding faculty, while they can be shown to be the regulating facts and relations which control various orders of visible and palpable phenomena. Whence comes that power of intuition? The mind conscious of it is apt to speak of it reverently as a “gift.” What is the Mind that gives it? Or shall we take the materialist assumption, and say that it is simply the result of an organization very fine and perfect in this particular way? And what does this assertion mean, once challenged and analyzed, but that the universe is full of Absolute Intelligence, which manifests itself wherever there is a way for it,—which can be *turned on*, as it were, like gas or water, by any channel fitted to conduct it,—an Intelligence of which instinct, reason, genius, are but the spontaneous or accidental exhibitions?

It will be borne in mind that I am not here attempting to demonstrate any theory, but simply to state, in the plainest way, a class of facts which, once seen, no one will fail to recognize, but which it has been the tendency of recent speculation to overlook, at least in the relation I have now sought to trace in them. These facts justify us in taking for granted the reality of Inspiration—that is, the communication of truth to the human mind from sources beyond the range of consciousness—as one of the fundamental laws of human thought. And the proper business of theology or philosophy appears to be, not to prove the reality of the fact, but to trace the conditions which define its operation and determine its value.

The first obvious condition or limitation is that which is found in the bodily or mental organization of the individual. The capacity of the human mind, as to particular orders of truth, seems to be as strictly limited as the capacity of a hollow vessel for its contents, or of a musical instrument for harmony. The limit of capacity may be harder to find, but it

seems to be as definitely fixed. The experience of most students in mathematics teaches them that there is a barrier which they may indefinitely approach, but which they will probably never be able to reach or pass, by any amount of faithful labor. In poetic or artistic power the line of excellence is, if possible, still more sharply drawn, which condemns minds of a certain quality, no matter what their devoted toil, to remain forever in a subordinate rank. And no reason exists for doubting that the same limitation exists as to men's capacity for spiritual truth; or that this limitation, whether residing in brain or nerve, or in some still more occult and delicate part of our structure, makes one of the conditions of what is properly called inspiration. I do not deny — nay, would rather insist upon — the absolute freedom of the Divine Intelligence, in selecting the receivers and agents of his truth. Yet it appears to be like the freedom of the artificer who selects the tool because of its fitness, or of the commander who knows already which officer or man should be assigned to the special service. That the inspiration of Isaiah took the color and shape of his stern, obstinate, and somewhat sombre patriotism, — that the revelation of the Gospel itself accords as precisely with the spiritual conditions of its epoch as the ripe fruit to the season, growth, and nature of the tree, — tells neither for nor against the supernatural source of the celestial light. It merely shows that, whatever the method of Divine operation, it observes those conditions, without which, indeed, we have no reason to think of it as even possible. At least, there is no example of a disregard of them in any other sphere of the Divine power known to us.

Now we find that, by virtue of something in their bodily or mental structure, some men are in relations with nature, putting them within reach of ranges of positive and objective truth, to which the ordinary mind has no access whatever. We have already considered the gift, perhaps wonderful as any, of mathematical intuition. Of a different sort, less purely intellectual, are those structural conditions which we conveniently term "nervous," which give to persons of a certain temperament a sympathetic apprehension of weather-changes, of hidden water-springs or metallic veins, of bodily maladies, — conditions

proved, as it would seem, by abundant testimony,— such that, in those particular ways, these persons are an authority to others for the existence of facts which there is no other present way of knowing. Their case is simply another instance of the veracity of nature, as much as the instinct of an insect in the choice of its food and the shelter of its young. And we have all, no doubt, observed of persons gifted with any singular genius or personal power, that the exercise of that gift has the same unconscious ease and certainty that we remark in the movements of a wild animal, — an ease and certainty that can be had by no invitation, and are the result of no conscious endeavor. The most striking examples of this power are seen in the control which some persons exert over the nervously excited or the furiously insane; while obscurer instances are seen in innumerable forms of personal influence, and what we call “magnetic” power. These spheres of Intellect and Will are the natural analogues of Inspiration and Miracle; and, while they prove nothing either way as to the reality of a superhuman origin in any given instance, at least they suggest how certainly, perhaps inevitably, the Divine force will adapt itself to conditions already existing in the sphere of its manifestation.

To follow the argument one step further. There are minds of a certain order which appear to be as plainly organized for religious as others are for mathematical intuition. This, be it observed, is quite distinct from the power of clear ratiocination or accurate definition, — which make the particular merit of a religious philosophy, as such. It is the power of simple vision, the *perception* (to the perceiver’s consciousness) of spiritual fact. The statements of religious doctrine are the assertion of certain facts, of which one characteristic is, that they can be verified by no process of direct observation or known method of proof. They must be accepted outright as facts, or not at all. And they must be accepted either from direct intuition of them, or else on the authority of persons held to be competent witnesses of them. Such facts are the being and providence of a living God; the supremacy of good over evil in the ultimate laws of being; the Eternal Life, in which is

found the completion of the destiny of every creature ;* the certainty of a just retribution of right and wrong. Now as to these we know that many persons — perhaps the great majority — have no intuition whatever, or first-hand knowledge of their own ; while there are many others to whom they are clear and evident facts, such that it is a light and easy thing, in the assurance of them, to undertake any task, however hard, to bear any burden, however grievous. Such is our common and familiar experience of these matters. And are we not following strictly the analogy of nature and the conditions of certitude in other things, when we accept this insight of theirs (duly verified and checked) as a veritable “inspiration,” and acknowledge in them a genuine “authority,” within their own sphere of observation ? The point is, that facts of that order must be known as facts, or otherwise not at all. And may they not be perceived as such, by minds of a certain cast, as really and as truly as other minds perceive mathematical relations, or are cognizant of influences which we vaguely class as magnetic, electrical, or vital ?

We have only one step more to take in this inquiry. If certain minds are so constituted, in virtue of their physical or spiritual organization, as to have direct vision of things which others must accept on authority or by hearsay only, since organization has its own laws of genesis and growth, it will probably be found connected in some way with the characteristics of race. The distinction is clearly recognized by all students of history, which ascribes fancy and religious fervor or intuition to Eastern races, reason and shaping imagination to the Western. The distinction is again familiar which ascribes religious insight especially to the Hebrew, and scientific intelligence to the Greek. The consciousness of the Orientals themselves has expressed the same thing, by saying that “from Shem are descended all the holy men and seers,” while none among the sons of Japhet has risen to the dignity of prophet.

* This phrase is chosen rather than “the Immortality of the Soul,” first, because it is doubtful whether the belief in personal immortality is recognized in those Hebrew writings afterwards adduced in illustration ; and secondly, to make the statement sufficiently general without inviting the question as to the future life of brutes, which needlessly complicates the argument of Bishop Butler and of Theodore Parker.

It is recognized again by Renan, in the statement that "monotheism" is the great characteristic of the Semitic family, as distinguished from the intellectual tendencies of the Indo-European races, — though apparently without ascribing to it any authority or scientific value. And yet, would there be anything contrary to a true scientific method, if we assume that this as well as other orders of intuition answers to its own sphere of fact, and may be accepted as a genuine testimony of that fact? Especially when we take the singularly constant testimony of the highest, the truly representative minds of that race, may we not fairly suppose that this very marked endowment of theirs corresponds to something in the world of fact, which it is, as it were, their special commission thus to reveal to other minds of different endowment?

Now in the case of those Hebrew Scriptures before referred to, we find a phenomenon quite unique, I believe, in all the original and spontaneous expressions of human thought. We find — along with much that is false, rude, gross, in the particular conception — a singular consent of harmony as to the one central and main assertion. We find a constant, steady, and very noble testimony as to precisely those facts and laws of the "spiritual" order, which other races, more finely endowed in many ways, have found it hardest to apprehend, and which have always remained the vexed questions of our philosophy. This testimony is borne to them not as matters of opinion, but as facts of direct intuition and personal knowledge. The religiously gifted man is called a SEER. The characteristic of a sceptic and materialist period is, that there is "no open vision." And, like all the language of original sight and personal experience, the words in which it is told are never outgrown. We are still obliged to borrow from those writings the utterance of our best religious thought, our profoundest feeling, our clearest faith. The best religious life of humanity has grouped itself about the points that shine so radiantly in the Hebrew Psalms, — such, for instance, as the nineteenth, the thirty-fourth, the hundred and third, and the hundred and thirty-ninth. The phrases which contain them are precisely the phrases inseparable from all our best and most comforting thoughts on religious things.

In saying this I am not attempting to make out a case for the Hebrew Scriptures, — still less to defend them, as a whole, from any of the charges of modern criticism; but simply to state a characteristic which has always been recognized in them, and which is the foundation of the authority so many generations have ascribed to them. Where men stumble because they know that they are walking in the dark, they thankfully take guidance from those who walk firmly in difficult places because they know the ground. And this seems to be the case with the world's acceptance of these writings. There is a moral order, a divine order, in human things, very dimly seen, very often obscured to the vision of most men, which seems to have been clear as day to the eye of those Hebrew seers. Now what does the acceptance of their testimony imply? It implies, first, recognition of the fact itself, perhaps the most significant of all in human experience, that man can place absolute reliance on that unseen Order, — a reliance so complete as to prove a practical solution, we may even say the *only* practical solution, of the perplexities of human life. It implies, secondly, recognition of the thing testified, the subject-matter of that faith, — so far, at least, as to see in it a fact vouched by authentic witnesses. This fact, from the nature of the case, admits no direct demonstration or ocular proof, but is verified in the only way we have a right to look for, in the experience of many generations, coinciding point for point with that of the original witnesses. This practical verification, this consent of ages, this constancy of faith abiding every conceivable test as to its sufficiency and value, appears to be precisely that which spiritual truth, as such, might fairly claim. It is, perhaps, the only demonstration which it properly admits.

In following this course of argument I am far from thinking that the question as to the special inspiration of particular men is sufficiently met. Still less does it adequately cover the ground included in what we know as the Christian revelation. My only aim has been to suggest the general course of thought which it seems to me must be taken in order to get a legitimate base for indicating the just authority of Scripture, and for reconciling its claims with a scientific habit of mind in the

search for truth. That authority does not reside in the words, but in the thing testified, and in the law of mind which apprehends it. Intellectually, it will be of great value if we can separate form from substance, so as to be wholly free to criticize the one, while reverent and constant in our acceptance of the other. And religiously it cannot be overlooked, that the human mind has always craved for its highest convictions some authority beyond that of the individual reason. What most men want, what they will always want, is, not a philosophy, but a faith. What an intelligent believer wants is a philosophy which, so far as it goes, will help legitimate his faith. This double want appears to be met only when we have stated the claim of "inspired" men as to their testimony in such a way as not to violate our canons of belief in matters which can be verified to the senses and the understanding. And this seems best done when we consider the laws of testimony and the true nature of authority recognized in every department of science.

It would weaken the force of the present argument, and greatly impair the authority which we have ascribed to the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, if we were to restrict it to those writings alone, out of the great multitude of noble and pious words which have told and fortified the faith of humanity. But no one, not even the most unfriendly critic, will fail to see that those are *typical* writings in that class. They are the world's great and conspicuous testimony to truth of the spiritual order. Any argument which vindicates the reality and authority of that order of truth must find its clearest illustration there. And such an argument, fairly followed out, will confirm the reverence so many generations have felt for that volume,—as if it were unique and solitary in the line of God's communication with the mind of man,—while leaving the critic perfectly free to deal with the style, the expression, the mode of composition, and the particular conceptions, of those writings in which the spiritual truth is contained.

ART. II. — NOTES ON HOSPITALS.

Notes on Hospitals. By FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE. Third Edition.
London. 1863.

MISS NIGHTINGALE'S work on Hospitals passed to a third edition nearly a year ago. We are somewhat late in noticing this modestly named book, which is, however, remarkable in many ways. It is probably the first work on practical architecture written by a woman, and in this important department of book-making few men have written more to the purpose. The earlier portion of Miss Nightingale's career, though appealing more strongly to the admiration of all sorts of people, was really less noticeable than its more prosaic continuation. Many women in both hemispheres have followed her example, and gone out as hospital nurses, with more or less success; but few of those who return are, we imagine, competent to embody the results of their experience and observation in so valuable a form as Miss Nightingale has done in this extremely interesting book. Its basis was a paper read some years since before the Social Science Association, and which contained so much matter for study that its writer was desired to print it for general circulation. The paper was therefore revised for publication, and in the process of revision much was added, until in its present form it appears as a quarto volume of two hundred pages, filled with thoughtful and wise consideration of the thousand topics, great and small, which connect themselves with the building and management of hospitals, and illustrated with architectural plans and elevations of a dozen of the great hospitals of Europe, — the Lariboisière at Paris, the Vincennes Military, the Victoria, the Netley, the Children's, the Lisbon, the two new hospitals at Malta, and the Herbert hospital at Woolwich, lately finished, which the author considers as on the whole the most perfect in existence.

Miss Nightingale makes a careful examination of the defects of construction in existing hospitals, considering especially badly selected sites, imperfect circulation of air outside, badly arranged wards, — low, wide, with windows on one side only, and half the beds against a dead wall, — bad systems of venti-

lation and warming, imperfect drainage, a neglect of proper attention to sinks, water-closets, laundries, etc., the use of absorbent materials for floors, walls, and ceilings, and many others of less importance. This enumeration suggests the course of the next division of the book, which treats of the correct principles of hospital construction.

There is a chapter on Convalescent Hospitals, another on the Military Hospitals of India, a third on Children's Hospitals, all full of the most uncommon common-sense, refined by the clear mind which uses it, and applied with the directness which comes of practical knowledge. Miss Nightingale is perfectly familiar with her subject, and considers it as a man might do, that is, without the least sentiment, not after the manner of a philanthropist, but rather of an economist,—an economist of human life. Nothing can be finer than the confidence and boldness with which she exposes abuses and exhibits their results. In speaking, for instance, of the influence of site on the health of a hospital, she gives a table of the mortality *per centum* in one hundred and six hospitals of England, grouping them according to location. From this table we learn that in twenty-four London hospitals which had, on the 8th of April, 1861, 4,214 inmates, the number of deaths registered in that year was 3,828, or nearly 91 per cent. In twelve hospitals in large towns, which contained on the same day 1,870 patients, the number of deaths in the year was 1,555, or about 83 per cent;—while in thirteen naval and military hospitals situated on open sites in the country, generally by the seaside, the mortality was only 15 per cent on the number of inmates on the 8th of April, and in two infirmaries at Margate, not quite 13 per cent. Miss Nightingale says, with reason, that, making every allowance for the untrustworthy character of statistics, whose result may be produced by an infinite variety of causes, the great fact that in the two seaside hospitals last mentioned the number of deaths in a year was only one eighth of the number of inmates which the hospitals were treating at a given time, while the great institutions of the crowded city had a death to nearly every bed in the course of the year, is sufficiently startling to make it worth while to look pretty closely at the reasons for it.

Another illustration, perhaps even more striking, of the difference in the healthiness of hospitals under different conditions of location and management, is given in a comparison of the various military hospitals of the British army before Sebastopol during the siege of 1855. The hospitals at Scutari "contained perhaps the largest number of sick ever at one time under the same roof. The largest of these two famous hospitals had at one time 2,500 sick and wounded under one roof; and it has happened that of Scutari patients two out of every five have died. In the hospital tents of the Crimea, although the sick were almost without shelter, without blankets, without proper food or medicines, the mortality was not one half what it was at Scutari, but the tents had only a few beds in each. While in the well-ventilated, detached huts of the Castle Hospital, on the heights above Balaclava, exposed to the sea breeze, at a subsequent period, the mortality among the wounded did not reach 3 per cent." (pp. 11, 12.)

The frequency with which Miss Nightingale refers to her experience in the hospitals at Scutari for examples of all kinds of mistakes and ill-management, is noticeable as another evidence, if more were needed, of the fatal dulness and stupidity (to use no harsher names) which characterized the operations of the medical department of the British army during the memorable campaign against Sebastopol. We may, without vain-glory, express our gratitude that our own noble armies, in the midst of their dreadful but glorious campaigns, after the calamitous failures of incompetent leaders, and the wretched knavery of swindling contractors and commissaries, have been spared the additional misery which follows when titled ignorance and pompous inefficiency get charge of a system of military hospitals.

Miss Nightingale's remarks in relation to the importance of a healthy site remind us painfully of the exploits of the Boston city government in the erection of the new Free Hospital. Yielding to that passion for vulgar display which, in the minds of the class of men who commonly control the affairs of our large cities, takes the place of architectural taste, the officials devoted all their energy and persistency to the point of erecting a building which should be at once magnificent and cheap.

And this object at least they accomplished. A towering dome of cast-iron, a massive colonnade of soft pine, attest the ambition of architect and committee. Nay, more, the plan of the establishment is excellent, and might have been matured after careful study of this very book of Miss Nightingale. But whose was the wisdom which, after all was done that could be done to produce a building which should be admirable within and admired without, planted it at last upon a site probably the worst that could be found within the city limits, — a site but yesterday reclaimed from the unwholesome waters of an estuary, exposed during a considerable portion of every day to the exhalations of dock mud and open sewer mouths, and which, by the admission of the building committee that selected it, depends for its salubrity on the remote contingency of the excavation at some future day of the whole water area of which it recently formed a part?

“Indeed,” — we quote from the report of the Building Committee, dated in June, 1861, — “were we not convinced that the South Bay will in time be excavated, we should hesitate to recommend the erection of the hospital on the proposed location. The accumulation of sewerage would soon make the Bay an intolerable cesspool, pregnant with disease,” etc.

This is not the place, perhaps, for the criticism of local follies; but in this, as in other matters, the public interest would gain if the public, or such portion of it as is qualified, should follow with a closer eye the doings of the officers to whom, with lazy and criminal good-nature, it leaves all the greater and smaller enterprises of the community, — that the stupidity or corruption of a score of ignorant placemen may not bear its annual fruit of disease and death, without the possibility of their being called to account for their misdeeds. The following remarks of Miss Nightingale apply to our case as closely as to any that she may have had in her mind while writing them.

“As the object to be attained in hospital construction is to have pure, dry air for the sick, it is evident that this condition cannot be fulfilled if a damp climate be selected. Retentive clay subsoils keep the air over certain districts of the country damp always, more or less, and soils of this character should not be selected as sites for hospitals. Self-

draining, gravelly or sandy subsoils are best. River banks, estuary shores, valleys, marshy or muddy ground, ought to be avoided. It may seem superfluous to state that a hospital should not be built over an old graveyard, or on other ground charged with organic matter; yet this has recently been done. Although hospitals are intended for the recovery of health, people are apt to forget this, and be guided in the selection of sites by other considerations, such as cheapness, convenience, and the like; whereas, the professed object in view being to secure the recovery of the sick in the shortest time, and to obtain the smallest mortality, that object should be distinctly kept in view, as the one which must take precedence of all others."

The topic of all topics upon which Miss Nightingale dwells longest, and with greatest emphasis, is that of Ventilation; a science dependent on the simplest and fewest principles of physics, yet in regard to which it is surprising how little is actually known. In what other department of practical science, for instance, was such a prodigious blunder ever made as that of Mr. Reid,—for many years the chief expounder of the principles of scientific ventilation,—who, by dint of reputation and influence, was allowed to introduce his "system" into the New Palace at Westminster, when, after months of engineering and an outlay of twenty thousand pounds, the whole system was discovered to be a stupendous failure, and nothing remained but to remove the costly works and advertise for a new plan. Miss Nightingale is far from relying upon systems, and speaks of them with hearty contempt.

"Open your windows!" she exclaims. "What is all this luxury of magnificent windows for, but to admit fresh air? To shut up your patients tight in artificially warmed air, is to bake them in a slow oven. Open the Lariboisière windows, warm it with open fires, drain it properly, and it will be one of the finest hospitals in the world."

And again:—

"If our object be to obtain a wholesome state of the air around the sick, we must have no air except what comes direct by windows or ventilating openings from the outer atmosphere, and we must have no other warming apparatus than the open fireplace. It is the safest warmer and ventilator."

Still again, farther on:—

"If a hospital must be ventilated artificially, it betrays a defect of

original construction which no artificial ventilation can compensate ; it is an expensive and inefficient means of doing that which can be done cheaply and efficiently by constructing your building so as to admit the open air around. . . . The chimney is indispensable as a ventilating shaft ; the fire sets it acting ; it takes the air from the ward so successfully, that, as has been proved by direct experiment, a single chimney will, in certain states of the wind, remove sixty thousand cubic feet of air in an hour, or as much as the French contract system allows for twenty-four patients."

Miss Nightingale's book treats not only of the construction, but of the management of hospitals. And in this department of her subject she speaks with an authority which no one will question. What she says makes it quite clear that the thousand points of detail, so easily overlooked or disregarded, yet so vital in their bearings on the health and comfort of the enfeebled inmates, — points which involve the most punctual, diligent, conscientious discharge of monotonous and disagreeable duties by every officer from the superintendent to the scullion, — make the perfect regulation of a great hospital one of the most difficult of all administrative achievements, and one of the rarest. We have, to be sure, made some progress since the days when the galleries of the Hôtel Dieu were filled with "multiple beds," shelf over shelf, holding from eight to twelve patients each, or since a more recent period, when, even as late as 1788, it was a common practice to assign two or four convalescent patients to one bed, half the number occupying the bed, while the other half sat up or walked in the court.

But there is no doubt that much more remains to be done, and it will be a long step towards perfection in this important matter, if the advisory boards shall have the good sense to allow themselves to be instructed by so competent a teacher as Florence Nightingale.

ART. III. — PRAED'S POEMS.

The Poems of WINTHROP MACKWORTH PRAED. With a Memoir by the REV. DERWENT COLERIDGE. In Two Volumes. London: Edward Moxon & Co. 1864. Republished by W. J. Widdleton, New York.

THE majority of our readers will require no introduction to the writer whose poems have now first received an authorized collection. During the quarter of a century which has elapsed since Praed's death, four successive editions of his poetry have appeared in this country, and his position as chief of the minor poets of the present century has been well established. The first three editions contained the collections made by the late Dr. Griswold from the various periodicals in which these fugitive pieces were scattered; the last contained quite a number of additional poems collected in the same way by Mr. Whitmore, but, we regret to add, it also contained several poems not written by Praed. All doubts and speculations may be considered as settled by this collection, made by his old friend, and enriched by the contributions of the poet's nearest relatives. However we may regret to find that some few favorites are now proved foundlings, we are glad to welcome so many new claimants for our favor.

The biography of the poet presents few striking events, excepting those of a literary nature. He was born on the 26th of July, 1802, at Teignmouth in Devon, and was the third and youngest son of William Mackworth Praed, sergeant-at-law. His maternal descent was from that Winthrop family of which one branch has been so honorably conspicuous in New England. His family was wealthy, and his father, a man of highly cultivated mind, carefully directed and fostered his poetic powers at an early age. In this edition will be found a few poems dating back to his fourteenth year, and one written in 1817 may well bear quotation: —

“ When thy sad master's far away,
Go, happier far than he, —
Go, little flower, with her to stay
With whom he may not be;

There bid her mourn his wayward lot,
And whisper still ' Forget-me-not ! ' ”

In 1814 he entered Eton, and in 1820 the first number of a college magazine, “*The Etonian*,” appeared. From this time Praed fairly entered upon public life. We can hardly appreciate here the difference between the qualifications of an English public man and of our own leaders. With us, literature leads to no advancement in any other pursuit; the suspicion of trifling with the Muses would be wellnigh fatal to any rising lawyer, merchant, or statesman. Scholarship is valued only in so far as it tends to practical results, and the prizes extended to it are few and unimportant. In England the case is entirely different. If we may judge at a distance, we should say that success in college gives a man a most desirable start in his later career. The constitution of the English Church is such that solid and permanent rewards await those who attain a high position at Oxford or Cambridge. The numerous sinecures create a large and influential body of men, who continue to devote themselves to study after their collegiate course is finished, and who are the dispensers of immense patronage. The prizemen of each year are marked and remembered, and they are regarded as the proper persons for every position, clerical or lay, which is within the gift of the educated classes.

To such an audience the “*Etonian*” made a brilliant appeal. It was indeed a marvellous production, and the greatest amount of its success was due to the writings of Praed. His poems were not only remarkable as the production of a school-boy, but they were unrivalled by those of any contemporary. Full of life, point, and a charming ease of expression, they were calculated to attract immediate praise. The longest poems were “*Gog*,” “*Surly Hall*,” and “*The County Ball*”; the most distinctive ones were “*Lines to Julia*,” and “*The Bachelor*.” These were not only written in a most deliciously fluent and easy metre, but wit and insight into character were displayed in a degree which none have since surpassed. Take, for example, — though such extracts do no justice to the whole, — the following touch from “*Gog*,” where the heroine is set adrift in a boat without provisions : —

" She pulled her lover's letter out
 And turned its vellum leaves about ;
 It was a billet-doux of fire,
 Scarce thicker than a modern quire ;
 And thus it ran : ' I never suppe,
 Because mine heatte dothe eatte me uppe ;
 And eke, dear Loue, I never dine
 Nor drink atte Courte a cuppe of wine ;
 For daye and nighte — I tell you true —
 I feede upon my Loue for you.'
 Alas ! that Lady fair, who long
 Had felt her hunger rather strong,
 Said (and her eye with tears was dim),
 ' I 've no such solid love for him !'
 And so she thought it might be better
 To sup upon her lover's letter."

In 1821, Praed quitted Eton for Trinity College, Cambridge, and as Mr. Coleridge writes, " Since the days of Canning, no Etonian had brought with him so high a reputation, and large expectations were formed with regard to his academical career." His course was indeed brilliant, as he gained the medals for the Greek Ode and Epigrams, for English verse, and for English and Latin declamation.

" In the classical tripos his name appeared third in the list, a high position, yet scarcely adding to the reputation which he already enjoyed. In 1827 he was successful in the examination for a Trinity Fellowship, and in 1830 he completed his University triumphs by gaining the Seatonian prizes."

Of his other literary triumphs we shall speak soon, but we will first trace out his public life. In 1825, he was established at Eton as private tutor to Lord Ernest Bruce, keeping terms at Lincoln's Inn, and preparing for the bar. In May, 1829, he was called to the bar, and in 1830 and 1831 he was returned to Parliament for St. Germain's. His borough being disfranchised he tried St. Ives in vain, but in 1834 he was returned with Mr. T. Baring from Yarmouth. Under the ministry of Sir Robert Peel, Praed held the office of Secretary of the Board of Control, and in 1837 he was elected by the voters of Aylesbury. During the latter years of his life he held the office of Deputy High Steward of the University of Cambridge. In the winter of 1838 - 9, symptoms of consumption appeared,

and on the 15th of July, 1839, he died. His remains were interred at Kensal Green.

It is not easy to form a just estimate of Praed's position as a statesman. When at Cambridge he was considered as the worthy rival of Macaulay; but the years he spent in Parliament were too few to enable him to take any leading rank. Bulwer in his poem of "St. Stephen's" states the case perhaps most fairly:—

"More richly gifted, though to him denied
E'en thine* imperfect honors, Winthrop died;
Died, — scarce a promise of his youth redeemed,
And never youth more bright in promise seemed.
Granta beheld him with such loving eyes
Lift the light lance which struck at every prize;
What 's the last news? the medal Praed has won;
What the last joke? Praed's epigram or pun;
And every week that club-room, famous then,
Where striplings settled questions spoiled by men,
When grand Macaulay sat triumphant down,
Heard Praed's reply, and longed to halve the crown.

"Yet in Saint Stephen's this bright creature failed;
Yes, but o'er failure had he not prevailed
If his that scope in time which victory needs?
Fame is a race, — he who runs on succeeds; —
True in all contests, in the Senate's most;
There but small way till half a life be lost;
Long years a name the public hardly knows,
From roots occult, unnoticed, grows and grows,
Till inch by inch it widens into space,
Towers o'er the grove and suns itself in Place."

It may perhaps be claimed for him that his talents would have earned for him a high rank, but that his life was cut short before he won public confidence and attention. However dearly his friends may cling to their opinions of his fitness for political honors, such transitory successes cannot compare with the permanent glory with which his poetical powers have surrounded his name. We gladly turn to the history of his successive literary triumphs.

Whilst at Cambridge, Mr. Charles Knight, since so distinguished as a writer and publisher, projected a Quarterly

* Buller.

Magazine, and Praed became the animating spirit of the enterprise. His associates were Macaulay, Moultrie, William Sidney Walker, Henry Malden, Derwent Coleridge, and Henry Nelson Coleridge. Though only six numbers appeared, for reasons fully explained in Knight's autobiography, Praed contributed several fine poems, two cantos of "The Troubadour," and some "Enigmas." Macaulay contributed, amongst other things, that article on slavery which grew into an article in the Quarterly, and was in both forms vigorously suppressed by his literary executors.

In 1826, whilst Praed was living at Eton, Knight undertook a weekly sheet, "The Brazen Head," which died in a month. Still Praed herein published "Lidian's Love," and some shorter pieces. About this time, also, the fashion of Annuals was in full vigor, and Praed wrote much for some of them. "The Gem," "The Literary Souvenir," "Friendship's Offering," "The Casket," — all of these contained examples of his most finished works of imagination. We may cite "The Bridal of Belmont," "The Legend of the Haunted Tree," "The Legend of the Teufel-Haus," "The Covenanter's Lament," "The Legend of the Drachenfels," and his masterpiece, "The Red Fisherman," as examples of the poetry which was issued through so ephemeral channels. The New Monthly Magazine was also a favorite with him, and therein appeared several of his "Every-day Characters," — quiet sketches of life touched with inimitable grace and pathos.

We learn from Mr. Coleridge's Preface, that Praed was a consummate master of political writing, and that hereafter we may have a reprint of a collection of those squibs which the author printed for private circulation. These and "Lillian," we presume, were the only distinct publications made in his life-time.

The longer poems have nearly all been published so often that quotations would be almost impertinent; still we will give from "The Bridal of Belmont" Lurley's song, as it was not in former editions: —

"A voice ye hear not, in mine ear is crying; —
 What does the sad voice say?
 'Dost thou not heed thy weary father's sighing,
 Return, return to-day!

Twelve moons have faded now :
My daughter where art thou ?

"Peace ! in the silent evening we will meet thee,
Gray ruler of the tide !
Must not the lover with the loved one greet thee ?
The bridegroom with his bride ?
Deck the dim couch aright
The bridal couch to-night."

One example from "Lidian's Love" will show his proficiency in a metre which he rarely attempted. Sir Lidian, yet free from love, found a home for his fancy in

"A Paradise of Fancy's fabrication
Peopled by Houris of the heart's creation ;
Who never thrummed upon the virginals,
Nor tripped by rule, nor fortunately fainted,
Nor practised paying compliments and calls,
Looking satirical or looking sainted,
Nor shrieked at tournaments, nor blushed at balls,
Nor lisped, nor sighed, nor drooped, nor punned, nor painted ;
Nor wrote a book, nor traded in caresses,
Nor made remarks on other people's dresses."

Of the new poems we take one song : —

"THE CONFESSION.

"Father, Father, I confess —
Here he kneeled and sighed,
When the moon's soft loveliness
Slept on turf and tide.
In my ear the prayer he prayed
Seems to echo yet ;
But the answer that I made, —
Father — I forget !
Ora pro me !

"Father, Father, I confess —
Precious gifts he brought ;
Satin sandal, silken dress ;
Richer ne'er were wrought ;
Gems that make the daylight dim,
Plumes in gay gold set ; —
But the gaud I gave to him, —
Father — I forget !
Ora pro me !

"Father, Father, I confess —
He 's my beauty's thrall,

In the lonely wilderness,
 In the festive hall;
 All his dreams are aye of me,
 Since our young hearts met;
 What my own may sometimes be, —
 Father — I forget!
 Ora pro me!"

Of the other additions some are prize poems and translations, some few are gleanings from the portfolios of his intimate friends. These have all a claim to our notice, but they do not add to our estimate of his ability. The Charades, now first collected, are, however, among the best he ever wrote. Quite a number of them were written, or at least published, in 1839, in aid of an Annual edited by T. K. Hervey. We believe that this volume was issued to assist the editor in some emergency; at all events the poems are interesting as being almost the last of the author's publications.

" XXXIII.

"The palmer comes from the Holy Land;
 Scarce on my First can the palmer stand;
 The prior will take the air to-day;
 On my Second the prior trots away; —
 'T is pleasanter, under a summer sun,
 With robes to ride, than with rags to run!"

"My whole leaps out of the way-side ditch,
 With 'Stand!' to the poor man, and 'Stand!' to the rich:
 From the prior he strips his mantle fair;
 From the palmer he wins but pity and prayer: —
 'T is safer, when crime is prowling wide,
 With rags to run, than with robes to ride!"

" XXXV.

"The night was dark, the night was damp;
 St. Bruno read by his lonely lamp.
 The fiend dropped in to make a call,
 As he posted away to a fancy ball:
 And 'Can't I find,' said the father of lies,
 'Some present a saint may not despise.'

"Wine he brought him, such as yet
 Was ne'er on pontiff's table set.
 Weary and faint was the holy man;
 But he crossed with a cross the tempter's can;
 And saw — ere my First to his parched lip came —
 That it blushed and burned with liquid flame.

"Jewels he showed him, — many a gem
Fit for a sultan's diadem.
Dazzled, I trow, was the anchorite;
But he told his beads with all his might, —
And instead of my Second, so rich and rare,
A pinch of worthless dust lay there.

"A lady at last he handed in,
With a bright black eye, and a fair white skin.
The stern ascetic flung, 't is said,
A ponderous missal at her head.
She vanished away; and what a smell
Of my Whole she left in the hermit's cell!"

One portion of these poems presents the author in a new light, — those which are addressed to his wife and child. We will quote one dated in the House of Commons.

"When some grim sorceress, whose skill
Had bound a sprite to work her will,
In mirth or malice chose to ask
Of the faint slave the hardest task,

"She sent him forth to gather up
Great Ganges in an acorn-cup,
Or heaven's unnumbered stars to bring
In compass of a signet-ring.

"Thus Helen bids her poet write
The thanks he owes this morning's light;
And 'Give me,' so he hears her say,
'Four verses, only four, to-day.'

"Dearest and best! she knows, if wit
Could ever half love's debt acquit,
Each of her tones and of her looks
Would have its four, not lines, but books."

A melancholy interest attaches to the following poem to his wife, dated July 7, 1839, one week only before his death.

"TO HELEN.

"Dearest, I did not dream, four years ago,
When through your veil I saw your bright tears shine,
Caught your clear whisper, exquisitely low,
And felt your soft hand tremble into mine,
That in so brief, so very brief a space,
He who in love both clouds and cheers our life

Would lay on you, so full of light, joy, grace,
The darker, sadder duties of the wife, —
Doubts, fears, and frequent toil, and constant care
For this poor frame, by sickness sore bested ;
The daily tendance on the fractious chair,
The nightly vigil by the feverish bed.

“ Yet not unwelcomed doth this morn arise,
Though with more gladsome beams it might have shone.
Strength of these weak hands, light of these dim eyes,
In sickness ”

His wife, Helen, daughter of George Bogle, Esq., died within the past year, leaving two daughters, — Helen Adelini and Elizabeth Lillian.

We have claimed for Praed the highest rank among the minor poets of the present century ; this we do conceding to Tennyson a place among the great poets. Those who remember the earlier poems of Tennyson, however, will feel that, had he been taken away as early, his reputation would have been vastly inferior to Praed's. One of the few English critics of these poems has strongly expressed his sense of the great loss which English literature sustained in being deprived of such a leader. Tennyson's last book contains a half-petulant assertion of the influence he has exerted on the poets of the past twenty years. Had Praed survived, not only would he have probably given us more thoughtful and earnest poems, but the influence of his style would have been felt throughout the literature of the day. He would have taught pre-eminently that clearness of expression is as possible in poetry as in prose ; that redundancies and inversions are necessities to poor workmen only ; and the simplicity of the style is the best test of the strength of the thought.

We welcome the appearance of these volumes, in the full belief that they will exert a wholesome influence still. The days of the “ spasmodic school ” are numbered ; but, since we must have our annual crop of poets, let us try to hold them to some good code. Let us beg them to avoid compound adjectives, newly coined words, harsh involutions, and unmeaning epithets ; and, if they cannot imitate the point of Praed's writings, let them at least try to equal his melody.

ART. IV.—MISS BEECHER'S PELAGIANISM.

1. *Common Sense applied to Religion, or the Bible and the People.* By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1857.
2. *Appeal to the People as the Authorized Interpreters of the Bible.* By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper and Brothers.
3. *Religious Training of Children, in the School, the Family, and the Church.* By CATHERINE E. BEECHER. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1864.

E. C. Towne

WE are glad to find a writer who is not an ecclesiastic discussing theological questions with earnestness and vigor. We are glad all the more that the writer is a woman. It is some guaranty that the discussion will not proceed in the ruts of tradition, and that the theology of the pulpit, the divinity schools and ministerial conventions, is to be ventilated and humanized. Miss Beecher comes to her subject with rare qualifications at least for negative criticism. With a nature of ardent aspirations and clear intellectual activity, she endured for years the perplexities and agonies which are inflicted upon keenly susceptible minds under Calvinistic theories of conversion and regeneration. As an educator of the young, and especially of young women, she has watched the effect of these doctrines upon them, causing the same perplexing dread, and stifling the most generous uprisings of the spiritual nature. She lived under the influence of this theology during years of sorrow and trial, joined a Calvinistic Church under mental protest that "there was a dreadful mistake somewhere," and after long struggle and difficulty rejected the Calvinistic system as false and baneful, and now finds shelter in the broader toleration and hospitality of the Episcopal Church. In her "Common Sense applied to Religion," "Appeal to the People," and the work now published on the "Religious Training of Children," she develops very fully her views of theology. With great moral earnestness, in a style perfectly free from all scholasticism, appealing with boldness and vigor to the plain sense and understanding of common minds, she deals a most destructive criticism against the theories that had troubled her

so long, and presents ideas of Christianity which she deems accordant with the character of God, with the plain meaning of the New Testament, with the wants of the soul and the common sense of mankind.

The negative, or more properly the destructive portion of her work, is admirably done. Sometimes by invincible logic, sometimes by apt illustration more telling than argument, sometimes by personal narrative calculated to touch the pity and indignation even of theologians who have any dregs of manhood left in them, she succeeds in making Calvinism not only absurd, but utterly hateful. The eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth chapters, entitled "Puritan Church Training," in her last work, are made up mainly of extracts from the personal experience of a daughter of the late Dr. Payson, written, we suppose, by the daughter herself, and not designed, of course, to blacken the memory of that good man. It is only paralleled by the cross-examinations of the "Holy Office" in the exquisite refinements of cruelty. A little girl, of quick perceptions, acute conscientiousness, and tender feelings, is taken when three years of age, and in the ten long years that followed put through the tortures of a Calvinistic conversion. She is made to believe that her whole nature is depraved, and that she can do nothing to change it; that even her prayers are hateful to God; that she cannot love him without a change of heart, which he only can bestow; and that for not loving him she is exposed to eternal fire. One would suppose that a parent who believed in such a theory of conversion would at least leave his children alone till God chose to take them in hand. But no: this good man thought it his duty to ply his child constantly with the theological pincers and thumbscrews, and her innocent girlhood, which should have been bright and joyous, is a continuous night of terror and anguish under the brooding wrath of God.

In the constructive portion of her work, Miss Beecher is less successful, because this work is vastly more difficult. She reproduces in its main features the theology of Pelagius. She denies with emphasis, not merely the "total depravity" of human nature, but any depravity of nature whatsoever. The infant mind is the creation of God, and we impeach his wis-

dom or goodness when we deny that it is rightly constructed. To suppose that new-created minds are brought into being corrupt and sinful and incapable of obedience, and yet responsible and guilty for disobedience, is to represent the Divine character in such light that no child can love him, nor is even bound to love him. Sin arises not from depraved nature, but from depraved action; and there is no sin previous to voluntary transgression. Vindicating the native ability and free-agency of man, she makes "a controlling purpose of obedience," manifested in good works and an unselfish life, the condition of salvation. She believes fully in the Deity of Christ, in his atoning sacrifice as a means of saving the sinner, in the influence of the Holy Spirit in human culture and regeneration, and the endless misery after death of those who have had their probation here, and become confirmed in their wickedness. She does not accept, however, the Puritan doctrine of immediate salvation or damnation at death of all mankind, but brings out very distinctly the belief of the primitive Church, still retained in a modified form by the Episcopal, of a three-fold state after death, — Heaven and Hell and *Hades*; which last is not the final abode, but the passage-way thereto. The notion of imputed righteousness is rejected as absurd, and the atonement of Christ evidently is not conceived as penal and vicarious.

We select the following illustration from many others designed to uncover the hideous absurdity of the received orthodox doctrine of depravity.

"Suppose a colony by some mischance settles on an [isolated] island which is found covered with the tobacco-plant. They clear their plantations, but find, by a remarkable and unintelligible arrangement, after every shower there is a fall of tobacco-seeds, disseminated from an inaccessible height by a machine erected for the purpose and constantly supplied. After some years they receive a missive from the king to whom the island belongs, in which he informs them that tobacco is the chief object of his detestation; that it is doing incalculable mischief to his subjects; that it is the chief end of his life, and he wishes it to be of theirs, to exterminate the plant and thus its use.

"He at the same time states that he is the author of the contrivance for scattering the seed, and that he keeps it constantly supplied, and

claims that he has a right 'to do what he will with his own' without being questioned by his subjects.

"He then enacts that any person who is found to use tobacco, or even to have a single seed or plant on his premises, shall be burned alive in a caldron of fire and brimstone.

"If, in addition to this, that king were to command supreme love to him and perfect confidence in his wisdom, justice, and goodness, all this would but faintly illustrate that awful system under consideration whose penalties are *eternal*." — *Common Sense applied to Religion*, p. 287.

The articles of faith, as Miss Beecher holds them, are thus summed up by herself: —

"That at the *first birth* of a child it is 'impossible in the nature of things' for it to feel and act for the happiness of others, till it has learned to know what gives pleasure and pain to *self*, and that there are other beings who can enjoy and suffer; so that a child by its very nature is at first obliged to be *selfish* in the *exercise* of faculties which *in reference to the great whole* are perfect.

"That the 'second birth' is the sudden or gradual entrance into a life in which the will of the Creator is to control the self-will of the creature; while under the influence of love and gratitude to him and guided by faith in his teachings, *living chiefly for the great commandment* takes the place of *living chiefly for self*. For this the supernatural aid of the Holy Spirit is promised to all who seek it; and without this aid success is hopeless. But the grand instrumentality is the *right training* of parents and teachers.

"Then in reference to that great change of character which wrongly educated minds must pass, in order to gain eternal life, there are three modes of expression in the Bible in regard to that, viz. 'love to God,' 'faith in Jesus Christ,' and 'repentance.'

"According to all uses of these terms in *practical* matters, *love* is nothing which does not include obedience or conformity of will and action to the being loved. Faith or belief is nothing unless it includes its fruits of obedience. *Repentance* is nothing unless it includes ceasing to do evil. *Obedience* to the laws of God, physical, social, moral, and religious, is the grand indispensable requisite. Now when any person is so engaged in striving to obey all these laws that it is the *first interest* of the mind, then there is a 'new heart'; and so great is the change from one of self-indulgence and disobedience to one of such earnest desire and efforts to obey God, that it is properly expressed by the terms 'born again' and 'created anew.'" — *Ibid.*, pp. 333, 334.

That the grand decisive change in becoming a Christian is

stated here very inadequately, resolving itself, as it must in Miss Beecher's system, into a change of external conduct and relations, and not change of nature, we think it would be very easy to show. Indeed, we do not see that, with Pelagian theories, "being born again" or "created anew" has any vital significance. Those words imply changes deeper and more radical than changes of the external man; and as to the internal man, that needs no changing, if Miss Beecher is right, except by way of development, since it was perfect at the first creation. Ceasing to *do* evil, not ceasing to *be* evil, is the whole work of repentance; and education, not regeneration, is the whole work of Christian nurture.

As opposed to Calvinism, Miss Beecher's system is vastly to be preferred, for any one might rejoice to escape from the gloom of a dungeon, though he emerged into the cold air beneath a wintry sky. Most heartily, then, do we sympathize with her in the good work she is doing, and the vigorous strokes which break open the prison-doors. But how she can rest in her present belief, we do not see. Pelagianism may be a good resting-place, even as many Unitarians have found it, where we may stop and take breath after struggling out of the darkness and the galling chains of spiritual bondage. But as a system adequate to solve the hard problems of existence, to satisfy either the heart or the intellect, and bring man into God's profound and sufficing peace, as it has always been found wanting, so it will always continue to be.

First of all, we say it discharges the fundamental facts of the Gospel of their vital import. If man needed only development, and not radical change, — if sin comes only from diseased action, and not from diseased constitution, — what need was there of anything more than educators and prophets to show us the way? Why the Divine Incarnation to redeem the race, when they only needed teachers to enlighten and guide them? All but a small fraction of Christendom, who rest in the sheerest Ebionism, have been profoundly convinced that Christ was more than a teacher, — even a Redeemer and Saviour; and that his incarnation, sufferings, death, resurrection, ascension, and second coming in the Paraclete, were not merely to move on the surface of human nature, and lead

to right action, but down among its native springs and elements, there to heal and cleanse, to readjust, inspire, and energize, and evolve a new creation out of chaos. Surely, this uniform testimony points to something in the nature itself of the religious life. True enough, Miss Beecher holds fast to the Orthodox Trinity, and, in her way, believes in the Deity of Christ. But these doctrines hang loose in her system, without use and without coherence; for as human nature in every new-born child from the days of Adam downward has been whole and perfect, and its native motions heavenward, why could not prophets and angels have guided it? and what mean the wonderful events which took place in Palestine eighteen hundred years ago, and around which the whole history of the race, before and after, becomes organized?

Moreover, Pelagianism, though less revolting to our moral sentiments than Calvinism, succeeds no better in clearing the Divine justice. A part of the race are to be saved through education and persuasion. So far the Divine plan is successful. But how is it with that vast portion who are lost forever in consequence of wrong training and unpropitious circumstance? Starting with natures perfectly pure and well directed, how easily, by a wise adjustment of circumstance, might all this native goodness have been wooed forth and set free! And yet, brought here by no act of their own, they are plunged into such external evil and corruption, that their goodness is repressed and deflected to everlasting ruin. It helps the matter very little to say that the sinner chooses evil rather than good. If he chooses it to his eternal destruction, why was he put in the way of it? or why was he created at all, when the Creator foresaw that existence was to turn out a failure and a curse for ever and ever? If the grand system of Providence is one of education only, and this is the dismal result of it, then we say, too, "There is a dreadful mistake somewhere," and the mistake lies plainly in the Divine arrangements. Suppose fifty young women have been committed to Miss Beecher to educate. They are given to her care in their unspotted innocence, their faculties all perfect, their affections and aspirations all pure. She has the entire control of place and circumstance in locating her seminary.

She can place it amid the sweetest charms of art and nature, and amid society of the selectest and holiest influence. And yet, with all these appliances at her command, she gives them bad books to read, and admits evil tempters among them, and returns twenty-five of these once innocent girls to their parents corrupted and ruined, and fit only for dens of infamy. And suppose the teacher should put forward the plea that the young women were free agents, and chose the ruin themselves, would the parents think the plea a valid one, and not rather a cruel and insulting aggravation of the wrong? And yet what else does Pelagianism make of the whole scheme of creation and providence, plunging pure and new-created souls, generation after generation, amid seductions and temptations which the Creator foreknows will turn them downward among the fiends, and not amid persuasions that will win them upward among his angels? You gain nothing by removing evil from the nature *in* man to the nature *about* him, which dominates and schools him through the most tender and susceptible period of his endless existence, — you gain nothing, that is to say, for the Divine character and justice, — unless you can show that evil has some better use and economy than this in the universe of God. •

But we quarrel with Pelagianism for other than merely ethical reasons. It has no basis in *the facts of life*. It is woven from the speculations of a few minds here and there, and now and then. An amiable monk may produce it from his cell, or the successful teacher of young ladies may produce it again; but its inductions are too narrow and too superficial to account for the state of a world that lieth in wickedness. The facts of consciousness, the facts of history, and the facts both of physiological and psychological science are all against it.

It is not true, as Miss Beecher seems to suppose, that Augustine invented the doctrine of hereditary depravity. He gave it a lurid and baleful tinge, but already it was, not only in the Church, but in the common faith of the religious world. It was an essential element of Brahminism, but the Brahmins could make no ethical use of it, and resolved it into the essential evil of matter, which cleaves to the soul as its poisonous

coat, necessitating the maceration of the body, and making its appetites essentially sinful. It constituted the dualism of the Parsee religion, with its eternal antagonism of spirit and matter. Gnosticism, which came into the Church on the Oriental side, was a new modification of this philosophy; and, though the Gnostics were insignificant as a Christian sect, they exerted a very marked influence upon the early development of Christian doctrine. Docetism, Manicheism, and Monasticism all start from one postulate,—the essential evil of matter as the “hylic” covering of the spirit,—and hence the depraved natural appetites which men are born with, and which are fit only to be starved and mortified.*

In the Church, both Jewish and Christian, the doctrine of native depravity took a different form and coloring, and less materialistic. It was that of a depraved nature derived from Adam as the baneful fruit of the fall. No person well versed in the rabbinical literature before the time of Christ, or the patristic literature that followed, ever denied that this idea entered into every form of the prevailing anthropology. Very true, it had not been elaborated into distinct dogmas before the time of Augustine, except in Paul's Epistles; but the loss of Eden by the sin of the first parents, and the entail of a curse upon the entire species, was a belief as universal then as it is now.† It is perfectly plain, we think, that Paul was full of this faith. He takes it for granted, as something not to be brought into debate, and makes it the postulate of his whole doctrine of redemption in Christ. The entire race die in Adam, and go into Hades, and there all the generations have been gathered and are waiting. Christ not only became incarnate upon the earth, but descended into Hades also, to raise his people out of it, and make a clear pathway to the skies. He rolls off the hereditary curse, not by a make-believe or imputed righteousness, but by imparting inward health and power to believers, so that in him they shall all “BE MADE ALIVE,” and the curse which the law, a mere outward rule, could not clear away, can be broken by the might of faith, which transforms the man from within, and removes the entail

* Consult Baur's *Christliche Gnosis*, especially the first four sections.

† See Neander's “Church Dogmas,” under *Anthropology*.

of hereditary corruption. Hence his exultant strain as he closes his annunciation of the resurrection from the underworld, or the mediate state, — “O HADES, where is thy victory?”* No textual criticisms upon St. Paul can eliminate the doctrine of inherited spiritual death in Adam, with Hades for its consequence, and redemption in Christ as its remedy; and the *descensus Inferno*, found distinctly in the New Testament, and universally believed in the primitive Church, is postulated upon this doctrine alone.

It might be argued, as it has been, that the Jews borrowed the notion of native depravity from the Magians, and brought it with them from the captivity; that the primitive Christians borrowed it in turn from the Jews, and that the Gnostics inoculated the Church still further with the same virus which has descended and is spread over the Christendom of to-day. We hold all this sort of philosophizing to be utterly shallow and absurd. Men never “borrow” their neighbor’s heresies till they have first lived them. Forms of doctrine which spread over whole provinces and down the ages are always forms of life cropping out from the profoundest consciousness of the race. The consciousness of evil lying at the core of being, antedating all voluntary action, staining the soul’s divine chastity, clouding its celestial vision, whelming it under dark waves breaking upon waves, and tormenting it with eternal unrest, underlies all the religions East and West which have worked profoundly, and from this consciousness goes forth the cry for some light that will explain man to himself and guide him to the summits of peace. The fact that doctrines remotely affiliated are found alike in the heathen and Christian religions, has been complacently urged as evidence that these doctrines were interpolated from one into the other, or that the Church “borrowed” them from Pagan superstitions. It only proves that the mind of the race was groping after them, and that the Gospel came as the desire of the nations yearning towards the light. The conviction of innate depravity lying at the heart of the race found no better analysis of man in the Indian philosophy than into spirit and matter, and it met

* 1 Cor. xv. Our translators blur the whole course of the argument, by rendering *grave*.

with no other solution than that which drops the one and reabsorbs the other into the bosom of Deity. Gnosticism was plagued by this same problem of evil, and tried to solve it in a system which was an amalgamation of Magian, Grecian, and Christian ideas. Christianity, unlike these, finds evil, not in man's material nature, but in his spiritual; finds the seat of it by a more searching and profound analysis, and knows how and where to apply the remedy. Augustine believed in innate depravity before he was a Manichean; was tortured and distracted by it, and sought in Manicheism for an explanation of the stormy tumult within him. He renounced it as a shallow philosophy which did not go to the depths of his trouble, and in the system which he subsequently elaborated he reproduced the Church doctrine, though penetrated with the passions that surged within him. But the point of the argument is, that a conviction so ineradicable and general must have a fact to rest upon; that, if every new generation and every new-born child begins existence *de novo* like Adam, perfectly pure and whole, — if sin is only a marring of the surface and not a derangement of the inner structure, — it were utterly impossible that this consciousness of inborn and inherited evil should thus cleave to the heart of the race, and crop out in all its principal religions, and be borne ever onward as “the still, sad music of humanity.”

No physiologist of the present day will deny that the condition of the parents affects both the physical and moral constitution of their offspring. Morbid tastes and appetites, tendencies to insanity, passions which cloud the reason or disturb its equipoise, lusts that infest the soul and lay it open to infernal sorceries, diseases of the body whose seeds the child brings with him into the world, affecting his nervous and thence his whole moral organism, — to deny that these evils are inherited from a vitiated ancestry is to deny facts which have long since been established and admitted as the verities of science. Miss Beecher is perfectly right in saying that no man becomes sinful except by voluntary action, using the word “sin” in its popular sense of personal guiltiness; but used in the Pauline sense as that “body of death” which lies back of voluntary action, and terribly sways it, and forces out the excla-

mation, "O wretched man that I am!" it means the morbid state that precedes all personal guiltiness and determines it. You may argue till doomsday against native depravity from "the goodness of God," or "the principles of honor and right" that are supposed to govern him. We are not dealing here with a metaphysical hypothesis, but with the sober, stern facts of existence; and vain is the ostrich-philosophy, which, instead of meeting them, only hides its head in the thicket and ignores them.

But we come upon more positive ground. We not only accept these facts of existence, but believe they have a necessary place in God's most beneficent plan for the salvation of the race. Total depravity and moral inability are dogmas which we reject as vehemently as Miss Beecher can possibly do; but good and evil commingled in the *nature* of man, as in all nature, that environs and educates him, not superficial and induced from without, but inborn and radical and insurgent from the spiritual deep within, is the only conceivable ground for God's highest achievement in humanity.

Our imaginations very easily picture to themselves a state of things in which there is nothing but peace and harmony, where all that is required of us is to be *developed* from lower to higher, and where some paradise on earth might prepare us for a paradise above. But it is very plain that this culture could produce only good natural men, and that a naturalized heaven would be their highest reward.

Three kinds of goodness are conceivable. There is instinctive goodness, which is wholly involuntary and which has no moral quality whatsoever. It is such as all good animals have which are dominated by their own natures. The lambs and the kine in the pastures, the birds of the air, the fishes in the pool, are in bondage to their natures, and therefore the good which they minister flows passively through them. It is not *their* goodness, and we do not credit it to them, and its highest enjoyment is sensuous pleasure.

There is natural human goodness, which is only a grade higher because endowed with intelligence. This, too, is instinctive, and therefore involuntary and without moral quality. It is the passive exhibition of the good propensities that men

are born with. It is the goodness of babes. It is the sweetness of infancy. It is the amiability of persons who act only from instinctive kindness. Parental love, family affections, the goodly fellowship of friendship, natural benevolence, may be fervent, and even prodigal, when wholly without moral quality. It was this goodness which the first man had in paradise, and, if the Divine plan had involved nothing else, he doubtless might have been retained in it, and so the race would have been a race of grown-up children, kept in terrestrial peace, regaled with sensuous, or at most instinctive pleasures. Man, with nothing but good in his nature to inundate his consciousness and brim over in his actions, would have been dominated by his nature, and never risen to the sublime prerogatives of a moral being.

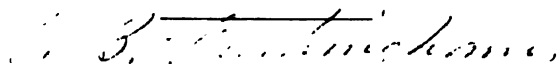
But there is a still higher kind of goodness, and a higher heaven that rewards it. It comes from choice between the contrasts of good and evil. And that this choice may be made in all its energy and grandeur, these contrasts must present the opposites of the whitest light and the blackest shade. They must not run into each other, so that no one can tell where one begins and the other ends. They must stand front to front, in bold relief, and in a fully developed experience of good and evil. Hence this probation which the Infinite Providence provides. In the nature of man there is the lamb and the tiger, the dove and the vulture, serpents and birds of paradise, that which is clean and that which is unclean; but he is dominated neither by the one nor the other. He is poised between them, with the awful attribute of moral choosing. Always with him and immanent in his being, though not a constituent part of it, is the Divine Spirit itself, his eternal Helper. He need not succumb like the animal to his own nature, good or bad, and be swamped under it: he can tread the evil under foot and bruise the serpent's head; while the good he can control and mould anew into forms of celestial beauty. Man, instead of keeping in Paradise, like an improved human animal of amiable instincts, and rising thence to a Pelagian heaven, has been permitted to have a history wherein all the wild beasts of rapacity come into his consciousness and pass into the annals of this world. On his own plane of being muster the hosts of heaven

and the hosts of hell, and hence the Christian course is not "progress" and "development," but conflict and victory; and the Christian change is not superficial, but radical, a new birth and a new creation out of chaos. Hence, too, a style of manhood and womanhood a great deal better than that of Adam and Eve, not instinctive and natural, but moral and spiritual; men and women who have met temptation and resisted it, who have been immured in sin and risen out of it with triumphal songs of redeeming love; not babies nursed in the sun, like flowers that vegetate in the tropic air, but men and women who have known evil and overcome it, who have met Satan in full armor and conquered him. Not to those who merely receive, but to those who **OVERCOME**, is promised the fruit of the tree of life.

Unquestionably the Scriptures describe the descent out of Paradise as "the fall of man." But they do not describe it as something which took God by surprise, or which foiled him in his plan and put back his work. It was a fall in order to a greater rise. It was a descent in order to find an ultimate and solid base for springing upward. It was a descent out of mere childhood, in order to find the true manhood of earth and the angelhood of the skies. In short, **REDEMPTION** was the prospective complement of creation, was involved in it, and completes it as its crowning glory.

It does not agree with our observation of childhood to designate it pre-eminently as the period of selfishness. It is the period of the sweetest and most unalloyed affection, with scarcely the dawn of evil propensity and passion, for the simple reason that the infantile consciousness is flooded with natural goodness. Hereditary evil lies in the deeps lower down, and is not suffered to be evolved and come to the surface till the period of moral choosing, when we are fit to assume the prerogatives of spiritual manhood. But the evil is there, biding its time,—the long and grisly train which so afflicted Gray in the prospect as he saw the children sporting upon the green. But it is held in abeyance during the first years when "heaven lies about us," or rather shines through us as the sun through crystals. It is not the heaven achieved, but imaged within us, and afterward lying behind us

in sunbright memories like fragrant fields on the hillside, which are receded from, but never out of sight even when we travel onward where evil springs up into consciousness, and we tread among the briars and thorns. The sorest temptations to selfishness come later, when the solemn alternatives of God or Mammon, Christ or the prince of this world, are urged upon us, and demand an eternal yea or nay. Hence ever and everywhere the Christian life has been a struggle and a conflict, not with unpropitious environment or something which lies outside of us and tasks our wisdom and patience, but with the hosts of darkness insurgent from the spiritual deeps of our own being, which prompt us to cast ourselves upon an Almighty Deliverer and Cleanser. The Christian experience, from Paul to Bunyan, whether Catholic or Protestant, out of which God has raised up the long train of witnesses who have signalized most the transforming power of the Gospel, is factitious and delusive, unless it be something more than education and development, — even a conflict with innate evil, a triumph over it, and a new creation out of ancient ruins. The party of Augustine did not prevail over the party of Pelagius because the former happened to outvote the latter, but because human nature, searched under the blaze of Gospel light, becomes conscious of troubles and wants which Pelagianism cannot reach with its shallow soundings.



ART. V. — FROTHINGHAM'S KEY TO THE PHILOSOPHIES.

Philosophy as Absolute Science, founded on the Universal Laws of Being, and including Ontology, Theology, and Psychology, made one as Spirit, Soul, and Body. By EPHRAIM L. FROTHINGHAM. Vol. I. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 8vo. pp. 453.

THIS is a work of the old ambitious style; a new "Intellectual System of the Universe"; a comprehensive work, touching no solitary themes in science, exhausting no single department of thought, solving no detached problems, but embracing a complete philosophy of the universe, a full survey of the

entire domain of intellectual, moral, theological, and spiritual truth: not an exhaustive, analytical survey, of course,—that is for encyclopædias,—but an outline sketch of the territory occupied by all the knowledges.

The book would be an audacity too enormous to be tolerated, if the essence of it were not contained in a simple formula entirely easy of comprehension, and perfectly manageable; the faithful and sagacious application of which, in the three great departments of the universe,—the World, God, Man,—leads to the fully developed system. The author presumes not to take a place among the great creative thinkers of the world: he merely claims to have picked up the master key which opens the different chambers of Truth; a key which lay in everybody's way, which had been passed by, trodden on, taken up and flung down again as useless, by many a searcher on the highways of knowledge; a key which had been often described in well-known books, especially in the Bible, but which had been unaccountably neglected till now; a magical key, in some sort, which was destined not to be recognized before its charmed hour. He does not pretend to have examined all the chambers whose doors it opens, to have explored their secrets or catalogued their contents. No one man can do that. He avers that he has put the key into all the locks, and has found that it fits the wards and opens the doors. He has tried it so many times that he is confident now of being able to unlock every closet and secret archive; and on this ground he calls attention to it. The key that will do this must, of course, be *the* key. For himself he makes no pretension to knowledge. He does not profess to be a metaphysician, a theologian, or a seer. He has a very modest opinion of his own abilities and accomplishments. One thing only he is sure of,—that he has found the magical key, by which the metaphysician, the theologian, the seer, can enter the mysteries in their departments and get unquestionable truth.

He found this key by accident, as we say. Reading in one of Emerson's Essays,—we have forgotten the passage,—he came across a statement about marriage which kindled up his whole mind. The import of Mr. Emerson's saying was, that marriage consisted in the union of opposites by means of the

reconciling principle of love. Here was food for thought. Here, in fact, seemed to be a clew to many a labyrinth of thought. The male and the female, then, were opposites. This had been suspected and asserted before; the constitution of society, as interpreted by history, somehow assumed it. But how were they opposites? in what respects, and to what extent? Here the elaboration of Mr. Frothingham's system began, in an analysis of the male and female elements. Reflection gradually established these distinctions:—The male is active; the female is passive. The male is intellectual; the female is affectional. The male is conscious; the female is unconscious. The male is internal; the female is external. The male attribute is justice; the female attribute is pity. The male admires truth; the female admires goodness. The male is universal; the female is personal. The male is perceptive; the female is receptive. The male lives in principles; the female lives in details. The male organizes; the female disorganizes. The male is universal and vital; the female is partial and destructive. The male is orderly and regular; the female is fickle and diverse. The female has in every age and under every form of society been subjected to the male. It would seem to follow that the female qualities throughout must be subject to the male qualities for the purposes of production.

These male and female elements, then,—for this is the assumption,—are exactly and vehemently opposed to each other. The active and the passive, the intellectual and the affectional, the conscious and the unconscious, the rational and the impulsive, the internal and the external, the just and the tender, the truthful and the amiable, the orderly and the disorderly, are naturally at war; but the opposition is accompanied by an attraction that is equally strong: in fact, the greatest opposition is generally accompanied by the greatest attraction; and the closest and happiest marriages frequently are formed between individuals who, internally considered, have no points of sympathy. The self-sufficient man weds a dependent woman; the intellectual man chooses, or rather has appointed for him, a sensitive and sentimental woman for his mate; the prophet finds himself allied to a housewife; the

reformer is united for life to a shrinking conservative; the devotee of science is at one with a sentimental enthusiast. The union of opposites through an instinctive attraction for providential ends of production, and the sacrifice of the lower to the higher, of the impulsive to the rational, the passive to the active, the sentimental to the intellectual, the natural to the supernatural, the animal to the spiritual, for the same ends,—this is the law of marriage, nicely analyzed; a law which the institution of marriage enforces and illustrates in the most emphatic and obvious way.

But is this law confined to man and woman in this one estate of matrimony? Is it not a universal law? Does not the distinction of male and female hold everywhere? Are not the male and female elements everywhere set over against each other by radical repugnance, and everywhere attracted towards each other by a mysterious sympathy? Is not the principle of marriage a world-wide principle? This is now to be tested. We have always heard of male and female elements of mind; manly and womanly, masculine and feminine ideas. But on application of this formula it presently appears that these laws of opposition, attraction, union,—the marriage of male and female,—are represented in the whole organization of the mind. There are the religious sentiments set over against the moral; understanding is contrasted with instinct; perception with reception; intuition with reflection; imagination with fancy. The human mind has a spiritual or male department, comprising the reason; a material or female department, comprising the understanding and the instinct; and a mediatorial department, comprising the religious and moral sentiments.

Each of these departments again exhibits its oppositions and its attractions. Thus the reason presents to us as opposite poles truth and good,—harmonized in beauty. The understanding presents to us its demonstrative and philosophic region; its region of sensation; and its poetic region, mediating between the other two. A close examination discloses fresh subdivisions in each of these regions, illustrating still further the male and female qualities united by marriage. Thus, among the religious sentiments, spiritualism and nat-

uralism stand at opposite poles; intuition and veneration are in antagonism; while revelation mediates. Among the moral sentiments justice faces sympathy; satisfaction with one's self confronts approbation from others, and the idea of obligation reconciles the two. Once more, the social instincts are at variance with the individual instincts, and only through the domestic instincts is the bond of harmony found: the social instincts being masculine and vital; the individual instincts feminine and destructive; the domestic instincts mediatorial, constructive. Each of these regions of the instinctive nature, again, may be made to fall into similar contrasts.

From the individual turn to society, and you meet the same order of facts, — elements of positive, radical opposition, elements of harmony effecting reconciliation between them. There we find, universally, the governing and the governed; socialism and individualism; despotism and democracy. Incessant and omnipresent is the action of vital and destructive powers: conservatism and radicalism are ever at war. No society ever has existed, no society can be supposed to exist, without the antagonism of these forces, which represent respectively law and license, order and disorder, unity and diversity, construction and destruction, integration and disintegration; the tendency to equality and fraternity, the tendency to inequality, individualism, aristocracy, caste; the first internal, the second external, — the first masculine, the second feminine. Neither has any society been known to exist without the two opposing mental forces, — without a form of philosophy and a form of religion; the one representing thought, the other representing feeling; the one being intellectual, the other being sentimental; the one conscious, the other unconscious; the one internal, the other external; the two always in conflict, and by their conflict producing discussion and the movement of thought. Philosophy and democracy are in accord; aristocracy and the Church agree in spirit. Men are democrats and philosophers; women are devotees and aristocrats. Thought assails, undermines, decomposes, the creeds and sacraments of the Church. The Church lays thought under a ban. Faith is the reconciling principle which mediates between them, enabling man through the unconscious

action of the religious sentiments to grow from below upwards, and under the action of philosophy to develop from within outwards. In philosophy, besides, the transcendental or internal school shares dominion with the sensational or external school. Aristotle and Plato divide the world of speculation, and make that world resound with the tumult of the battle, until eclecticism steps in with its attempts at reconciliation, or scepticism effects a demolition of them both.

These indications lie open to the most casual vision on the very surface of society and of the mind. Indeed, you cannot mention anything, any idea, feeling, principle, that its opposite does not start instantly into the mind. A dualism bisects nature, and man, and existence.

All this points to a law governing the very constitution of the universe; a law of opposition, a law of attraction, a law of union; a duality, a trinity, a unity; two principles, reconciliation of the two principles by a third; a resulting union having collected these random hints one by one, by a somewhat loose and indiscriminate kind of induction. The next step, as we surmise, was to take the generalization arrived at, to assume the principle as universal, essential, absolute, and to follow it down towards a more complete and exhaustive interpretation of the details of the phenomenal world.

We have then two absolute principles: — I. An infinite principle, law, cause, life, one, universal, harmonious, absolute wisdom, love, and power, — the spirit of Deity, the Holy Ghost, threefold in manifestation as in being, declaring itself as truth, good, and beauty, in three absolute and infinite spheres. II. A finite principle, law, cause; characterized by diversity, partiality, separation; absolute guile, hatred, and destruction; threefold in manifestation likewise, as fraud, evil, and deformity; a law of darkness and death, a principle of death itself, its intellectual, affective, and active elements combining to bring about chaos. These are simply the male and the female principles raised to the absolute power. As no life in mineral, plant, or animal can be produced without the conjunction of the male and the female, so the definite existence of the universe, including as it does divisibility, diversity, and multiplicity, — facts of imperfection and evil, — is

inconceivable except on the supposition of a universal sphere in every way opposed to the infinite, but susceptible of receiving its life and becoming productive from it. The infinite principle alone could not give birth to the creation, for on that supposition the infinite must project from itself its own opposite, which would be impossible. Man without woman begets no living creature. The finite constitutes the opposite sphere to the infinite, and supplies the necessary condition of existence, a law of attraction drawing them towards each other for fruitful conjunction. To the end that there may be a universe, the mysterious ineffable conjunction takes place. The finite principle becomes pregnant by the infinite principle, and the conscious Deity begotten by absolute life, and born out of absolute death, is produced; not at first spiritual wholly, and perfect, but imperfect and natural, with a divided consciousness, distinctly at one neither with the infinite nor the finite, — a dual being, exhibiting absolute existence in a natural state, the finite and the infinite laws being combined and represented in him, not integrated by the sacrifice of the lower to the higher.

The next step in this eternal process of spiritual birth is therefore the choice between the finite principle, which is partiality, diversity, and death, and the infinite principle, which is unity, universality, and life, — the consequent repudiation of the former and its subjection to the latter. Through this choice of the infinite law, the finite law was crucified, and a union of these opposites was effected; there was realized a divine sphere of life, a divine personality, which we may call the soul of Deity, the second person in the Godhead, the Father.

We have not yet, however, arrived at the conception of the individual deity, — the deity who creates a visible world, — the external deity, — the body, as it were, of God. The eternal process demands that the inward should have outward manifestation; should, so to speak, project itself in a palpable form. This projection — or “procession,” to use the theological term — is the Son. He too is compounded of the two opposite principles; he too makes the choice between them; he compels the lower to be subject to the higher, by sacrificing

the natural, false, evil element; and the active, living, creating God stands in the plenitude of his divine energy over against this dark, dumb, natural, finite evil sphere of universal and indefinite death, which forever remains the fixed condition of God's definite consciousness, the source of finite material for the creation, and the ground of all the phenomena of existence that are antagonistic to the infinite God. Of course, it is understood that we speak here "after the fashion of men," describing in the foolish way of our understanding things that are ineffable mysteries to angels and archangels.

It is claimed now that a trinity is established as the fixed condition of all existence, the ground of a material universe. But where and whence shall we obtain the material for such a universe? The existence of it is involved in the very laws of thought. Each of the indefinite, absolute causes must have its indefinite, phenomenal substances, to give it outward expression; otherwise it would have no definite incarnation, and no capacity for being represented or manifested in the diversified manner required. These substances are not to be conceived as dead, inert masses of matter, but as external media rather, self-subsisting, susceptible of endless natural combinations under the agency of the creative powers. In each inheres its own life; each is improved by its own principle; and on their being combined in definite forms by an absolute power, their manifested phenomena spontaneously appear.

At the head of this material universe is placed man, a phenomenal being, made in the image of God, combining the two ethereal substances, and incarnating the two opposite principles in an external way, — made to be a medium through which God can most completely manifest himself; — a being capable of illustrating either law of life or death; capable of yielding to the finite principle, and losing himself in nature; capable also of yielding to the infinite principle of recognizing and uniting with spiritual and divine forms, of partaking the divine life, of expressing the celestial wisdom, and of becoming the outward image of the Divine perfection; — a three-fold being, therefore, consisting of the opposing and the

combining elements, spirit, soul, body,—natural, supernatural, spiritual; the regions of his mind conformed to the laws of his being, fitting him to receive influxes from above and below,—each department of his mind, in fact, offering a field for the active play of the infinite and finite laws, in their repulsions and attractions;—a being fashioned to exist successively in three spheres of consciousness, in three atmospheres of influence, and in three forms of material expression; or, as Mr. Frothingham says, in three bodies. One of these spheres is a vital and combining, the other is a destructive and separating force, rendering necessary a continuous creating process by means of the supernatural medium of the soul through which the divine power acts in the construction, combination, and manifestation of the several forms of life.

This is but a meagre account of the author's conception of the laws of absolute and of phenomenal being; but it not only is as much as our space permits, it is as much as we care to present,—for to attempt more would lead us into a complexity of detail which might confuse a very simple idea, and make understanding impossible.

We are prepared now to appreciate the peculiarity of Mr. Frothingham's philosophical method as prescribed by these primary positions, existence being conditioned on the action of these antagonistic principles of life and death, and phenomenal substance serving as a ground for the demonstration of absolute, divine causes. The phenomenal sphere constituting a medium through which the absolute causes may be represented in a natural, and manifested in a spiritual manner,—the laws of matter being susceptible of realizing, as it were, an objective experience in the Divine consciousness,—it is perfectly plain, it is indeed self-evident, that the only key to the truth of things, the only clew to knowledge, is the science of Correspondences; the only available method is the method of Analogy; the only sufficient faculty is the Imagination.

The ordinary inductive and deductive processes are at fault altogether, for they always move in straight lines, either from particulars to universals, or from universals to particulars. Logical processes are at fault altogether, for they act only on a straight line, feeling along a single principle, by way of

premise and conclusion. The method ordinarily styled scientific can accomplish nothing, for it recognizes nothing but the natural and external. The method ordinarily styled metaphysical can accomplish nothing, because it assumes the facts of consciousness as fixed, simple, and ultimate. The man of science ends in materialism; the man of intuition ends in pantheism. A method is called for which can interpret the relations that are established between the two opposite principles, and can trace the laws which regulate and determine the bearing of one on the other. Says the author:—

“The failure to obtain a conception of the laws of correspondence as the foundation for analogy,—which represents the relationships between internal and external, and between spiritual and natural things,—and the consequent neglect of analogy as a philosophical method or form, has prevented any advance in the philosophy either of the human mind or of the universe, and has confined it almost entirely to the sphere of psychology, which is a region of empiricism; a region of empiricism, because no conception of the opposite spiritual causes which all things are created to represent, or of the natural laws which constitute the life of human nature, can here be obtained; it is a region in which nothing but discordant and deceptive appearances can be known, in reasoning from which nothing but confusion and contradiction can result.”

The absolute science is therefore the science of correspondences. Mr. Frothingham's study is bestowed on the subject of correspondences; his claim to originality is based on his discovery of the laws of correspondence. Let none anticipate that at this point he will fall into the powerful wake of Swedenborg. The Swedish seer had much to say about correspondences, and claimed to have disclosed the science of correspondences; but in fact his doctrine of correspondences is no doctrine of correspondences at all, for in his view no two things exist in relationships to each other which allow of such a thing as correspondence. There is no antagonism, no opposition, no contrast. One thing is not set off against another, in his theory of the universe and of man. Swedenborg with main force asserted the existence of a single principle immanent and permanent in all things. This principle is let down by “discreet degrees” from the highest spheres to

lower, from lower to lowest; the spheres are distinguished and divided; they are not contrasted or opposed. The order of existence is a straight line up and down; a line endless in length, but all along made of the same stuff. There is darkness as well as light, but the darkness and the light are both alike to his Deity. There is death as well as life, but death is the negation of life, not its enemy. From such a view of the universe, one may get resemblances, — similitudes, reflections, coincidences; but he can get no correspondences. Internals may be mirrored in externals, but it would be a mistake to call such a shadowy repetition a correspondence. Spiritual things may be repeated under natural shapes by material things; but it would be a misuse of terms to call that correspondence. Things earthly may suggest things heavenly; things human may contrive in a palpable symbolical form the significance of things divine; but that does not fill out our idea of an analogy. Mr. Frothingham allows that Swedenborg possessed a singular insight into the actual facts of correspondence in their more external forms, but he denies to him an appreciation of the scientific laws of correspondence.

Those laws are not so simple, nor so easily apprehended, as some imagine. It is true that the world of phenomena images and represents externally the world of absolute principles; that the spiritual reflects itself in the natural, the internal in the external; that “the invisible things of God, even his eternal power and godhead, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made”; that physical representation is in fact the ground of all consciousness, and of all expression of consciousness; that language itself does but represent this relation between internal or mental, and external or physical things. But as internal and external things are in the most violent contrast to each other; as the spiritual and the natural phenomena have their ground in opposite principles; as the physical creation stands over against God; as the finite at every point contradicts the infinite, — it follows that these relations cannot be simple and direct, but must be complex and inverted. The universe shows God, as a face is shown in a mirror, reversed. We must read his name backwards in order to read it aright. Since natural phenomena are the

very opposite of what they appear to be, to take them at their own showing, and accept their obvious as being their real sense, would lead to immediate and utter falsehood. We must bear in mind the radical oppugnancy between natural and spiritual things, the illusive character of all natural phenomena, and the necessarily inverted order of all development, if we would apprehend the truth in this science of sciences. Especially must we bear in mind the inverted order of all mental development. There is a double and contrary action of the forces that govern human development. Under the operation of one law the individual grows from the lowest organic plane upward towards the fulness and perfection of his form. Under the operation of another law, his interior nature, his mind, unfolds itself from within outwards. The changes of Substance are governed by the first law; the changes of Form are governed by the second. The highest principles, consequently, are associated with the lowest forms, and the lowest principles with the highest forms. The destructive personal laws are exhibited in combination with forms corresponding with vital laws of the mind, which represent spiritual life; and the vital personal laws are exhibited in combination with the destructive laws of the mind, which represent spiritual death. Thus, in the state, the vital democratic principle is associated with the destructive aristocratic form, and the destructive spirit of individualism tends to the vital form of democracy. In the Church the loftiest communications of supernatural truth coexist with symbols the least expressive, and with formularies the least intelligible. The Church presented the most perfect representation of the spiritual life when its subjects were so undeveloped in intelligence and sentiment that they understood nothing, and were obliged to be content with dumb show and "dead languages." As they became rational, and discarded the dumb show, and insisted on living tongues, the glory of the revelations departed.

This law of contrariety makes the study of correspondences exceedingly difficult; and as that study is pushed into the more hidden recesses of the human mind, and into the more occult regions of society, — as it is carried into history, philos-

ophy, government, art, literature, it introduces the student into labyrinths that seem at first sight to be without a clew. Besides this, there are three spheres of correspondence analogous to the three spheres of the human mind. There are the correspondences of the Fancy, which presents the most partial, external, and superficial resemblances between outward appearances and the contents of the mind; resemblances that are fantastical, grotesque, deceptive, and transient. Then there are the correspondences of the Imagination, which are internal, intellectual, and real; the imagination recognizing the true symbolism between natural and spiritual things. Finally, the Reason gives intuitions of the universal laws of being, discloses the ground on which the laws of correspondence are ordained to exist, and thus *explains* the relations existing between natural and spiritual things; relations which fancy had *distorted*, and which imagination had been able to *represent* merely in a symbolical form.

We must not be expected to follow Mr. Frothingham through or into the wide fields of illustration where he exhibits the laws of correspondence, — in the material and ethereal spheres of the universe, — in the general forms of the human race, — in the structure of the human constitution, — in the structure of society, — in the laws of succession or of natural growth and development, in church, state, and philosophy, — in the history of art, — and in the rationale of transcendentalism. These chapters must be carefully studied in order to be understood. No synopsis would convey any notion of their contents. Necessary as they are to give a full comprehension of his idea of correspondence and its laws, we must let them pass, and must leave our readers to derive the general character of their speculation from the hints thrown out above. A bright and thoughtful mind — remembering the first principles laid down as the basis of the philosophy, the existence, namely, of two absolute and hostile principles, — holding clearly the laws by which these principles are controlled in their mutual action, the laws of opposition, attraction, and marriage, — and allowing for the rule of contrariety, which regulates the correspondences between natural and spiritual things — will perhaps be able to work out for itself some of

the most important classifications and conclusions as well as the author himself has done it, for he commenced on the same task precisely without the advantage which he affords his readers. The prescription is simple. Find in any department the two contrasted spheres; fix the two opposite poles that represent the infinite and the finite principles; apply the laws of inverted growth and development, the law of growth from below upwards, the law of development from within outwards; and the sum, through patient figuring, will prove. Discover the male and female, — the old traditions of mankind, the ancient symbolisms, cabbalas, philosophemes, theosophies, of the race, will help you greatly in the discovery of them; marry the male and female together, by marriage rendering the female subject to the male, and your work is done. Discover the male and female: the male and female *elements*, — air, water, light, heat; the male and female *forces*, — repulsion, expansion, attraction, contraction; the male and female *orbs*, — the sun, according to primeval lore, standing as the former, the moon, by the same time-honored consent, standing for the latter, the stars mediating between them as fountains of spiritual influence; the male and female *races*, — Malay, Mongolian, Indian, Ethiopian, — Malay and Indian being male, Mongolian and Ethiopian female, the Caucasian as relatively spirit constituting the universal and supernatural sphere; the male and female *faculties* in the mind, — reason and understanding, — with the religious and moral sentiments between, as communicators of the divine influence; the male and female elements which constitute *society*, — the element of democracy, and the element of aristocracy; the male and female elements in the *church*, and in the *state*; the male and female elements in *art*; — and the position is gained from which knowledge in each department is commanded.

For instance, the author applies his formula to the history of philosophy, and concludes that there must necessarily have been three grand spheres or epochs in the philosophical development of the human mind: an ontological sphere, representing the spiritual principle; a psychological sphere, representing the natural principle; and an eclectic sphere, representing the principle of union. Each of these spheres, again, he finds,

must illustrate the threefold movement of the opposing and reconciling principles. A statement must be made from the spiritual side ; another statement must be made from the natural side ; a third statement must be made from the side of reconciliation. In each sphere male and female must be married. The task is therefore an easy one. It is to arrange the several systems in accordance with this formula. There must be a material ontology or an ontological statement from the finite position. There must be a spiritual ontology, or an ontological statement from the position of the infinite ; and there must be an eclectic ontology, or an ontological statement from the position of reconciliation. So with psychology, — so with eclecticism. Read the best histories of philosophy, — Brucker, Ritter, Hegel, Chalybæus, — and you find that the systems correspond with the classifications. The schools appear promptly as to time and place, — the internal and the external, the physiological and the dynamical, the sensational and the transcendental. The opposite statements are made fully and exhaustively ; the reconciling view infallibly comes in at the end of the term. The framework for the history may be constructed antecedently to any study of the separate systems, and all the different phases of movement in the development of philosophical speculation may be predicted before the name of a single writer is known. Reading gives nothing more than the titles of the books in which the passages of thought are recorded, and the names of the men who were instrumental in conducting the providential march of speculation. What was said or written — what was necessarily said or written — was known beforehand. Such and such must have been the course pursued by the human mind under the laws of opposition, attraction, and marriage.

Mr. Frothingham's volume opens with a sketch of the history of philosophy, — very remarkable for its correctness and compactness, — which the author avers was constructed and written while he was utterly unacquainted, not merely with the works of the great masters in philosophy, but with the reporters of their ideas. On submitting it to them later for verification, his judgment was confirmed by the foremost writers in that department of literature, whose corroborating

testimony he freely quotes. Egypt, Persia, and Judæa fill their allotted places. Thales, Anaximander, and Anaxagoras duly appear, confronting Anaximenes, Diogenes, and Heraclitus. The Italic and Eleatic schools range themselves face to face. The Sophists are punctually on the ground. Socrates is not behindhand when expected. Plato and Aristotle, Zeno and Epicurus, come to time. A place was provided for the reconciling idea at the close of the Greek period; the Gnostics and Alexandrines step in to fill it. Europe is ready for the inauguration of a new philosophical epoch, the last one prior to the era of Absolute Science; the nominalists and the realists, the scholastics and the mystics, announce themselves as masters of ceremonies. Something like Bacon is looked for; Lord Verulam does not meanly disappoint the hope, but ushers in the modern psychological method as the hand of the dial touches the appointed hour. Hobbes and Gassendi step into the arena of ethics, and do battle in behalf of the finite and infinite principles. Locke and Descartes are the champions for the same principles in the intellectual lists. Spinoza and Malebranche do good service under the direction of the master formula. Once more the sceptics bring in their iconoclastic hammers. Once more the eclectics introduce their paint and glue. Leibnitz tries his skill at splicing systems. Kant, Reinhold, Fichte, Schelling, Hegel, Cousin, clear the ground for Comte and the "positivists," and the end arrives, according to programme. The adepts in philosophy, the cunning disciples and dexterous knights of special systems, may take exception to some of Mr. Frothingham's classifications and criticisms; but so far as a general knowledge of them justifies an opinion, his arrangement of them seems to be just, and his judgment of them discriminating.

We think now that we have presented an intelligible idea of the main characteristics of Mr. Frothingham's philosophical system. But there is one point which we must try in a few words to make more clear. That is, the nature of the mediating principle,—the principle of marriage. The male and female principles pretty clearly define themselves. The power that unites them is not so manifest to our readers, as yet. Eclecticism, or the spirit of compromise, has been mentioned

as representing it. But it only *represents* it, in the natural sphere. It is not it.

The power that unites the finite to the infinite—that marries the male and the female—is no other than the spiritual power,—the power of God acting through the soul of things, to animate, quicken, and regenerate. “Marriage in all cases is realized through the act of God”; and to the end of its realization, “the human constitution contains in every one of its departments a supernatural principle, constituting a medium through which the Divine activity can operate in the combination of the infinite and finite laws in definite forms.” All the natural forms of truth, of good, and of use are produced necessarily, therefore, by the Divine providence, whose care is incessantly exerted in directing and counteracting the destructive tendency of the finite force, whose influence extends throughout the entire domain of the constitution of man. Marriage could not be effected by the mind, because all its conclusions are a compromise between opposite and irreconcilable views of truth and of good. Marriage could not be effected by the will, because the development of the will is partial and one-sided,—its ideal and actual states can never be made to agree, and its determinations are always out of accord with its actions. Hence the necessity that every department of the mind should have an active and constructive principle through which the Divine activity may operate; hence the necessity that media for this activity should be providentially instituted in society, by connection with which the creating, preserving, educating, and regenerating grace may be imparted to individual souls. These providential institutions are specified as the family, the state, the church,—the origin of which Mr. Frothingham refers to supernatural inspiration, and subjection to which he supposes is accomplished through the productive powers of the mind and of the will. The Divine inspiration working effectively through these powers imparts to the mind in a spontaneous and unconscious manner vital and productive truths which it could not otherwise comprehend, secures an obedient recognition of these truths, and gets allegiance to the institutions which embody them. The result is a comparatively harmonious condition, in which

the external and affectional — in other words, the female powers — are subjected to the internal and intellectual, or the male powers ; good is subordinated to truth, and the act of sacrifice, so essential to natural progress as well as to spiritual life, is accomplished.

It seems needless to say anything more in explanation of the leading ideas in the volume before us, though a great deal more might be said, and still leave many important features undescribed. A brief characterization of the volume, tending to a judgment of its tendencies, must needs, however, be made.

The weight of the system rests entirely on this single point, — the absolute and essential antagonism between good and evil, truth and falsehood, life and death. Is there, or is there not, such an antagonism ? Is what we call evil, under any aspect, a principle, a law, a positive force, a thing ? Has it being in the universe ? Has it existence independent of our relative consciousness ? They who answer these questions in the affirmative virtually admit Mr. Frothingham's first grand assumption, of two absolutes, and, admitting that, can hardly fail to follow them into and through the consequences that flow from it ; for no one has ever before developed those consequences so fully and logically as he ; no one else has elaborated from it a consistent scheme of thought. Is evil, falsity, diversity, death, anything more than a human experience in this sphere ? Is it a power, a principle, an entity ? If it is, it has an absolute character and is an absolute law, and may as well be posited fairly over against good, truth, unity, life, as an opposing force, having its seat among the primeval elements of the universe, — a throne facing the throne of God. Evil is either an absolute principle, or it is nothing, — in other words, nothing but a transient phase of feeling, nothing but an idea, nothing but a notion, nothing but a name we give to a certain class of phenomena in our moral development, nothing but a definition of some peculiar sensations in our sentimental structure, nothing but a word used to describe certain painful or afflicting emotions in our body, our mind, our soul, or our spirit.

There is, we apprehend, no middle ground to be taken here. Among the believers in a single supreme principle, will, law,

or power, there is and there has always been a disposition to reduce evil to its smallest dimensions, to qualify its malignant character, to remand it to a place among the negative quantities, and, as far as possible, to resolve it into some form of good; in a word, to get rid of it as a substantial fact in the constitution of the world. The materialists, of every school, regard evil as a form of crudity or defect; it is the mass of elements yet unorganized; in society, it is an unadjusted relation; in the mind, it is an unbalanced state of thought, feeling, or will; wherever it is, it is a condition to be outgrown in time, as the plastic forces developed by the organic movements of the world get control over the rude chaos of material, and bring from it the cosmos. The followers of natural science speak of evil as an "evanescent phenomenon," passing away, as ignorance passes away before knowledge, as weakness passes away before vigor, as disease passes away before the appliances of scientific medicine. The spiritualists of every school,—using the term *spiritualist* loosely, to describe those who start from the assumption of a single transcendent will or spiritual force, and regard creation as an efflux from it,—the mystics, the idealists, the intellectual pantheists, the pure theists likewise, who believe in the existence of one infinite God,—are disposed by their theories to eliminate evil from the universe of matter and of mind. Some speak of it as the shadow of good,—the dark side of the world which is turned away from the sun, the reverse aspect of things, the dumb, gloomy, impenetrable abyss of vacancy and night, that portion of creation wherein God is not. Others treat it as good in disguise,—good not yet recognized in its true character by short-sighted, pleasure-loving mortals; perhaps the highest good that is bestowed by the Giver of all good,—rejected, slandered, vilified, because it is the highest, as benefactors and saviours always are. This seems to be Mr. Emerson's idea when he says, "The lesson of history is the good of evil. Good is a good doctor, but bad is a better." Others again contemplate evil as a phase in man's conscious experience,—a passage which he must struggle through on his way to the divine life,—a fact of terrible import to him individually, but no fact in the sight of God. For the sake of his discipline, as

the means to his development, with a view to his moral perfection, he is constituted to feel and act *as if* such a thing as evil existed, when in fact no such thing as evil does exist or can exist. Evil is self-consciousness, the claim to individual worth as a creature, — a claim which must be made before one can feel his own value, but which must be repudiated before one can become a spiritual person. Something like this we understand to be the view of Swedenborg, whose theory of the Divine life is inconsistent with the admission of an element of pure malignity in the administration of the universe.

Thinkers of the Unitarian school, who, if we understand them aright, simply appeal to the “moral sense” as attesting the absolute fact of evil, claiming at the same time that our moral sentiments reflect truly the moral sentiments of the Deity, who must accordingly set his seal on the judgments of the human conscience, virtually come to the same conclusion respecting the non-existence of evil; for the moral sense is so far from uniform in its verdicts, the facts of the moral consciousness are so various and discordant, the standards of good and evil are so partial and conflicting, that, in the absence of any *philosophy* of evil, the appeal to the moral sense cannot be taken as conclusive as to the fact of its absolute existence. That some notion of evil belongs to the universal conscience of mankind, is no proof that there is such an entity, such a thing, such a law, or principle, or force, as evil. It may be a notion of the universal conscience, and nothing more.

The issue then fairly appears to lie between those who hold the absolute existence of evil, and those who do not; that is, between those who regard evil as a thing, and those who regard it as no thing, but as an accident of things, an incident to things, or a relation of things. All the former accept some form of dualism. Whoever believes in intrinsic evil, — in any single intrinsic evil, — whoever believes that any one institution, system, arrangement, ordinance, deed, is evil *per se*, evil under all circumstances, and in all places, and in all eyes, — belongs to this class of thinkers, and may as well adopt their entire scheme from the first. A drop of pure

malignity involves an infernal law as much as an ocean of it does. A single imp of darkness implies a realm of darkness as much as a legion does. Now to those who hold dualism we can commend this system of Mr. Frothingham as quite worthy of their acceptance. The doctrine was never stated so clearly before; it was never so fairly and comprehensively presented; it was never so thoroughly carried out in its applications. In fact, it never was till now elaborated at all; it never was conceived at all as a theory. The introduction of the third mediating principle relieves it of all its harshness; and the perpetual action of this principle through the supernatural regions of the mind disarms its apparent contradiction. The system as thus presented is in the highest degree honorable to human nature, to the constitution of the universe, and to the character of God. It is throughout consistent with itself. Its multitudinous parts cohere. There is a place for everything, and everything is in its place; there is a reason for everything, an explanation of everything, and for everything an interpretation. It is noble, generous, hopeful, and strengthening. It blinks nothing, it forces nothing, and it exaggerates nothing. If we could accept its leading postulate,—the absolute and essential nature of evil, the finite law,—we should find no difficulty in accepting any of the subordinate features of the philosophy.

Other advantages the system affords in the solution of philosophical problems, apart from the logical ground it furnishes to the believers in absolute evil. It meets fairly and boldly the question of natural existence, of a finite phenomenal world, of creation. It accounts for the distinction between the one and the many. It furnishes a basis for personality separate from God's, which no philosophical theory has hitherto succeeded in doing, which Mr. Henry James, in his remarkable book, "Substance and Shadow," has so earnestly and powerfully—but as we think so ineffectually—tried to do. It gives an account of man, and of his place in the universe as a conscious being. It supplies a systematic classification of his powers and faculties. It renders justice also, in a singular way, to the adverse sides of philosophic thought. It legitimates fate and freedom, stability and progress, law and

spontaneity, conservatism and change. The intuitions of the mind have their due; the blunt understanding is appreciated. No class of thinkers have cause to complain of slighted merits; and yet no effort is made to conciliate any class. There is dogmatism, necessarily; but there is no dogmatism of clique, circle, or sect. There is no petty animosity, no mean personal disparagement, no misrepresentation in place of argument, no partisan endeavor to decry one system for the benefit of another. Each school finds itself dispassionately classified, not as if by an individual, but as if by a law. So remarkably true is this that it is hard to quarrel with the author on purely speculative grounds. He seems to allow everything, and to concede a dignified place to everything; and none but bigoted exclusives can take exception to his notice of their pet doctrine. If we may say so, although the system is founded on radical contradiction, it leaves room for no contradiction, but makes foemen friends without changing face.

We do not by any means insinuate that this new philosophy disarms all opposition. Quite the contrary; it will provoke the most violent opposition from all sides. The chief assaults on it will, however, be made, not from the speculative, but from the practical direction, and especially from the quarter of social ethics. For here the system stands in most undisguised hostility to accepted views. Mr. Frothingham is compelled by the very axioms of his philosophy to be conservative of that which the spirit of the age is trying earnestly to put away, and reactionary against the movements which the spirit of the age is pressing with all the might of its will. In the triumphs of modern progress he sees the triumph of the natural principle, which is the law of evil. Our doctrine of liberty is to him a doctrine of the Devil; and the domes and minarets that gleam before us, and are mistaken for the heavenly Jerusalem, are in his view the towers of the city of death. The finite law is now running the full length of its tether; and man, dragged along in its leash, is dashing into every species of ruin and self-destruction. The end of the age is approaching fast, preparatory to the dawning of the new spiritual age, which does not grow out of this by any means, but simply

succeeds it by the supremacy of the opposite law. Mr. Frothingham's assumption of the finite law pledges him to enmity against every modern reform and innovation in society, character, art, literature, morals. He even forgets for a moment the calmness which his system should breathe into its disciple, so far as to pronounce wicked the most earnest movements of our "humanity." He repels with horror the modern theories in regard to the nature and function of woman, and is persuaded that our championship of woman's rights is war upon the very constitution of society. Woman represents the finite, natural principle, — the principle which is ordained to be in subjection; and to raise her to an equal position with man, to claim for her similar functions, to concede to her equal rights in any region, is plainly to repudiate the fundamental laws of the universe. Her sphere is the sphere of the affections. With the sphere of truth and justice she has nothing in common, and her presence there can serve only to introduce disorder. The condition of the negro, for the like reason, is providentially a condition of servitude. Slavery is his ordained lot as belonging to the female race, the race which represents the finite principle. The doctrine of his equality with the Caucasian on any ground, personal, social, civil, moral, religious, is of the essence of unreason; and the attempt to put the doctrine in practice by the antislavery men of this country is a daring assault on the framework of society.

The system, in a word, involves "conservatism" in every direction. It is conservative in church and state, in science, literature, and art. Mr. Frothingham believes in monarchical forms of government, as being best suited for the maintenance of the democratic principle; characterizes as fortunate the restoration of the empire in France by Napoleon III.; is confident that individualism in America, with democratic institutions, is bringing the people to anarchy and ruin. The present age he regards consistently as an age of decadence; art is degraded, architecture has fallen, music has lost its inspirations and accepts the office of ballad-singer in churches and strolling minstrel to the fancy. Naturalism is rapidly coming into supremacy in thought and sentiment and life; and natu-

ralism is death. To the large class of conservatives we cordially commend this volume as a noble text-book,—a grand summary of arguments in favor of their positions, a scientific defence of their ground. They need such an advocate at present. For conservatism lately has been getting shabby. It has no philosophy of its own,—it has no faith; the argument is on the other side; so is the aspiration and the hope. It has no strength save in custom; no prestige save in prejudice; no trust save in tradition. It falls back stubbornly on routine, and fiercely asseverates antiquated truisms without a shadow of demonstration or a rag of reasoning. Its state is truly pitiable. Mr. Frothingham has rendered it a great service, for which he should receive its hearty gratitude; for he has done more than reinstate it in its old place of honor: he has robed it with a new dignity; he has traced its lineage back to the origin of created things.

Of the theological bearing of the volume we have been reviewing, it is not timely now to speak; another volume soon to be published will present fully the theological side of the system. It is clearly enough foreshadowed in the pages before us, and no great sagacity is required to forecast it in its main features. This, however, we shall not attempt to do, lest we should be guilty of some misrepresentation. We have only to add, therefore, an expression of our cordial thanks to Mr. Frothingham for his thoughtful, earnest, and profound book, and our unfeigned hope that it will find many appreciative readers. We welcome it as a valuable contribution to the literature of philosophy. We welcome it as an original and remarkable scheme of thought.

But more heartily still we welcome it as a touchstone of opinions in our time. It brings popular theories to the confessional; sets them front to front with each other and with themselves, and makes them frankly own what they mean. It draws the lines firmly between existing systems, fairly separating the sheep from the goats. It teaches us where we stand, and whither we are tending. The chapters on Church and State, on Aristocracy and Democracy, are searching and exceedingly bold. The closing chapter on Transcendentalism will be instructive to the great body of professed Transcenden-

talists, and suggestive to all. We sincerely hope that the extreme antagonism of its opinions on some points of peculiar interest at this moment, will not cause the book to be flouted, or flung down in disgust, or coldly passed by. The book deserves to be read and pondered by the leading minds in our community. They may not be convinced by it. They may discover its weak points, and, pulling out a single loose stone, may bring the entire fabric to the ground. Whether they be convinced or not, they will be able at the end of their criticism to give better reasons for the faith they rest in.

Nor will they find the task of reading a formidable one. The work, it is true, is not the work of a scholar: the literary execution is not faultless; the style is often cumbrous and hard; the diction is monotonous; the mind is frequently fatigued with repetitions and unnecessary abstractions; the pages are seldom illuminated by flashes of fancy, and never glow with impassioned eloquence. But the steadfastness of the writer's purpose, the firmness and clearness of his thought, the reach of his insight, the inflexibility of his logic, seize and bear on the attention, while the great variety of ideas that pass under review, and the vital character of the topics treated, make the chapters absolutely in parts entertaining. The eye always lingers with pleasure on such noble octavo pages, fair in paper and beautiful in type. Very often the mind lingers as well, to collect the full significance of some bold statement, or to fix the outline of some broad generalization. The volume is full of incidental thoughts of great value even to those who are not philosophers. And we must award to it the praise implied in the acknowledgment that, whether the philosophy as a system be pronounced sound or unsound, no person can carefully peruse the book without obtaining a larger view of the universe, a profounder faith in Providence, and a more spiritual conception of God.

ART. VI.—THE ANTIQUITY OF MAN.

1. *The Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, with Remarks on Theories of the Origin of Species by Variation.* By SIR CHARLES LYELL, F. R. S. Philadelphia. 1863.
2. *Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1864.* Art. *Geology*.
3. *Evidences as to Man's Place in Nature.* A Course of Lectures by PROF. HUXLEY.

WE intend in this article to give a summary of the facts which have lately been brought to light, bearing on the question of the past duration of the human race, and incidentally on the question of the development of man from the lower animals. Our motive is not to establish or to controvert the evidence which geologists have accumulated, but, assuming its substantial truth, to see how it bears on our previously formed ideas. We do not propose to examine the question of its effect on the credibility of the Bible history and chronology. There is another doubt which it is adapted to create, more deep-reaching than one concerning the book of Genesis; a doubt, that is, whether the deductions from the long and splendid labors of scientific men, as embodied in the prevalent ideas of man's position relative to the whole series of animated existences on the earth, are not overturned, suggesting at least a painful scepticism as to the possibility of firmly fixing any scientific conclusions.

The nature of the views that may be supposed to spring from a hasty and partial knowledge of these facts, is well shown in the following words from the Monthly Journal of the American Unitarian Association, for 1863:—

“Science has gone behind the Garden of Eden, and shown us man far away in the geologic ages, but little removed from the brute, and climbing by slow millenniums through weary stone periods into that advanced stage of intellectual and moral life which tradition ascribes to the Paradise watered by the Tigris and Euphrates.”—p. 319.

Here are four propositions, of which the first may be dismissed as undisputed. The other three, (designed doubtless as a strong rhetorical statement of what is true,) taken in their most natural sense, are not justified by any facts that have

come to our knowledge. We will take them in the order in which they stand.

I. "Science shows us man far away in the geologic ages." The old geological divisions, Primary, Secondary, and Tertiary rocks, have been divided and subdivided by the progress of science into more than thirty consecutive formations. Over these, and of course later, is the great mass of loose material forming a large part of the surface of the earth. It is only in this surface formation, in none of the thirty-four rock formations, that human remains have been found. A more particular statement will make more striking this recentness of human relics.

The latest, grand division of the rocks is divided by Lyell into three periods, named from the different proportions in which their fossil remains coincide specifically with existing races. In the lowest, the fauna, as compared with the previous strata, — that is, the latest of the secondary series, — has a striking resemblance to the present; but only a few, and some doubt if any, *species* are identical. In the second division, a considerable number of species are identical with those now living. In the third, the proportion rises in some instances as high as ninety per cent. That is, the animals existing in the latest rock formations were largely identical in species with those now living on the earth. But there are no human remains here.

After this rock formation, differing from it by an almost complete change of structure, — namely, from rocks to loose, and of course easily shifted materials, — comes the period the whole of which has been geologically termed the Present; because the general conformation of the earth's surface has been throughout what it is now, and the animal and vegetable world filled with essentially the same genera and species that now exist. It is in this formation alone that the human remains spoken of have been found.

But this period has been divided into two portions, the chief difference being that in the first part some animals were in existence that have since become extinct. But no animal or plant, not existing in the first, is known to have existed since, unless man is the exception. No animal or plant now known

to exist is supposed to have originated since man was first an inhabitant of the globe. We are not aware that any kind of plant has become extinct since man existed. Some kinds of animals have become extinct. It is well known that one remarkable species of bird, the Dodo, of the Mauritius, has become extinct within a very recent historic period. It is then the slightest possible change in the organic world which marks the earliest supposed date of man's existence as different from the present; namely, the extinction of a few species of the larger terrestrial animals, such as men would be sure to hunt and destroy.

There is obvious propriety in applying the term Present to the whole period in which the vegetable world has remained identically what it is now. Lyell gives a diagram which illustrates at once this uniformity of vegetable species from the beginning of the present era, and the process by which we are able to divide this same era into several consecutive portions. Near Cromer, in England, are found the remains of an ancient forest, in a bed resting immediately on the chalk. One familiar with our common forest and aqueous vegetation would have found himself entirely at home in that ancient forest, the roots of which still cling, as they grew, in the soil. He could have picked cones of two kinds of fir-trees now common, branches of the yew, berries of the sloe, blossoms of the *Menyanthus* or buck-bean, and of the white and yellow pond-lilies, berries of the alder, and acorns. But no trace of man is found here. Over this forest have accumulated great deposits of vegetable remains, lignite; over these the drift of the boulder period, the remains of the wonderful era of glaciers; and after this, those deposits in which human remains have been found. That is, these traces of human beings are found only in the later section of the present era, dividing it by that which is its most remarkable feature, the glacial period.*

So much for the first proposition. Instead of being shown "far away in the geologic ages," man now stands where he

* Some geologists regard the glacial drift as the beginning of the present era. It is a question of terms rather than facts. It affects none of the reasoning of this article.

was always supposed to stand, at the very end, — no plant or animal known or believed to have been introduced on the earth later than he. The earliest traces of him yet found only show him in connection with the last appearance of a few species of wild animals; but these clearly belonging, by formation, habits, and generic relations, to the existing fauna. If a great convulsion should overwhelm the existing continents, and embalm the relics of what now is in a sediment hardening afterwards into rock, some far-off explorer in these relics of a remote age would set down as contemporary, geologically, the remains of the present day and all that has been since the tertiary period; these ancient men that we are speculating about, and the extinct animals that were their companions, and perhaps Sir Charles Lyell's book in some crushed library, all going together, as remains of one era. This is what Geology means by contemporary. And this whole period might be denominated the human period, as characterized by the appearance of the human race in its later portion, and at the last forming its chief terrestrial, mammalian feature. No naturalist of that time would hesitate to point to man as the concluding fact in the organic history of this age.

II. In order to make a clear statement of the facts relating to the second proposition, that which asserts the nearly brutish condition of the original man, it will be necessary to recount somewhat in detail the discoveries that have been made. They may be grouped under four heads. First, discoveries in peat-bogs. In certain remarkable peat-bogs in Denmark, there are found in the lowest part the remains of forests of pine, such as are not now, nor within historic periods have been, known to grow there. The next higher stage of the peat is filled with the remains of an oak growth, equally with the pine unknown as an existing growth there within historic times. Still higher are remains of beech forests, such as are now and have been for about two thousand years growing on the surface. Some tools of stone have been found in the lowest stage, that of the pines. Tools of bronze are found in the peat of the oak period. In the same region, in what are called kitchen-refuse heaps, which are piles of clam and oyster shells

and other similar relics, are also found stone implements, similar to those of the lower peat. The character of the shells indicates that these heaps were formed when the Baltic was less closed from the open sea than now. No remains of mammalia have been found, except of species now existing. The few human bones found indicate a race similar to the Lapps now inhabiting the northern part of Europe.

Next are discoveries among the remains of Lake dwellings. The remains of villages are found in the shallow water near the shores of several Swiss lakes. They are supposed to have been built on piles; the motive of selecting such a situation being a matter of conjecture. Traces of a similar practice are found in ancient history, and it is said the Papuans build in this way now. Lyell also says there are signs of a similar custom in Switzerland in recent times. Abundant relics of the manufactures of the people who lived in those villages are found at the bottom of the lakes. They seem to have belonged to successive ages, for in some places the tools are of stone or bone, in others of bronze. Associated with the remains of the earliest, or stone period, are found traces of wheat and barley and of bread made of them, of a kind of plaited cloth, and of the domestic animals that are now common. Among the remains of the period of bronze are also found some iron implements, and coins of gold and silver, strongly suggestive of quite recent times. Few human remains have been found here. One skull, referred to the stone period, agrees very closely with the characteristics of the people now living there. Some calculations based on the rate of accumulation of gravel at the mouth of a river give six or seven thousand years as the probable interval since the first deposits of tools or weapons were made.

Under the head of tools found in ancient gravel-beds, a great number of facts might be mentioned; but these discoveries are of less interest than those made in certain caves, and do not prove anything respecting the antiquity of man that is not better proved otherwise. We pass then to the discoveries in the so-called bone-caves of Europe. The list is long, and it would be impossible in our limits to give a detailed account of all, even if it were not needless for our purpose. In brief,

then, it may be said that numerous caves have been explored in Europe, in which bones and other remains of human beings have been found, mixed with bones of a great variety of animals, including a number of species supposed to have been extinct for a long time preceding the commonly assumed historic age of the human race.

For various reasons many of these instances are of uncertain validity as proof of the actual co-existence of the living beings whose remains have finally found a resting-place together. One of the latest found, in England, was full to the top of organic remains, *débris*, etc., enclosing a great variety of bones, tools of flint and other kinds of stone, ashes, &c., indicating the presence of man using fire and weapons. Among the immense variety of organic remains were those of many extinct animals, all but one accounted post-glacial, but this one supposed to be pre-glacial. There is evidently great uncertainty about the method in which such an accumulation came about. The bones are broken, rubbed, rounded, and often much worn, as if long exposed to the action of running water. Skeletons of the mastodon have been occasionally found in our country, imbedded in the soft mud of swamps. If we suppose a man, wandering in such a place, to become entangled and to perish, and his body to sink beneath the surface, in a few hundred years the two skeletons might be found together, and presenting similar appearances of antiquity, and it might be plausibly argued that the man and the brute lived and died together. Collocation does not prove contemporaneous existence, in these cases. In the bone-caves, some of which at least are supposed to have received their contents when submerged, the remains of extinct animals may have lain for ages before those of men and later animals were deposited near them, to be afterwards mixed indiscriminately in the movement of the waters.

The chief interest in this class of discoveries has been awakened by the finding of a few skulls sufficiently preserved to allow of a comparison with existing forms of human crania. In one instance only has a skull been found differing much from those of existing races. This one, the Neanderthal skull, so called from the place of its discovery, is very brutish in its

shape, and the bones of the skeleton, which was entire when first discovered, are of heavier formation than ordinary human bones, and said to resemble those of the gorilla in the size of the protuberances to which the muscles were attached, a peculiarity also observed in the bones of the Patagonian savages, though in less degree. But there was nothing in the position or state of this skeleton to indicate a very remote antiquity. It was found in an open cave, buried only under a soft mud, and, for anything that appears, might have belonged to some wild man of recent times, some uncouth, coarsely organized, perhaps demented estray from human society. At any rate, it stands by itself. Each of the other specimens, few indeed, are conformed to existing forms of humanity.

By far the most interesting and conclusive discovery of this kind is that made in 1852, in Aurignac, a small town in Southern France. A peasant pursuing a hare discovered a small cave in the sloping side of a hill, covered by the material which had fallen from the higher part of the hill. On digging away the loose material, he found a slab of stone, set upright, and closing the mouth of the cave. Inside the cave were many human bones. The matter being reported, the mayor of the village caused the bones to be removed and buried in the parish church-yard. Being a physician, he took sufficient notice of the remains to ascertain that they belonged to at least seventeen individuals of different ages. Several years passed before the incident was sufficiently reported to attract the attention of scientific men. When at length the place was visited, the sexton had forgotten the spot where the skeletons had been buried, and the rich opportunity to examine so curious a relic of ancient times was lost.

What was left at the cave was carefully scrutinized, and the following facts ascertained. The space in front of the cave had been used as a place of banqueting, ashes and coals forming a considerable deposit; pieces of calcined stone, bones of a great variety of animals, including half a dozen extinct species, burnt, scraped, and split for the purpose of extracting the marrow, stone implements of various kinds, and some rude ornaments, being found intermixed with the ashes. Inside the

cave there was a considerable body of earth, evidently of organic origin, and a few human bones; also bones, and in one instance an entire skeleton, of animals, in such a condition as to show that they were covered with flesh when placed there. There was also found teeth, tusks, ornaments of various kinds, and a new or unused flint knife. From all the facts, it is inferred, and on good grounds, that this was a burial-place, that those who came to place the dead here feasted before the cave, and deposited tools, ornaments, and portions of food with the dead, as if to supply them in their journey to the land of spirits. The point to be particularly noted is this. We have here unquestionable evidence that men co-existed with several species of extinct animals, for they used them as food. These men were as ancient as any of which we have clear traces. Their weapons and implements were of stone, of the rudest type. Yet the proof of their entire *humanness*, of their equality in art and in thought with the ruder tribes now existing, is by far the clearest and most complete afforded by any of these revelations of the primitive human being.

This cave at Aurignac affords the very earliest peep into human life; and so far from being below, it is rather in advance of what now exists among some savage races. In all these discoveries there is not one thing that indicates a grade of human life lower than what has long been familiarly known as now existing, except the isolated fact of the Neanderthal skull, which, with the present light, cannot be held to prove anything beyond itself. These discoveries do not show us man but little above the brutes. They have done nothing to help the theory that man came by gradual elevation from some of the apes. On the contrary, if they do show us man as he was a great many thousand years before Eden, and yet unmistakably man, in his bones and his skull, his art and his sepulture, they afford a strong presumption against the transmutation theory.

We cannot fully sympathize with the excitement produced in many minds by every attempt to show a closer physical connection between man and the lower animals. Physically man is a vertebrate, of the class *Mammalia* and the order *Bimana*. Hitherto he has been held to constitute the whole of

his order, as well as of his genus and species. Now, Mr. Huxley thinks it proved that what have been called *Quadrumana* should be called *Bimana*, and so man is brought into co-ordinate relations with apes and gorillas. Why be distressed at this? It seems as if a race that includes in its unquestioned limits those hateful beings known now so familiarly to us as *guerillas*, need not be sensitive at having a relationship proved between them and the less abominable animal of Africa whose name is so similar in sound. By virtue of the method of nurturing the young, we are mammalia, and related to cows and sheep. By the division of the body into two cavities, we are vertebrates, and so related to the fishes and reptiles, batrachians and marsupials. Mr. Huxley attempts to settle what, if settled, is not of any practical importance; to wit, whether the differences between man and all other animals are such that *Homo* shall be accounted an order, or a genus, or only a species. It is no more humiliating to be related to monkeys as of the same order, than to dogs as of the same class, or to toads and snakes as of the same type. All are God's work, and very admirable work too. Why not be willing to be classed with them all physically? Man is man still; and till some of the apes ape Mr. Huxley by writing and printing books to prove their kindred to us, let us rest contented to know that we are men, and not gorillas improved; and when they do that, there will no longer be any objection to the relationship.

III. The third proposition brings before us virtually the question whether these discoveries modify our view of the history of man, as a civilized being; that is, whether they enable us to trace the progress of man from the point where he knows only how to make stone hatchets up to his condition in a Christian civilization. In general terms, the prevalent conception of human history may be said to be that all lines of historic civilizations converge as they run back towards a beginning, sometimes visible, but oftener hidden in uncertain traditions or even entire absence of records, but with no intimations of an antiquity very far exceeding the limits of the Mosaic chronology, say from six to seven thousand years. Possibly in the case of Hindostan some would claim a period longer by one or two thousand years, as the time during which a civilized

community, with laws, architecture, and religious institutions, has existed. We see nothing in these new discoveries to change this view, no remains of elaborate buildings, of stone work, of cities, of walls, no tools indicating a high stage of the mechanic arts, none suggesting the knowledge of the fine arts. Had men lived in civilized communities, as in the whole of the historic period, there is no reason why remains of such things should not be found. Herculaneum and Pompeii, if left undisturbed, would have preserved for indefinite ages, and then to future investigators told the story of Roman civilization, as far in the future as we are from the men who chipped out stone hatchets in ancient France. With the exception, perhaps, of Hindostan, Egypt had the earliest historic civilization. But all the edifices of her civilization stood on the surface of the deposits of the Nile. These deposits have been examined to a depth of fifty or sixty feet, and human remains found throughout, but nothing showing the beginnings or ruder stages of the civilization which has existed above.

And so everywhere. The traces of human civilization are on the surface. They are of the immediate present. Nothing is found to bridge the gulf between these earlier men and the races that in later times have formed civilized and progressive societies; nothing to prove that the elevated intellectual, moral, and religious condition which tradition connects with the garden of Eden, or which arose, whence and how we know not, in Hindostan and Egypt, was evolved by steps, slow or otherwise, from the merely human life of the age of stone hatchets. Considering that all traces of human life found in these ancient localities are precisely like those of recent times among savage tribes, while of the higher forms of civilized human art no traces remain, there is created a presumption in favor of the theory which attributes to an independent origin all the races, or the stock of all the races, which have developed a tendency towards science, art, and religion, towards systematic laws and institutions. Among the lower orders, we distinguish genera and species by purely physical differences. There is no proof that, among men, they may not consist in differences not physical, but intellectual or moral. The great problem of the origin of civilization is wholly unaffected by these discoveries.

Their bearing on our religious convictions is hardly a different topic from the last, since religion, as the object of science, is history. It may be said, in brief, that none of these discoveries show man in any religious act, unless such is implied in the burial rites referred to. There is nothing to modify our common conception of the religious history of mankind; that all which is above the rude conceptions and rites of savages originated in the East, from events of which only traditions remain,—traditions, as most Christians believe, essentially historical, and coming down through Hebrew channels,—by others ascribed to a Hindoo origin, but beyond question arriving at the most positive, simple, rational, and enduring form in Judaism, and blossoming and setting with the slow ripening fruits of a harvest yet to come in Christianity. There is nothing in these discoveries to disprove the essential truth of the story of Adam and Eve; that is, the independent origin in Asia of the race out of which all that is truly progressive in humanity has come,—how created, how far distinct, and by what means, from the rest of the human order or family, it is neither possible nor important to tell. Our religion, our destiny, our present and future welfare, do not depend on the theory we hold respecting our origin, nor on the actual fact; but on ourselves, on our powers, on the trust we now have, on our conduct, hopes, and aims. Our fate is in the future, not in the past.

These discoveries, then, remain simply a matter of interesting knowledge and a field of further investigation. They have not overturned anything essential to our former scientific convictions, but rather confirm the grand deductions of Geology as to the plan of the organic creation. They give us larger views of the wonderful duration of the past ages of the earth, in which the idea of the Creator, prophetically manifested in the four types of animal life as they existed in the inconceivably remote era of the lower Silurian rocks, has been carried on to its consummation in a race of intelligent, religious, progressive, and immortal beings. Least of all is there anything to suggest the notion that man is an erratic from the ape tribe; to impair the depth or vigor of our belief in an in-

telligent, living Creator, or our Christian faith either as to the historical form or the spiritual substance.

We have thus briefly summed up the state of the case as to the three points specially considered. Questions of great interest more or less directly connected with the main topic have presented themselves, and only by a rigorous self-control have we abstained from expressing our views on some, — such, for example, as the now fashionable theory of the transmutation of species as applied to the whole organic world. Upon the question of the actual length of time during which men may be said to have existed on the earth, much has been written, many ingenious calculations and estimates made, and the most diverse conclusions reached. The indications of a very great duration are many and striking. Egypt has been known as a civilized nation from a time four or five thousand years past. Egypt was built on the mud of the Nile. This mud has been examined to the depth of sixty feet, and through the whole depth human remains are found, and remains of animals now existing, but none of those extinct animals which in other places are found associated with man.

We recur to the forest before mentioned, which once stood where its remains now stand, near the surface of the chalk-beds in England. Over this, the deep bed of the lignite represents the accumulations of long ages of vegetation. Over this, the boulder deposits record a lengthened period of polar cold and glacial action. Over this are two successive deposits of drift, each requiring a long period for its accumulation, and then we come to the surface, on which now men plough, sow, and reap, and build houses. But over this surface an ancient river has cut its channel down through the double drift, through the boulders, through the lignite, to the bed of the old forest. This river ran till it ran out. Then in the pools that remained peat began to grow. The deep beds of peat, a work of long years, were then covered with several successive strata of sand and gravel, till the bed of the river finally became dry land, and is now traced only by these intersecting formations, so that we have a wonderful series of changes all subsequent to the formation of the very surface on which men live and labor. Niagara appears to have eaten

out its channel from Lake Ontario to the spot where it now pours down its flood of waters, the admiration of mankind. Seemingly it must have taken an immense time for the accomplishment of this. Yet this began, geologists say, after the surface, even to its deposits of loam, was as now, and the grass has grown green, and tender annuals have bloomed spring after spring, as they are now doing, ever since a time long before Niagara began its wonderful retreat. The mind is simply overwhelmed among such signs of vast duration. We learn that, in the economy of God, time is the element of least importance; that it is not a rhetorical exaggeration, but a simple truth, that with Him a thousand years are as a day. In the light of such facts, we can believe that man is yet a child, and the redeeming work of religion and civilization only begun.

ART. VII. — THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

1. *The Two Platforms (Baltimore and Chicago)*, printed Side by Side. New York: Tribune Office.
2. *Publications of the Central Executive Campaign Committee*. [Chicago Platform.]
3. *Publications of the Loyal Publication Society*. New York.
4. *Campaign Documents*. New York: Tribune Office.
5. *A Vigorous Prosecution of the War the only Guaranty for an Honorable Peace*. (Campaign Document.) Boston: T. O. H. P. Burnham.

WE certainly have no expectation of changing many undecided votes in the right direction, in speaking, very briefly, at this late moment, of the issues involved in the election of the 8th of November. The Examiner will fall into the hands of few voters who have not already determined to support the government of this country by the re-election of the President. We might safely say, perhaps, that these lines will be read by no voter who has not so determined. As matter of record for the future, however, we choose to speak of the central principles involved in the canvass, and with the same object we would refer

the curious to the numerous ephemeral "documents" which illustrate the manner in which it has been maintained.

We should be glad to copy the titles of some of these documents, to illustrate both the spirit and the humors of the campaign. But space forbids. The central committees of the Union party have taken a wider range than those who would displace President Lincoln. In the long series of the publications of the Loyal Publication Society will be found various pamphlets discussing profoundly the fundamental questions at the foundation of government. The committees of the Chicago Platform, or the McClellan party, have kept themselves on more narrow ground. They have attacked the policy of the administration, and have arraigned its feebleness in carrying out that policy; and they have appealed, with unflinching pertinacity, to that recognized prejudice against the negro which they suppose to exist, especially among Irish voters. They discuss "Amalgamation," — what they call "Miscegenation," or the mixture of the races, — and hold out the danger to the laboring classes of "abolitionizing" the country and introducing black laborers in competition with white.

But, as always happens, it is not along the strongest line of defences that the hottest conflict rages. The hopes with which special subjects are chosen for such discussions in a canvass hardly indicate the deep and permanent impressions which control the great proportion of the voters. These discussions are conducted with a view to affect the votes of that little margin of men who may yet be so undecided that a vigorous appeal to prejudice may move them in one direction or another. Between these movements on the flanks, there are strongly intrenched positions, too strong to be assaulted; whose very strength keeps the noise of conflict away from them, while yet they are the essential positions whose strength determines the issue of the conflict.

Two of these positions we shall briefly consider.

In the first place, the determination of the people to re-elect Mr. Lincoln has its foundation in the necessity of maintaining free suffrage as the method of appointing our rulers. Very little is said of this feeling in the canvass, but from this feeling in the outset the national movement of three years

and a half ago was born. This feeling has a controlling and central power in determining the particular issue of this hour. It is therefore worth while, perhaps, to restate it simply.

At the election of November, 1860, the people of the United States determined, by a regular vote, taken with all the constitutional forms and guaranties, that Abraham Lincoln should be the President of the United States. It is on all sides admitted that this election was fairly conducted, and the determination fairly made. But the result of the election, when the term of Mr. Buchanan at last expired, proved to be that Mr. Lincoln was not really the President of the *United States*. He was the ruler of the greater part of the country. He was the head of the organized government of the country. He was the commander of its army and its navy; he appointed and removed its civil officers. But none the less was it true, that, beginning with South Carolina, several States had withdrawn their delegates from the Congress of the United States, had driven its officers from their soil, had stopped the collection of its revenue in their ports, had seized its munitions of war, its mints, its forts, and its other property within their borders. President Lincoln therefore found himself "President of the United States," with the important qualification that the local authorities in several States did not and would not take the oaths of allegiance to the government of the country, and even broke, without apology, the oaths which they had already taken to support it. The oath, "I, Jefferson Davis, do solemnly swear that I will support the Constitution of the United States," had been forgotten as so much Buncombe; and so had the kindred oaths taken by thousands of officials working out the plans of Jefferson Davis. Mr. Lincoln was "President of the United States," with the important reservation that, in large parts of his domain, if he had attempted a "Presidential tour," he would have been arrested as a prisoner of war. He was the "President of the United States," while sundry of the States so united were represented by persons affecting to be their magistrates, who were attempting to negotiate foreign alliances and proclaiming those States wholly independent.

• It is clear enough that it is not simply those who voted in

1860 for Mr. Lincoln that are defied by such perjury and rebellion. Every person who voted in that election, for whatever candidate, and every person who relied on the suffrage as the method of appointing rulers, is equally defied. Unless it is determined, by whatever severity of arms, or in a trial of whatever length, that the person elected by the legal suffrage shall hold the office to which he is elected, the election and the appeal to it become thenceforward poor formalities. The Constitution which prescribes such an election becomes thenceforward a mere convenient code of by-laws. It is so completely set aside, that it ceases to be the foundation of the government the moment its central direction is thus violated. "The President *shall* be elected" thus and so, it says. Mr. Lincoln has been elected so. "The President of the United States," thus elected, "shall be commander-in-chief of the militia of the several States," it says. Mr. Lincoln has not been such commander. The determination of the people of this country, announced in 1860, that he should be, has been so far set aside by the determination of a minority that he should not be.

The issue presented when that determination is thus set aside is not an issue between North and South, white and black, federal government and State rights; it is the question whether suffrage shall be considered as determining the questions submitted to it. Does an election mean what it pretends to mean? This issue in the systems of governments established in America is absolutely central. If the people of the United States cannot make Abraham Lincoln President of the United States by choosing him President, the people of a town cannot make a town-treasurer by choosing him; the directors of a railroad cannot make a superintendent by choosing him; the majority of a parish cannot appoint their minister by choosing him. If the people of the United States cannot choose Abraham Lincoln President of the United States and make him so, the iteration of the word "shall" all through Constitution and laws is an absurdity. The separate, independent volition of assent or dissent of the citizen, will then run all through. "Shall do" then means "may invite the citizen." "The Congress shall have power to lay taxes" means, in that case, "may invite the citizen to contribute." The United

States Marshal, in that case, bids us sit on a jury, and we tell him that we are attracted to go a fishing instead. The post-master asks us for the postage on our newspapers, and we tell him that we prefer to spend the money for Foreign Missions. Now it happens that, after at least seven thousand years of experiment in government, we thought we had hit on an expedient for securing rulers and laws, so indorsed by the strength of the nation that all men must submit. Whether we have done so is the question presented when men ask, "Shall Abraham Lincoln be President of the United States?"

It is the determination that this particular Abraham Lincoln shall have the power which four years ago the country tried to intrust to him, which now gives a stern unity to the canvass as conducted by the friends of the Union and the government. It is very true that the President has shown himself wiser than most of his counsellors. It is very true, as the "New Gospel of Peace" puts it, that he has taken counsel of the two familiar spirits "Human Nature and Common Sense," — having also made league with the mighty spirit "Back-bone." It is very true that he has shown himself a man of the people, — that his education, his experience, and even his public life, have been such as make him a democrat of the democrats, in complete sympathy with the true democratic idea. It is very true, therefore, that he has addressed to the people and to the world epigrams, narratives, and arguments, which have been more alive with the spirit of the crisis than any other words in which the crisis has spoken, — so that he is our only public man for a generation who could write a letter without injuring himself by doing so. All this is true. All this makes valuable material of argument for those who consider that their duty is to present the peculiar fitness of the President for his office. But all this does not make the special reason why the American people propose to re-elect him. That reason is in their simple determination to maintain the supremacy of the suffrage. They said he should be President of the United States, and he shall be President of the United States. He shall be through-and-through President. He shall be President with no divided title. For if his administration closes before he has received all its honors, the supremacy of con-

stitutional suffrage as the means of appointing officers is at an end. If before four more years are over he shall be President of all the States united, then there will be time to talk of a successor to him. But till he is, be it four years or forty years, this country cannot afford to choose another President while he lives. It must pay so much respect to the principle of election by which he was first girded with his authority.

Careless critics of passing history are apt to talk of the "Right of Revolution" as illustrated in the movement of Secession. The truth is, that the American constitutions which refer everything to the arbitration of universal suffrage attempt to organize the "Right of Revolution." They do not claim Divine right for any human organization. But they do attempt to give a peaceful method of overthrowing any organization when it no longer commands the strength of a majority, and no longer answers the purposes of a majority. Such a revolution was that which, in 1860, changed the policy which had so long governed this nation for the opposite policy. It was as complete as if it had been brought out by barricades or by gunpowder plots, — while it had been brought out by the pacific method of solution provided near a hundred years before for such an exigency. To resist that revolution in the hope of reinstating the policy which had been condemned, is to revolt against the essential principle of all our institutions, — the little and the great together. The nation feels this instinctively. It armed itself instinctively to sustain the principle. And instinctively the friends of union feel that to substitute any other candidate for the "Abraham Lincoln" chosen in that great revolution, while he still lives, would be to abate something from the dignity of this principle. To maintain this principle the American people votes and fights till it sees him in fact — what the suffrage of 1860 declared him — "President of the United States."

This stubborn central determination does not, from the nature of the case, express itself much in the canvass. It gives a degree of strength, however, to Mr. Lincoln as a candidate, which no other man could command. Those who canvass for him can fall back on this determination to crown the work of the ballot in 1860, as a rock of strength which they could not

rest upon had the nomination fallen on any other man of the party which chose him, or on any loyal leader of the parties which opposed him. Mr. Chase or General Fremont, Mr. Everett, General Dix or General Butler, however distinguished their popularity, would not have commanded this element of power. Though the nation could have chosen an angel of light to be President, it would have turned away sadly to do so from its previous determination to sanctify the suffrage by making that man President in fact whom the election of 1860 declared President in right and in name.

But this stubborn central determination has been reinforced by considerations which would have applied as well had the friends of the Union made any other nomination. The country has been at war for three years, most unwillingly. The war was forced upon it. "*My preparations being complete,*" says General Beauregard in the first despatch of the war, "*I opened fire.*" In these words is the history of the origin of the war. Having been at war for three years, the country asks whether the war has had any compensations. Certainly it has. All inevitable duties have inevitable rewards. One compensation is the emancipation in fact of two million slaves, whom Jefferson Davis admits to be emancipated now, and the destruction of the mutual guaranties which bound the nation to insure the slavery of two millions more. This is a very great compensation. When the country is asked to choose candidates in favor of peace at any price, it asks at once what is to become of this compensation. If the answer is, that the peace is to be upon the basis of "*things as they were,*" the country shudders at the waste of blood and treasure which nine or ten leaders of rebellion have brought upon it. It claims at the least the *uti possidetis*. It insists on holding what has been gained, the emancipation in fact of two millions, and the emancipation of two millions more as a condition and security for tranquillity. Men who asked for the arbitrament of the sword must take it, even if the decision be not what they expected.

Nor is this decision the hardship which it is declared to be in the election documents of those who have never held slaves, but have always befriended slavery. The Southern master has always known that he held his slaves by force. Slavery began

in captivity, and as captivity it is continued. Whether this sentiment stated itself with oaths so brutal in language so coarse that we cannot repeat it, or whether it were more blandly and polysyllabically expressed by the Southern grandee who took you to ride in his chariot, and explained to you that "it is an advantage to the inferior race to be in tutelage under the superior," the real statement was the same. It was "woe to the conquered." That the institution rested on force, everybody knew. That it must end with defeat, everybody acknowledged. When Beauregard had made his preparations and fired his first gun, he knew that the "right," so called, of slaveholding was one of the stakes dependent on victory. Failing in victory, it is not the Southern master who will expect the prize of victory.

The acknowledged fact that the master held the slave because he was the stronger, was really the ground of the dumb acquiescence of the somewhat dull Anglo-Saxon conscience in the system. If the negro were so stupid and so weak as to let the white man enslave him, let him take the consequences, said John and Richard and Harry, and the other lineal descendants of Hengist and Horsa, — firm in the homage which their race has been too apt to pay to success. It was only when brute force tried to subsidize allies, — when the white man holding the black man asked distant white men to help him, — that the Saxon notion of what is "fair" protested. It could see a white man bind a black man, but "two against one was not fair." If a slave ran away from his master, he showed in that case that he was the better man. What craft or diplomacy, then, should make John, Richard, or Harry, having no slaves of their own, nor wanting any, — considering themselves better men than slave or master, — undertake the task of restoring the slave to the master who had failed to keep him? "Keep him if you can!" This was the unarticulated grumble of the unseared conscience of the self-called conservative party. Tender consciences considered it a very brutal utterance. So it was, perhaps. But it was definite. And it is still the answer of the same unseared and unquickened conscience this day. "Keep him if you can, but ask no help of me," expresses, as we believe, the real sentiment of the slaveholder

himself. "He was well, — he would be better, — and here he is." He knows who dug the grave of his beloved institution, — and he has no expectation of its resurrection.

Without sincere hope that the love of slavery would be strong enough in the North to defeat President Lincoln, the party of dissatisfaction — always a large party in a republic, and always growing in the midst of the sacrifices of war — sought and gained great additional strength in their candidate. A year ago the outcry against the administration took the form of demanding "a more effective prosecution of the war." Those who made that demand pointed to General McClellan, and described the injustice which he had received, as they said, from the President and Cabinet. There had thus grown up a large and highly influential body of critics of the war, — who could truly point to the enthusiasm with which General McClellan inspired the army after General Pope's failures, — and who claimed that he was the leader who could give us victory, and who had a right to be tried again. This body supposed that they had the support in the army of a large body of soldiers enthusiastic for their disgraced General.

It was certainly a bold move by which the party of "peace at any price" selected the hero of the "effective prosecution of the war" men, as their candidate for the Presidency. But, in all such contingencies, the opposition must select some one. That is the fortune of an election, if but one magistrate is to be chosen. The consent of such varying opinion upon one person is not without frequent precedent. It may be subject of amusement, and still may be justified as a matter of partisan policy. The Convention which met at Chicago represented the dissatisfied party. It cannot be said to represent the Democratic party, while it did not represent such men as Andrew Johnson, Judge Holt, General Butler, and General Dix. It cannot be said to represent the Bell and Everett party, when it could not claim the help of Mr. Everett, and had no one prominent enough to take its honors in the States which gave their votes to Mr. Bell. It was, like all oppositions, the party of the dissatisfied. As such, it had to reconcile its own extremes, to oust the administration, if it could, — and then trust to the future to read the problem of the

future. With very great sagacity, it adopted for its candidate General McClellan.

But with less sagacity it enunciated its "Platform," — the last "platform," as we are disposed to think, which an opposition will ever build up for its candidates to stand upon. So repulsive was this to its candidate's friends, that they doubted whether he could be brought to accept the nomination. So repulsive was it to the nation, that there are keen observers who say that, if he had repudiated it, — and his friends had instantly brought him forward on his own personal claims, — he would have been the next President of the United States. But whatever are General McClellan's excellences as a soldier, boldness and promptness are not prominent among them. That chance he rejected, — and in a wonderfully ingenious letter he accepted the nomination of Chicago, sneering at the "Platform" without disowning it.

We desire to dismiss for the present all discussion of those personal claims. General McClellan has accepted the nomination as a party nomination; and along with it, will he, nill he, the country must regard him as accepting with it the party platform. Nay, with ever so strong a protest, with ever so keen a revolt of personal honor, against the declarations of that platform, the President elected by that party must be utterly, helplessly bound by its dictation. Is General McClellan a stronger, a firmer, a shrewder, a more practised man in political affairs, than the men who have put him where he is, and who have drafted the political code he is understood to adopt? If he were, would the officer who commanded the arrest of the Maryland Legislature be the accepted chief of the party of "State rights"? would the adviser of military emancipation be the man to represent the deadly enemies of that policy? The grand issue at stake is degraded, when we turn from deliberate announcements of principle to men's personal claims or personal wrongs or personal antecedents. The country no doubt understands that, when it is urged to make General McClellan President, it is invited to accept along with him a given announced scheme of public policy. And that policy, disguise or evade or explain away its terms how we will, to the plain common-sense of men means simply, to get

out of the contest at the cheapest immediate terms we can, whatever becomes of the issues so long and obstinately fought for. It means, that, when the government armed in its own defence, it committed a mistake and a crime. It means that the war, whose magnificent results are written all over the heroic history of these years, is a failure. It means that war is a more dreadful thing than the loss of national integrity and honor. It means that peace at any price is so great a boon, that we must catch at any show of it, and accept whatever conditions of it we can get.

This, disguise it as we will, is the strong point of the Chicago Platform. It appeals to that latent weakness supposed to be in the people, — that weakness which we have probably all felt more or less, — which makes us long to turn away from this dreadful fact of war, with its weariness and its horror and its fear, and vainly wish for peace. Now this is but the vain wishing for health in a fever, or in the pain of a broken limb. It is no time to be blaming one another for what is past, or to be vainly crying out for what cannot be yet. Let us look at the plain, simple fact. This war was brought upon us, deliberately and intentionally, by men who had been arming and scheming and nerving themselves for it for at least twenty-five or thirty years. They meant to destroy the nation of the United States of America, so that it should no more have any existence as a nation. They hoped to do it. They still intend to do it if they can, and many of them still expect to do it. Besides, they have sympathizers and advisers in the North, who also intend, if they can, to destroy the Union of the States, and set up some new power, with some strange name and flag, which they hope will serve some purpose of their own ambition. Now this thing cannot be done without a struggle, — a struggle on our own soil, in our own villages and streets, — a struggle far more awful and bloody than the strictly localized and far-away war of the last three years. There is only one thing, so far as we can see, that stands between us and a fate like that which has already ruined and desolated the fairest portions of the South, — only one thing that saves us from it, — that is, the victory and triumph of the government and armies of the nation.

This state of things did not come about by any wish or choice of ours. And it will not go away by any wish or choice of ours. It is simply the condition of things with which we have this hour to deal. Not the first authentic hint has ever come of the willingness of the Rebel leaders to agree on any terms of peace which could possibly be accepted. Mr. Stephens's Macon letter means simply that we should abandon the entire contest, by conceding all the South has ever fought for, and entering into fresh stipulations with them, as "sovereign States."

People say that slavery is all that stands in the way. Slavery is not all that stands in the way. Slavery was scrupulously respected by our government, in all its legal rights, for more than two years after Secession was declared. The leaders of the South chose to have a nation of their own, — a power which they never meant or expected to keep peace with the North for a day, till it should be the supreme acknowledged power on this continent. Independence — that sort of independence — is all they talk of, the only terms of peace they ever speak of now. Does any one suppose they would accept it, if it were offered them to-day, on condition of holding the territory they actually possess? Would they, *could* they, accept a peace which stripped them of more than half the territory they claimed and held in the beginning? — a peace which takes from them all of Maryland, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee, and half of Louisiana and Virginia? — a peace which puts the Mississippi in the hands of a conquering hostile power, and cuts them off utterly from all the vast territories of the West? — a peace which deprives them of both the great naval stations of the South, Norfolk and Pensacola, — which puts the grasp of a foreign hand on the mouth of the Chesapeake and the courses of the James, — which establishes a great station of armed ships and forts at Port Royal, and holds hopelessly from their reach the precious plantations of the Sea Islands, and all the fortified ports but two along the whole Southern coast? — a peace which hems and threatens them on every side with a power they have challenged and provoked, — a power that recruits its armies and mans its forts with a hundred and fifty thousand emancipated slaves, freed by the chances and armed with the rifle

and artillery of war? Does any one seriously suppose that these men *could* accept a peace with independence hedged and limited by such terms as these?

Or does any one on the other side propose — has any one even dared to hint — a peace which means the offer on our part to abandon all that we have gained in these three years of fighting, in which steadily and month by month we have pushed back the boundaries of the rebellion? Shall any one dare to hint the dishonor of forsaking the loyalists of Tennessee, — of abandoning the conquered free navigation of the Mississippi, — of hauling down the dishonored flag from the forts and cities now held in the Southern territory? — the infamy of betraying the million and more of freedmen who have accepted our summons and trusted themselves to our care? — the cowardly and base retreat, hundreds of miles, over territory wrested from rebellion by our victorious brothers in the field, to be surrendered to the insolent and brutal force that has already rent and blasted it with the ravages of war? Has *that* ever been hinted, as the way in which peace could probably be had? Even if the pride of our people should stoop to it, what would be our people's *security* in it, — once accepting the humiliation and shame of it, once owning itself baffled, humbled, and beat?

No; it is important for us definitely to understand that the talk of peace — *as things now are* — is only a treacherous and deceptive way of taking the heart and nerve out of a contest which we cannot give up if we would, any more than a man in a wild beast's den can have any peace except he throttle the beast or the beast him. We have definitely to understand, clearly to see, frankly to acknowledge, that the only terms of peace which can be discussed at present are those which shall be settled by our two armies, at Petersburg and Atlanta. So far as our human eye can see, there is but a single alternative. If our armies are victorious there, — if the great Southwestern arm of the rebellion shall prove to have been broken by the fall of Atlanta and Mobile, and its heart shall be pierced by the fall of Richmond, — or if either one of these enables us to concentrate our strength, and so make the other doubly sure, — peace is sure to follow by the triumph and on the terms of our

own government. If our two great armies are baffled, beaten, crushed back, — or if the defeat of either enables the Rebels to hurl all their force upon the other, and so annihilate it by dint of a double blow, — then it may well be feared that our people's patience and courage may at length give way under so frightful costs and sacrifices, — and that they will refuse longer struggle in the field, but sullenly accept such form and measure of dishonor as they must, or such mitigation of it as they can.

In the mean time, whatever the state of the public mind at home, we have never heard yet, out of all the testimony that has come to us, that there was any waning or failure in the courage, the faith, the heroism of the magnificent armies, officers, and men, who are our accredited envoys to negotiate the terms of peace on the only field where they can at present be discussed. Suppose the rebellion beaten there, what terms should we consent to grant? The answer will be, simple, unqualified submission to the authority, the government, the laws, the judicial tribunals of the nation: that is all; it includes all we can or shall be likely to demand, it is the least we can or ought to accept. Those terms of peace are very simple, — will be very efficacious and sure. But the way to them is still through storm and battle and blood. Half a million of our men — a magnificent force, though broken, bleeding, and crippled from the assaults of a long campaign — are before us in the field. The one duty of the day is — though sadly, yet with no wavering of heart or will — to hold them steady there, give them the support they crave, and fill the breaches in their ranks. A sad, a solemn, an awful duty! yet none the less the duty of the hour. Hard may be the task to give or choose others to fill their places as they fall, — hard, no doubt, is the service we look for to those whom we send to fill their places. Yet we do not hesitate to say, as we feel, that for any one of us it were a better fate to go there, through march and battle and wounds and death to fulfil to the uttermost our task, to die in victory and honor, to die at least in hope, than to suffer what may be the likely consequence of defeat in that awful field; — better than that the seat of war should be brought home to our villages and hills; better than that the States hitherto

exempted should be lacerated and mangled by civil war transferred to our fields ; better than that our wives and children should be the victims of that from which we would fain protect the wives and children of those who hate us.

This powerful, intense conviction it is, that creates the sentiment and defines the duty of the hour. The existing administration appeals to the nation to sustain it in this final crisis of the campaign. In its errors, its failures, its obstinate hope and slow-won triumphs, it has so far fairly represented the people, that its success in the present canvass seems to carry with it the nation's verdict on all the issues involved in the war, — nay, a decision on the final question, Shall we continue to exist as a nation at all, or shall we sullenly abandon the resolve that has nerved us thus far to the encounter ? This, as we believe, — *a verdict on the justice of the war itself, and of the cause in which the war is fought*, — is the shape which the issue of the canvass takes, to those qualified to judge most dispassionately the symptoms of the hour.

Under such conditions are the elections to be held. The personal considerations of most importance are, — for President Lincoln, that he has been chosen President of the *United States*, and that to see any other man President before they have been reunited is to degrade the dignity of election ; for General McClellan, that he has won the admiration of his army, the respect of his enemies in the field, and the reputation of being unfairly used. These personal considerations are connected on the one side with the determination to secure a united country, to yield no point which has been gained in the great question of slavery, and to secure complete guaranties for the new civilization in the future. They are connected on the other side with the hope of peace, with a feeling that Union also is possible if the questions of slavery and freedom can be waived, and with steady dissatisfaction with the Administration, against which every charge of imbecility, corruption, and insincerity is brought forward.

On such an issue the American people will decide. We have ourselves no question but it will sustain the principles of the supremacy of elections, the liberty of the enslaved, and the national unity of the land.

ART. VIII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

THE chief value of the work * whose title we give below is in the indication it gives of a remarkable modification of anthropological views in the ecclesiastical body of which its author is a member. Dr. Hibbard is a prominent minister in the Methodist denomination. He is not a radical or extreme man in any sense; but a cautious writer, and one who would be reckoned "safe" almost anywhere. In endeavoring to show that his views are only a legitimate development of the doctrines of the denominational fathers, he renders his statements somewhat obscure, and his notions are less definite than if he had set forth his theory independently. Still this is no uncommon fault with a denominational writer, and Dr. Hibbard has furnished an elaborate, careful, and, so far as the restraints imposed by himself admit, a clear and comprehensive presentation of the views of a large and advanced section of his own Church on the subject discussed.

Two doctrines largely prevailing in the Church have had much to do in shaping its notion of the moral condition of infants. These are the doctrine of Baptismal Regeneration and that of Total Depravity. Both were held by the Catholic Church up to the time of the Reformation, and both were incorporated in the articles of the Church of England, — the former explicitly, the latter unmistakably, yet with some little ambiguity of statement.

Wesley, who had no intention of departing from the theology of the Church of England, held the dogma of baptismal regeneration, though involved by it in certain inconsistencies which he vainly endeavored to reconcile. So with the Augustinian doctrine of human depravity; he agreed with the Calvinistic view, though breaking with its adherents in other important particulars. It appears to have been his notion that the child comes into the world a sinner, inheriting from Adam guilt as well as moral disorder; and that baptism washes away this hereditary guilt, leaving the child in the condition of a regenerate adult. He differed, however, from the High-Churchmen and the Calvinists, in positively and strenuously asserting that, whatever might be the condition of infants at the commencement of their career, none of them, either by reason of that moral condition or from lack of baptism, could be lost, — that somehow the Atonement covered and saved them, — his instinct here, as in some other instances, proving too much for his logic.

These general views have prevailed in the religious body of which Wesley was the founder, with the exception that the dogma of baptismal regeneration seems to have been held in abeyance almost from the first, and never to have been in any sense an article of faith. Yet the

* *The Religion of Childhood; or Children in their Relation to Native Depravity, to the Atonement, to the Family, and to the Church.* By Rev. F. G. HIBBARD, D.D. Cincinnati: Poe and Hitchcock. 1864. 12mo. pp. 411.

language of the Methodist rituals, being borrowed principally from those of the English Church, rather fully implies the doctrine.

So far as we can ascertain, the standards of the denomination substantially coincide with the Calvinistic theory of depravity; that in some sense we all sinned in Adam, and are all guilty of his sin, and all deserve death on account of this hereditary guilt; that there is nothing good in the child even previous to voluntary transgression; that he naturally hates holiness and loves sin; and that, if he dies in infancy, he must be eternally lost unless the Spirit of God regenerates him (as the Methodist writers assert that he does) previous to, or in the article of, death. To find any authority for this last opinion, to reconcile it with other opinions firmly held, have always been points of embarrassment.

Under the influence of the Arminian theology, avowedly adopted by the Methodists, and unavowedly adopted in its principal features by many professed Calvinists, there have been evolved the more humane sentiments with which we now have to do. The advocates of these new views do not propose to abandon the doctrine of total depravity. In the work before us the author puts the doctrine very strongly, — going further, doubtless, than many of those whom he substantially agrees with would accompany him. By nature, — that is, by natural birth, — he regards every infant as inheriting the effect of Adam's sin, — a moral derangement so thorough, that, if left to itself, it will manifest an invincible repugnance to holiness and a thorough aversion to God. The child thus left to itself would necessarily grow up sinful, exclusively selfish, and bad. Yet, bad as this state is, — and here begins the divergence from the old doctrine, — it implies no personal guilt or ill-desert of any kind. It is simply an unfortunate disease, for which the subject is no more culpable than for the scrofula. The idea of any such connection with Adam that his sin is *imputed* to the child, Dr. Hibbard repudiates. The human race sinned in Adam, and by the fact of that sin merited destruction; but it was *the race as it then was*, consisting of the sinning pair, and not *as it now is*, consisting of many hundred millions of persons who then had no existence. They would have received their merited doom, and humanity would have had no further existence, but for the intervention of the remedial scheme. By virtue of the promised atonement, the race was permitted to proceed, Adam begetting children in his own moral likeness, with all the *natural* disorders that come from sin, but there was to be furnished to each certain *supernatural* influences restoring the equilibrium. Dr. Hibbard does not state, as some who adopt these views do, that the child inherits a double nature, — that he is in a certain sense an offspring of Christ as well as of Adam; but that he receives an evil moral nature from Adam, and grace from the beginning of his being from Jesus Christ.

These views, though technical in their form, and conveyed in phrases familiar only to students of the older theology, are yet interesting as symptoms of transition and growth in a community deserving the very highest respect for the share it has had in developing the religious life

of our people. They indicate emancipation from some of the most strange and abhorrent beliefs of the past, and will prepare the way for still greater freedom of religious thought from ancient error.

THE general purpose of Henri Lutteroth's exegetical essay* is to demonstrate the motive of Matthew in preparing his version of the Gospel from the extant oral traditions. This motive is the wish to show that the Messianic kingdom of Jesus was not that which the Jews expected, but that which the prophets really predicted, — to show that Jesus understood the prophets better than the scribes and Pharisees understood them. The present instalment of the commentary includes the account of the preaching of John the Baptist, of the temptation of Jesus, of the calling of the first disciples, and the whole of the Sermon on the Mount. Lutteroth's spirit is at once reverent and free. Some of his criticisms are in the direction of rationalism, but the general tone is not destructive. *Repentance*, as John preaches it, is, in Lutteroth's view, not a change of personal character, a change of heart, but a change of opinion concerning the kingdom of Messiah, — a change of hope. Men had expected help from the earth, but they must look for it from heaven. John proposed to found in the very midst of a degenerate people, who boasted that they were the people of God, a real people of God, understanding his plan and way. The *dove* and the *voice* at the baptism of Jesus were a "*vision*," perceptible only to John and Jesus. Visions, both in the Old and New Testament, as Lutteroth remarks, commence often with the "opening of the heaven."

So, too, the temptation is a vision of Jesus. Lutteroth finds no reason for believing that there was any real wandering in the wilderness for forty days, any actual climbing to the pinnacle of the temple or ascent of an exceeding high mountain. No mountain in Palestine answers to the description which the Evangelist gives. All the temptations were in the soul of Jesus, and passed in his thought, — were the pictures only of his mental conflict. The spiritual purpose here strives with the temporal purpose, and Jesus refuses to be an earthly Messiah. This narrative is only an illustration of Matthew's design, and need not be an historical fact.

Lutteroth's view of the "miracles" and their significance is expressed in the following paragraph: —

"The proof of the miracles of Jesus, for those who were their objects or witnesses, showed them a special power around them. But, at our distance of time, they cannot influence us in the same way, or be necessarily to us an evidence of the same kind that they were to contemporaries. They have not come down to us as sufficient in themselves to compel our acceptance of the words of Jesus, but only that, in seeing him as well by his works as by his word, we may be able to form a picture of his ministry as a whole. This is the sum of their present worth. They are not for us, as they were for the generation in which Jesus lived, an external cause to hold attention and in-

* *Essai d'Interprétation de Quelques Parties de l'Évangile selon Saint Matthieu.* Par HENRI LUTTEROTH. Deuxième Partie. Chapitres III. — VII. Paris: Meyruis. 1864. 8vo. pp. 154.

introduce the word to be preached. The equivalent of the miracles in that particular now is the equally marvellous fact, when we consider how much conspired to make it impossible, of the establishment of Christianity in the world." — p. 61.

Lutteroth does not, however, believe that Jesus wrought any miracles for the purpose of confirming belief, but mainly for the purpose of healing and blessing in the acts themselves.

His critical survey of the Sermon on the Mount is, on the whole, wise and satisfactory. He does not regard this as a single discourse on any particular mountain, but as a collection of sayings made at divers times, while Jesus and his disciples were sojourning in the hill country of Galilee, — of the sayings directly bearing upon the question of the new kingdom. The "poor in spirit" are those who feel themselves to be poor, whatever their earthly fortune, as they know how excellent and superior are the gifts of the new kingdom. The real poor are the "mourners," who are happy even in the loss of earthly goods because they have the glorious promise. Some of the remarks about the Beatitudes seem to us to be strained, and the theory is occasionally hard pressed to suit the facts. In speaking of the Lord's Prayer, Lutteroth remarks that, while the word *Father* was not entirely wanting in the Jewish invocations, the Law and the Prophets, with a single exception (Psalm lxxxix. 27), do not use this name when they speak of the relation of the Deity with single persons, but only when they tell of the relation between God and his people.

PHILOSOPHY AND SCIENCE.

ONE of the most perplexing things in the study of mental science is the accumulated, direct, and imposing array of testimony as to the facts classed under the names of "Mesmerism," "Spiritualism," and the like, compared with the absolute nullity of the impression it seems to have had on the current opinion, or on the views of scientific men. To present this testimony, complete, in all its wild wonder and mystery, to connect it with a clear physiological theory, to fortify it by a great amount of detailed personal evidence, and to make it the ground for revision of our moral convictions and religious beliefs, is the purpose of the large, full, and handsome volume of Mr. Brittan.* It carries the weight of much curious and intimate physiological knowledge (which it couples with electrical and other dynamic theories), and of personal authority. Much the most strange and incredible narrations are those giving detailed statements of his own experience. And the book is extremely interesting, as a revelation of that side-stream of obscure fact and speculation which runs parallel to the main course of human knowledge, yet scarcely mingling so much as to tinge its waters.

Whether the two currents will ever be completely mingled — the marvel of the one tempering and tempered by the clear gravity of the other — one may be well justified in doubting. Whoever has dipped,

* *Man and his Relations, illustrating the Influence of the Mind on the Body, etc.* By S. B. BRITTAN. New York: W. A. Townsend. 8vo.

for his own curiosity, into that world of unrecognized experiments and outlawed observations, is apt to recall his experience in it as a dream, to allow it a quasi-reality in what Thackeray calls "fable-land," to hold in reserve a half-faith in it as a region of its own, but never to associate it, either for belief or disbelief, with the real things of the work-day world. It is a region which seems to belong to singular temperaments and abnormal constitutions: intensely real to them, it seems like opium or hashish dream-land to ordinary people. To deny the testimony demands a vast and unreasonable amount of scepticism. To admit it, seems to revolutionize, in a startling manner, our entire world of knowledge and experience, so as to leave us hardly any standing-ground among things sane and plain. So that, until it comes a little nearer to our average and ordinary spheres of experience, we shall be likely to reckon it as part of the obscurer pathology of mind, and as only a gathering of remoter facts for some revision of our philosophy yet to come.

Dr. Brittan's book, in short, seems to us a philosophy, drawn up with much ability, earnestness, and plausibility, resting on facts too obscure, exceptional, and abnormal to make firm standing-ground as yet. It is very bold in the nature of the facts it adduces, very explicit and clear in the recitation of its testimony. As is inevitable from the nature of it, the book is in very large part made up of mere narration. Its theory and its essential facts — all that makes it a contribution to the sum of our thought on these matters — could have been put in far narrower bulk than this handsome octavo, and, for its best scientific value, should have been given in a far conciser and simpler style. It is too much a book appealing to the mere sense of mystery and marvel. Its testimony requires the severe cross-questioning which every assertion on points of fact must pass; and it has the air, in its style and getting-up, of an appeal from scientific thinkers to the untrained popular mind.

While it is hard, for this reason, to assign the volume its right place and value as a contribution to science, it would be unjust not to recognize the writer's earnest endeavor to connect his facts and theory with a higher tone of practical ethics than he finds prevailing in the world, and with an enlightened religious faith; and for a repository of evidence as to that twilight-region of human experience which we know as "fascination," "spectral illusion," "ghostly apparition," "premonition," "clairvoyance," and the like, its value is unrivalled and peculiar.

J. G. A.
THE beautiful edition of Mr. Mill's *Essays* just published* will win new gratitude and admiration for that wise, comprehensive, and accomplished intellect, so long ranked among the foremost guides and instructors of our generation. Two features in this collection affect us with particular pleasure; — first, to meet in it, from time to time, papers which, when first published anonymously in reviews, had done us timely and great service, as interpreting some phase of thought or history

* *Dissertations and Discussions, Political, Philosophical, and Historical.* By JOHN STUART MILL. Boston: William V. Spencer. 12mo. 3 vols.

then prominent, — for example, the papers on Michelet's France, the Revolution of 1848, and the Enfranchisement of Woman ; and, secondly, the evidence it gives of a wealth of general and literary culture, of poetic and artistic sensibilities, — we may now add, of strong and tender personal affections, — which it is good to associate with the masculine strength and breadth we recognize in Mr. Mill's larger works. The value, indeed, of his *Logic* and *Political Economy*, was fairly divided between the argumentative exposition and the ample knowledge and culture brought to bear in illustration. Perhaps no writer of equal eminence on topics of pure intellect, unless it be Lord Bacon, has so made his argument the expression of a ripe and rich intellect, trained to the grasp of thought in its widest relations and in its finest historical or literary expressions. An authority on logic, who is as much at home with Plato as with Aristotle, — a political economist, whose familiar knowledge of the ancient world is from a first-hand acquaintance with its finest literature, — a writer so clear and strong in his own range of argument, who at the same time indicates his intelligent judgment in very various fields of modern literature, art, history, and politics, — a radical and earnest thinker, in the front rank in the debate on all topics of social and political reform, who combines the grave courtesy of the scholar with the refinement of taste and temper supposed to mark the fastidious conservative, — such a thinker and writer is one of the benefactors of his time. And we gratefully welcome this rich addition to our accessible sources of the noblest thought.

In point of positive value as contributions to the thought of our time, perhaps the admirable essay on *Civilization* in the first volume, and that on *Utilitarianism* in the third, will take the highest rank among these papers. As touching questions of immediate moment and interest, those on *Democracy in America*, on the *Enfranchisement of Woman*, and on the questions that have arisen during our present war, are of chief value. As a specimen of fine, clear thought, carried through a very fertile and wide field of illustration, the reader will find particular pleasure in the essay on *Poetry and its Varieties*. Examples of the breadth of literary culture and abundant technical scholarship, so necessary in giving proportion and fulness to our estimate of Mr. Mill's intellect, are found in the several interesting papers on topics of Grecian history ; while those who seek in the writings personal hints and expositions of the writer himself will be attracted by such sketches as those of Armand Carrel, Bentham, Coleridge, and Guizot. The same clear, critical judgment, generous sympathy, elevated plane of moral thought, and manly, vigorous, and lucid style, are equally shown in all.

We have already had occasion to pass in more detailed review* Mr. Mill's characteristics as a writer and thinker, especially on ethical and political subjects ; and to refer to those characteristics of his intellect which seem to rank him rather in the second than in the first class of the leading thinkers of the time,† reserving the first rank for the crea-

* See *Christian Examiner* for January, 1863.

† *Ibid.*, May, 1863, Art. IV.

tive imagination and the "prophetic" order of mind. We have, therefore, no general judgment to pass upon these writings now; only to make a single remark as to the paper on Utilitarianism. While he adopts this theory as his philosophy of moral distinctions, and maintains that conscience is not an original and innate, but a secondary and acquired faculty, it is important to a fair judgment to bear in mind that the argument does not imply any lack of reality in moral distinctions, or of authority to conscience. The *facts* of the moral life are seen with singular clearness, and presented with great weight and force. In particular, the vindication of the real authority of the highest law over the personal conduct is given in a way to satisfy even those advocates of "intuitive morals" who would protest most strongly against its theoretical foundation. As a *polemic* argument on the same topic, the reply to Professor Sedgwick's Discourse, in the first volume, is keen even to brilliancy, while quietly but mercilessly severe.

IN Mr. Dwight's "Modern Philology,"* we have a learned and valuable contribution, by an American scholar, to the studies which are destined most to exercise the scholarship of the succeeding generation. These two noble octavos are made up, in part, of papers previously published in the *Bibliotheca Sacra* and the *New-Englander*, but carefully revised, enlarged, and supplemented by tables of much labor and value. The first volume contains a sketch of the Indo-European languages, exhibiting, as clearly as may be in so limited space, their true connection as established by modern learning; then a brief history of modern philology, interesting and curious, but rather overcrowded with unsuggestive names; and, finally, an outline of the science of Etymology, which, to most readers, will be the most valuable portion of the book. These are followed, in the second volume, by 268 pages on Comparative Phonology, mostly very hard, technical, and dry; an Essay on Comparative English Etymology, in its classical features, very interesting to the critical student; and, lastly, a synopsis of illustrative examples, containing 481 groups of words connected with Greek, Latin, and German roots, and embodying perhaps the most painstaking and suggestive studies of all.

It is impossible in our present limits to present even a fair sketch, much less a critical view, of a work of so undoubted merit, and of so high pretensions. It is by far the most significant illustration that has yet been given of the turning of American mind and scholarship in this direction. We cannot doubt that it will both mark an epoch, and have a powerful effect to turn fresh minds toward the same class of studies.

We have but a single remark to make on its style, and on its subject. In style we are surprised to find it marred by a vague and pompous rhetoric,—an attempt, we suppose, to relieve the dryness of the subject-matter,—which incessantly seeks to magnify or illustrate some special view, at the expense of clearness and good taste. No recent

* *Modern Philology; its Discoveries, History, and Influence.* With Maps, Tabular Views, and an Index. By BENJAMIN W. DWIGHT. First and Second Series. New York: Charles Scribner. 8vo. pp. 360, 552.

work of creditable scholarship, that we know, so sins in this particular. It is the less pardonable after the example Mr. Marsh has given, in similar studies, of simple manliness of style, along with the most copious and suggestive illustration. And it appears to particular disadvantage in the criticism of such works as Max Müller, whose statement of his views is every way superior; and especially when coupled with arguments so weak as those from the literal story of Eden, Babel, and the Flood. Meanwhile, the method and the point of view are far inferior to those of Renan, who is not once referred to in these volumes.

As to the subject, we find a great deal of enthusiastic assertion as to the attractions, the majesty, and the delight as well as fruitfulness of the new science of philology, all which we receive with respectful incredulity. We believe a taste for the intricacies of this science is as much an exclusive and artificial taste as that for Differential Calculus, and about as rare. In assuming the severe method of a science, philology separates itself from the charms of literature as such, which have made our delight hitherto in Homer, Æschylus, and Plato. Philology may be dealing with the same materials, but it cannot promise the same pleasure to the same class of minds, any more than an artist may be supposed to be peculiarly fascinated by the chemistry of his pigments. And we think it neither likely nor desirable that philology should usurp the place and the interest now held in our classical studies by the simple literary motive, or which Mr. Mill would have us find in the philosophic and historical motive. It is not a question we feel called to argue here; and we only refer to it because Mr. Dwight seems to have been misled by the theory that, because his studies deal with the same material, they are therefore a superior method of obtaining the same or a better result. And this error has led him in these volumes, first, to promise, in exaggerated terms, a pleasure in philological pursuits which most students are not at all likely to find in them; and, secondly, to mar the severe simplicity of statement, which is most winning in a purely scientific treatise, by an incongruous and ambitious rhetoric. The error does not impair the value of his labors to the serious student, who will be misled by no false expectations of a literary charm in these studies, and who will understand that only by years of dry and repulsive toil can he win his way to the *adytum*, where he may share the philologist's technical and professional delight.

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

ANOTHER name is to be added to the martyrs of science, another really valuable record of discovery has been given to the English world, another scene of vast ruins is suddenly laid before us, in the Asiatic travels of Alexandre H. Mouhot.*

Aided by the Geographical and Zoölogical Societies of London, after extensive travel in Europe, this young French naturalist gave four years of his life to Siam and its vicinity, made vast collections of shells,

* Travels in Siam, Cambodia, and Laos, by the late M. HENRI MOUHOT. With Illustrations. London: Murray. 1864. 2 vols.

insects, &c., drew exceedingly graphic sketches, which make his volumes instructive even without any narrative, and suddenly fell a victim to the climate before his journey was finished, November, 1861. He had been warned of the peril; he knew that no party returned without paying some penalty in death as well as disease; but he trusted that his entire temperance, aided by his excellent constitution, would carry him through the fearful exposure in pathless forests, vast morasses, and fever-smitten jungles. He carried a brave heart as well as a devout spirit, and everywhere made friends and found helpers; at every point has interesting matter to communicate, for which the world cannot but be grateful.

Though a Protestant, he finds friends and admirers in the Roman Catholic missionaries, — whose self-sacrifice he extols, whose poverty he pities, with whose loneliness he sympathizes. Fever, isolation, and lack of converts seemed to embitter their voluntary exile. In Cochin China it is even death to shelter a French missionary; and yet they are never betrayed.

M. Mouhot's principal discovery is the great Ongcor Temple, whose erection by some extinct race he fixes at the time of the dispersion of the Indian Buddhists, or some two thousand years ago. It is of vast extent, exceeding beauty, and substantial workmanship, — a single building containing 1532 columns of stone, roof rising above roof to a vast height, and the whole decorated in the richest style of Asiatic art, as the abundant engravings he has furnished sufficiently prove. Besides this immense deserted temple, surrounded like those of Central America by unbroken solitude, he discovered an exquisite grotto, to which the semi-barbarians have had the taste to add stairways of stone, without injuring a single stalactite, and to consecrate the fairy spot to worship with images of their gods, yet without defacing the basalt walls.

Although the imperfect state in which he left these pencilled sketches deprives us of many reflections upon the country and its future, there is no doubt but that Siam is destined to rapid development through the protection of some European power.

THE exodus of a whole nation, voluntary and instant, from the land it has fought for, but failed to defend, is a spectacle as sublime as it is sad. Whatever may be its religion, or however inferior its civilization, no lover of freedom can refuse to the nation that exhibits a heroism so steady and so exalted the tribute at once of his sympathy and his respect.

For more than eighty years Russia has been at war with the Circassians. Slowly, but surely, once and again driven back by the desperate fury of their adversary, but again steadily advancing with the fatal obstinacy of the Slave, the Russian armies have year after year been pushing this unfortunate people up the valleys to the water-shed and down the valleys again which slope toward the Black Sea, till at last, — surrounded, every point of resistance seized and occupied, their numbers diminished by famine and by feuds, — the Circassians have had the choice given them by the Czar of colonization in other parts of his

dominions or of expatriation. They have chosen the latter. And in large numbers they have been now for several months crossing the stormy wastes of the Black Sea, to find a refuge and a home in the fertile lands of Asia Minor or among the friendly mountains of Armenia.

They are a healthy and a hardy people: Their sons will fill the armies and their daughters adorn the harems of the Turks. Vast spaces of deserted arable ground will invite them to industry and peace. To the effete society of Turkey they will impart new blood and new strength. In a material point of view they are more likely to gain than to lose by the sacrifice, so intrepid and so grand, of the country which, in their own touching language, "has been their home since the creation of the world."

As a merely political event affecting present relations, the depopulation of a country so barbarous and so distant has little significance for Europe, and no interest whatever to America. But, as throwing further light upon the character and aims of Russian policy, it deserves to be studied and to be remembered.

With other nations, ancient as well as modern, the development has been natural; with Russia, it is artificial. With other nations, it has been accidental, as it were, and unconscious; with Russia, it is conscious and by system. After a thousand years of ignorance and of apathy, the Slavic tribes find themselves the subjects of a great empire, face to face with the enlightenment as well as with the tumult of Europe. The people are barbarous, and therefore they respect force. They are bigoted, and therefore they worship the ruler who embodies also their religion. In the hands of able statesmen, by the help of institutions skilfully adapted to their condition, this vast mass, as discordant as it is rude, is slowly taking the form of a centralized and aggressive state.

But in order, while it develops its own resources, to introduce the civilization of Europe, Russia must have a path of its own to the south. It is this imperious necessity, guiding the ambition it stimulates, which for more than a century has dictated alike its treaties and its wars. It is in this necessity that the explanation is to be found both of the depopulation of Poland and the exodus of the Circassians. Slowly, if it cannot be quickly, by force, if it cannot be by persuasion, but by all means and at any cost of treasure or of blood,—by ceaseless oppression and by remorseless cruelties,—the lands and the races which stand between Russia and its gigantic schemes are to be Russianized or wasted.

Surely there is something awful in the contemplation of such a policy. For the moment the future of Europe falls into the hands of Russia, there is an end of its progress,—its career is over. But, apart from any considerations of humanity or of right, it may be questioned whether the process by which Russia is endeavoring to work out the problem of its greatness is not as false in reality as it is delusive in appearance, leading in the end to the overthrow of the very plans it contemplates. In spite of all that has been written of their corruption and their cruelty, the Roman Emperors never violated those principles

of autonomy and of tolerance by which alone subject states can be honorably reconciled and permanently retained. Unlike that of the Czar, the empire of Rome never attempted to reduce the world it aspired to embrace to one monotonous uniformity enforced and maintained by the sword. Rome was wiser than Russia, yet Rome passed away.

But whether upon states as upon men there comes at last a retribution for wrong, it is needless to discuss. Contemplating her course not as moralists merely, but in the light of that large philosophy which draws from all the sources of human experience the rules for the government of men, we cannot but see that Russia is making a mistake, which will sooner or later show itself in dangerous, if not fatal, consequences.

If Mr. Lowell's new book* were the work of a young man, and with his foot on the first round of the tedious ladder of literary renown, we should call it promising, and expect better things from the maturity of its author. Graceful it is certainly, and something more; it shows tender feeling and delicate humor, a quiet perception and hearty enjoyment of out-of-the-way people and of the peculiar traits of everyday people, to an extent which few books of travel can equal. Its sentiment is healthy, its retrospection cheerful, its memory discriminating. Still it is like the book of a young man. The paper on "Cambridge Thirty Years Ago" is the only portion of it which would indicate to any reader unacquainted with the author's name that he might possibly have passed middle age; and even here there is this peculiarity, that the style seems at wide variance with the subject. The style is brisk, not flowing; with the flash of wit oftener than the glow of humor, and the wit itself seeming not always to kindle without some poking. There are, however, some charming pictures in this little essay, — pictures, for instance, of Mr. Allston, Dr. Kirkland, and others less easily recognized though not less carefully drawn.

With the exception of this paper, the book is made up of reminiscences of travel, partly on the waters and shores of Moosehead Lake, but for the most part of Italian travel. And here let us qualify what we said of the apparent youthfulness of this book, so far as to admit that it needed both the skill of a veteran *littérateur* and the boldness of a famous one to print a piece of European journal, after the flood of books which have described with infinite variety of minuteness the doings of six months, three months, thirty days, and we know not how much less, of this fascinating toil. 'Tis like printing another Life of Napoleon. But Mr. Lowell's is a model diary, and as we jog contentedly along with him in the company of his not very mysterious friend Storg, and their guide Leopoldo, over the mountains and through the ravines about Tivoli and Subiaco, the whole freshness and flavor of that delightful travel come back to us, and we lose all taste for criticism amid the crowding memories of the days when we too trod those moun-

* Fireside Travels. By James Russell Lowell. Boston. 1864.

tain roads, and heard the nightingale at sunset among the ruins of Tusculum and Falerii, or, in one glorious and crowded day, climbed the steep ridge of the promontory which divides the Gulf of Salerno from the Bay of Naples, and looked backward upon Amalfi and forward over Sorrento and the white circlet of cities which binds the flashing waters of the loveliest bay in the world. In such temper we drop our pen and exclaim, Stupid indeed must he be who cannot be entertaining when he writes of Italy! Mr. Lowell is certainly not stupid, and is pretty sure to be entertaining, whatever he writes. But he would be quite as much so with less effort at smartness. Why, for instance, should he make his friend Story, — to whom with a taste as true as his friendship he dedicates the volume, — why should he make his friend ridiculous by parading him before the eyes of an admiring public as “the Edelmänn Storg”? The frequent repetition of the name forbids us to consider it, what at first sight it would seem to be, an absurd misprint; and as a disguise it is about as efficient as the boyish device of spelling backward.

Mr. Lowell seems likely to end where most writers begin. At one-and-twenty, his literary promise was brighter than that of any rival, and was not merely the promise of a brilliant and cultivated intellect, but also and equally of a vigorous and earnest reformer, with the heartiest contempt for Mrs. Grundy, and a perfect willingness to sacrifice ease to the love of truth and of truth-speaking. At forty-five, his literary efforts are confined to an occasional magazine or review article, or to the reprinting of fugitive papers like those of this little volume of travels. The principles which he advocated with such warmth of enthusiasm at the beginning of his career he still advocates, but the enthusiasm has disappeared, and the generous and hot indignation is sometimes replaced by a sarcastic bitterness, which, even when attacking the old enemies, leaves room for an occasional sneer at the old friends. So true it is, as Bacon says, that “the counsels of youth stream more divinely.”

Mr. Lowell writes no more poetry. That bright and sparkling fountain is dry. Of this we must not complain, but we may at least, regretting what seems to us a complete abdication of his old position as one of the earliest and ablest of the leaders of the literary class in America, pray him to lose no time in resuming the place which would be so gladly accorded him by a people whose hearts were touched and elevated by his words almost a generation ago.

POETRY AND FICTION.

How marked are the differences between the new volume of the Laureate and the “*Dramatis Personæ*” of Mr. Browning!* They show why the former draws his pipe of wine, or the commutation thereof, from the British Treasury; while the other still supplies him-

* Enoch Arden, &c. By ALFRED TENNYSON, D. C. L., Poet Laureate.

Dramatis Personæ. By ROBERT BROWNING. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

self at the vintner's. Simplicity and level sentiment, a fine and noble vein, characterize the Laureate. Mr. Browning is not less fine and noble, but he has a subtilty which loves to set forth exceptional moods and characters. He does truly set them forth, notwithstanding that his style is so chary of words, his sentences so clipped of expletives and the ordinary conjunctive helps to the reader. Tennyson gives you his plain roast and boiled. A baron of beef always heads his board. Browning puts up his pemmican, and you sometimes find it troublesome to force the can. But an ounce of it nourishes the brain all day. You can travel on it like Peruvian Indians on their coca. He does not involve or swathe his thought, so that, after undoing furlongs of wrappers, you find a mummy, very well kept and entirely superfluous. But he dreads lest his thought should be concealed in a dilution of words, so that the reader would have to swim to take it in, with mouth wide open, as a whale swims a league to get his lunch of squids. Neither does Mr. Tennyson dilute his rare and gentle feeling, but it is detached from him in equable pulsations, and does not leap in concentrated sparks. Mr. Browning's emotion accumulates till the act of expression is like the return of electric fluid to an equilibrium. Similes of half a page, closely packed, flash to their period. Nervous lines are the boiling down of an ordinary paragraph. And when this subtile action does not move, as it often disdains to do, upon the ordinary meridians of the earth's surface, but follows aerial currents, both panting time and readers toil after him in vain. Is it that there is too little time, or not enough of the reader? The insinuation is excusable, since Mr. Browning has written things that are cherished by a great and ever increasing audience that loves manliness, sincerity, and power.

In reading Mr. Browning one often misses a precious thought, or a very delicate and subtile fancy, because the attention flags from its last effort. In climbing the steep face of a cliff, one does not notice the first time all the flowers. In reading Mr. Tennyson, rare places are slipped over by accident, their style is so smooth and so unobtrusive. A waft of something sweet and healthy just makes you turn back, and the violet couches in the grass, not hid nor unwilling to be gathered. "Enoch Arden" and "Aylmer's Field" are full of these meadow glories. They have so little trouble and make so little parade in growing, that the reader does not always think to stoop. If he goes striding on, as the fashion is in modern books, he misses star-shaped and lightly tinted petals that nod on slender stems.

Yet what a powerful and manly pen he can hold, to depict the injury which the proud do to the lowly, to set forth his indignation at the brutality of class feeling and the heartlessness of an old society. Read the sermon in "Aylmer's Field." It has the sombre glow and movement of a chapter of Isaiah. You are obliged at length to sympathize with the guilty couple at whom it is levelled, as they cower in their pew and seem to be seeking shelter.

"Enoch Arden" is most gracefully and tenderly written. It embodies a story of real life, which was told to Mr. Tennyson by one of his friends. Philip Ray, the miller's son, and Enoch Arden, a sailor's or-

phan lad, as they grow up with a playmate, Annie Lee, learn to love her. Enoch proffers his suit at last, but Philip keeps his love concealed. Enoch must needs go to sea after his marriage. Ten years pass without his return, and Annie believes at length that he is lost. Then Philip gently offers love and protection, is at last accepted, and they are living tranquilly together when Enoch returns, overlooks their joy, but soon dies forbearing to disturb it. The story has the delicate and noble traits which Tennyson loves.

Of the smaller poems, the best appear to us to be "The Grand-mother," "The Voyage," and "The Sailor Boy." The feeling is true and simple, and the words are so choicely mated with it, that they pleasantly surprise and satisfy. His words and phrases are inevitable; a change in them could not be contrived that would not damage the meaning they convey.

"AZARIAN" * is the story of a brilliant, facile, and heartless young man, who has inspired a profound affection in a girl, and keeps her, with a little pitiful love and a great deal of pride, dangling after him, till she learns, by accident, that he has no real need of her. She escapes from the thralldom, is befriended by a magnanimous actress whom she had cast off to please his caprice, goes to Europe, returns, and is seen by him through a window, when her tranquil countenance punishes his pride. It ought not to be called an Episode, for the events neither demand nor suggest continuance. It is a sketch, but not worked out with free and delicate touches. Half as many words would have told the whole. Words less flamboyant would have served the modest purpose better. The writer has wasted a whole palette of colors on her little adventure. It is, both in crudeness and prodigality, as if she had prepared to paint scenes by the acre, but was pressed for time, and crowded all her colors, to save them, into a panel.

There is a fatal luxury of words for tinting, staining, embossing, be-gemming; in effect there is a good deal of besmearing. Such fancy, such an eye for shades, hues, tones, moods, and lights, and such facility of expression, needs a great deal of training, severe renunciation, a long period of studious silence, before the undoubted genius of this writer will gain chaste and noble outlines. She has many gifts; they are scarce among writers, and deserve to be reverently trained.

"EMILY CHESTER" † is more than an ordinary novel. Its excellences and faults are peculiar, and show the writer to be a person of unquestionable genius and insight. The interest of the story grows out of the singular psychological relations of the principal characters. There is no relief of by-play; no lesser personages move across the stage and interrupt the painful progress of the drama; no gay flash of wit, no repartee, lights up the sombre picture; there is not even the form of a

* Azarian: an Episode. By HARRIET E. PRESCOTT. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Emily Chester. A Novel. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1864. 12mo.

plot ; nothing happens unexpectedly, in fact nothing happens at all, yet the story is one of absorbing interest, and, whatever faults it has, dullness is certainly not one of them. The only important event is the marriage of the heroine ; and the desolation and despair which follow are inevitable, — inevitable, because they do not result from outward circumstances, but from the conflict of natures inherently inharmonious.

Emily Chester is a girl of vigorous intellect, great clearness of perception, and delicate but healthy nervous organization. Like all heroines, she is beautiful, — of a grand and lofty beauty, according with her character. It is her misfortune to become, in early life, an object of passionate devotion to a man with whom she has great intellectual sympathy, but from whom she experiences an absolute physical repulsion. At a time of great weakness and prostration she marries him, but with renewed physical strength this feeling of repulsion returns with added force, and continues until her death. Frederick Hastings, the only other character of importance, is a friend of Emily's early and happy years, and an entire contrast to her husband. Graceful, accomplished, and amiable, a perfect gentleman in spirit and life, he is entirely agreeable to her, and her nature gladdens in his presence like a flower in the sunshine. Max Crampton, the husband, meets her intellectual needs ; Frederick Hastings fulfils the cravings of her heart ; but she loves neither, refusing the latter from a consciousness that he could not satisfy her mental wants.

And here we take issue with our author. A novel must be true to life and nature ; and the deeper it goes to the heart of the common experience, the more absolute are our demands upon its truthfulness. That our heroine should entertain for this person the sentiments which are described, should unfold into new grace and gladness in his presence, and not be tempted to the weakness of falling in love, taxes the likelihood of fiction. A girl of warm, rich nature, like Emily Chester, in the flush of youth, will hardly leave to her intellect so large a share in these decisions, or coolly reserve her love for an ideal person, who shall be mentally and morally the exact complement of herself. Life goes on, we are glad to believe, after a more spontaneous fashion than this. A thoroughly devout and religious tone pervades this book ; indeed the three principal characters are so ruled by lofty principle, that they tread the dizzy edge of temptation more safely than is altogether natural. Emily's aversion to her husband never becomes hatred, and never prevents a grateful, admiring regard for him. Max Crampton's stormy passions and iron will never tempt him to take revenge for his bitter disappointment in any unworthy act. His love and tenderness for his wife strengthen and brighten to the end. And Frederick Hastings, whose affection for Emily exceeds in devotion and warmth what most men call love, is, after her marriage, always the friend, never the lover. The subject, with all its difficulties, has been managed with wonderful skill, and if this is, as has been represented, the first book of an unpractised writer, it abounds in brilliant and remarkable promise. It opens in a terse and vigorous style, and the strong, even flow of the narrative gives an impression of great power.

MISCELLANEOUS.

We have, in the pleasant and handsome volume reprinted from perhaps the ablest of the London weeklies,* almost every quality we have a right to look for in such a series, except the final and essential one. We have quiet good temper, some little humor, fair knowledge of the world, agreeable illustration of its dozen or two points of the minor morals of society, occasionally something really suggestive and fresh, as in the Essay on "Hugger-Mugger"; but we have them all without that skill and felicity of workmanship which alone would seem to justify their separate publication. As papers written with current pen, ready each against the inevitable hour, and to be paid for, like so much merchandise, by the bulk, they are certainly of unusual merit. But we claim that, in a volume of "Essays," the public has a right to expect something different and something more, — point and concentration at least, if not brilliancy and wit. In practice, we have found the reading of these papers improved by omitting, on the average, two pages at the beginning, and skipping two sentences out of three of the remainder. But this is not a grateful process; and we wish that author or editor could have done it for us. In an age running so much to looseness and haste of literary composition, we insist that an author in this kind cannot be held to too severe and exact a standard.

MR. TAYLOR's book on Thackeray† is the result, in about equal proportions, of a desire to hoist a sail in a breeze of popular interest, and to record personal feelings and recollections. There is consequently too much of the book-making and too little of the memorizing. Not enough material was at hand in time to make a selling book. But what material there is would serve a good purpose in the hands of a man who meant deliberately to present the character of Mr. Thackeray. It is very loosely put together, like a parcel of notices collected from newspapers, and is defaced with a frontispiece representing a British father making a maudlin speech at a hymeneal breakfast, which does not materially illustrate the subject of the book. It is well enough to have the engraving of Mr. Thackeray's house and a fac-simile of his handwriting. But by this time the book has sold and is almost forgotten.

THE name of Isaac Disraeli still holds a respectable rank in English literature. Two or three of his works may be found in every well selected library, and are regarded with equal favor by persons of the most various literary tastes. Yet it is long since we have had an American edition of his writings; and Mr. Veazie has rendered an acceptable service by commencing a republication of them in a convenient and beautiful form. To his elegant edition of the "Curiosities of Literature,"

* Essays on Social Subjects. Reprinted from the [London] Saturday Review. Boston: Ticknor and Fields.

† Thackeray, the Humourist and the Man of Letters. By THEODORE TAYLOR, Esq. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1864.

which appeared four or five years ago, he has now added one not less beautiful of the "Amenities of Literature,"* — to be followed, we hope, by a reprint of Disraeli's other principal productions. The "Amenities" was the last of its author's works, and in its original design it was intended to furnish a comprehensive survey of the history of English literature. But when its composition was begun, Disraeli was well advanced in life, and his failing eyesight soon compelled him to relinquish his first plan, and to publish only some disconnected observations on the principal writers and some of the principal periods embraced in it. Accordingly, the book has the same fragmentary character which belongs to nearly everything that he did. This, however, can scarcely be regretted; for Disraeli possessed neither the exhaustive knowledge of his subject, the analytical skill, nor the judicial habits of mind, needful for the proper performance of the task which he proposed to himself. As a History of English Literature, his book would not have been such a work on the subject as we have the right to demand from any one who undertakes to write upon it, and his volumes would probably have fallen at once into the same abyss which has swallowed up his ponderous "Commentaries on the Life and Reign of Charles I."; but in the form in which we now have the fruits of his labors, there is much of the charm that every one finds in the "Curiosities." In a word, the book, though fragmentary, is a rich magazine of curious and recondite facts and genial criticism, with many passages of genuine eloquence, and with none of the marks of decaying strength, either in the style or the thought.

Disraeli is not always a safe guide: mistakes as to facts, and unsound criticisms, are not infrequent, and his reputation has already begun to decline. But no one who wishes to make himself familiar with the course of English literary history can afford to neglect these writings, from a belief that they have been superseded; and, for a leisure hour, or in weariness and ill-health, we know nothing of the kind which affords pleasanter or more instructive reading.

In 1863, Mr. Blanchard Jerrold made a minute and careful inquiry into the condition of the poor of Paris, the result of which he has just given to the world under the affected title of "The Children of Lutetia."* His special object was to ascertain the character and extent of the operations of the *Assistance Publique*, with a view to the introduction into England of such forms of charity as might have been found by experience practical and useful in France. But the various information which he acquired as to the social condition of the artisans and tradesmen of Paris is not less interesting than the details of poverty which

* Amenities of Literature, consisting of Sketches and Characters of English Literature. By ISAAC DISRAELI. A new Edition, edited by his Son, the Right Hon. B. DISRAELI, Chancellor of her Majesty's Exchequer. Boston: William Veazie. 1864. 2 vols. Small 8vo. pp. 419, 453.

† The Children of Lutetia. By BLANCHARD JERROLD, Author of "The Life of Douglass Jerrold," "Imperial Paris," "The French under Arms," "The Poor of Paris," "Signals of Distress," etc. In two volumes. London: Sampson Low, Son, and Marston. 1864.

he accumulated, bearing directly as it does, if in a larger way, upon the whole problem and evil of pauperism. For it is always to be borne in mind, that poverty is not less the effect than the cause of evil. If you systematically assist one half of the workmen of a great capital like Paris, as Mr. Jerrold affirms is done, you fall into the danger of demoralizing its whole poor, as well as of breeding a race of hereditary paupers, which M. Simon asserts to be already the result of the general system of French charity.

There are ten thousand paid officials employed in Paris in the distribution of alms; the Bureau de Bienfaisance deals with ninety thousand persons in a state of positive indigence; yet seventy thousand persons rise in the morning not knowing where they shall rest at night, or get a crust of bread during the day. And it is a striking fact, that the rate of increase of the population has decreased since the beginning of the present century, although, from the greater regard paid to the laws of health, human life appears to be worth ten years more purchase. By a fatal law, which no device of statecraft and no discovery of science has been able as yet to counteract, the more you give, the more need there is of giving. It is not how much, but how little, you need give, that is really the question. In England the state compels those who have money to assist those who have not, and the result is an aggregate of pauperism and misery unknown in any other civilized nation. In France there is no direct tax, we believe, for the support of the poor, but there are vast state endowments and ceaseless private contributions, and the result appears to be that the state adopts the children of those who decline the burden of offspring, and furnishes the parents with soup.

But as against the evils which always spring up in the pathway of charity, it is instructive to observe the civilizing agencies which the administration of it in Paris brings to bear upon the poor. Its first lesson and its last lesson is the value and dignity of human life. It takes gently into its lap the babe flung into the streets, and smooths reverently the pillow of decrepid or friendless age. By an organization as complete in its details as it is delicate in its working, the benevolence of the state is allied with that of individuals, and both are brought to bear, with a courtesy at once beautiful and affecting, upon every form of suffering, and upon many forms of sorrow. For promptness, also, and thoroughness, there is probably no organization for the relief of the poor which can be compared with that of Paris, with which, it may be added, the richer and educated classes, the ladies of the *salons* as well as the idlers of the Boulevards, as Mr. Jerrold was glad to discover and to witness, are ever ready and ever eager to co-operate. It is a frequent complaint, that the age is material in its tendencies; doubtless it is; but one has only to compare the Paris of 1863, as Mr. Jerrold found it, with the Paris of 1789, as any historian will describe it, to perceive that the problem of pauperism is to be solved, not by dogmas which theology frames in one age to be derided in the next, but by food which can be eaten, and by air which can be breathed. The Greek civilization had no word for paupers; the Roman Empire died of pauperism. Christianity put a new face upon the world when it

taught the duty and the holiness of charity. Yet no one can have traced the workings of organized Christian benevolence without a painful conviction of its general insufficiency to remedy the evils with which it grappled. With its early ascetic tendency, it was not to be expected that Christianity should have much regard for the body, if it could save the soul without it. But a profounder appreciation of spiritual truth, keeping pace with the increasing enlightenment of the age, has wrought a change in the popular ideas of matter. The intimate, if mysterious, connection of body and soul, is forcing its way as a fact, if one may say so, in religion.

Catholicism built itself up on ignorance, and Protestantism on knowledge. Yet by one of those apparent contradictions which are ever presenting themselves in human affairs, it is from Catholic France that the world is getting this day its best lessons, not merely in the administration of charity, but in the conception of its character and the adjustment of its relations. The anomaly, however, if such it may be said to be, arises from political causes. Limited in territory, with a compact but not increasing population, France cannot afford to be encumbered with waste material. Unskilled labor is a dead weight. It is only by its industrial and military talent, by its artistic genius, and its scientific training, that it can hold its place as the foremost state in Europe. And the light which Mr. Jerrold has thrown upon the hidden mechanism of French society constitutes in this respect an interesting feature in his valuable work.

"THE MAORI KING" * is the story of the needless and disgraceful war waged lately with such difficulty upon the natives of New Zealand. Some of the English settlers desire the extermination of the Maoris, a brave, generous, improvable race. All these traders and farmers, without exception, rejoice to have the expenditures of a considerable army, improving trade and multiplying profits. A few do not see any other way out of the inextricable confusion caused by frequent change of governors and government policy than the sword. The very initial step of the English government, according to its own Commissioner, Mr. Gorst, was wrong. By the present of a blanket to every man professing to be a chief, it induced the Maoris to surrender the sovereignty over their lands to the Queen of England, with the right to buy land of any person willing to sell. Many chiefs did not sign at all, and many who did sign were not chiefs, as the foundation of all the troubles, and the surety of their continuance, is the general lawlessness which leaves every Maori very much his own master, the originator, judge, and executioner of law. Since that period, 1840, the British government did next to nothing to make its sovereignty felt, next to nothing to civilize those amongst whom English families were coming to reside. Then the natives, alarmed by British encroachments, and provoked at large tracts of territory being sold to the foreigners by those who were not the real owners, set up a sovereign of

* *The Maori King*. By J. E. GORST. London: Macmillan & Co. 1864.

their own, prepared to defend him by force of arms, and evinced no little bravery, resolution, and sagacity. The whole difficulty could have been easily settled at the beginning. But the provincial authorities committed the fatal mistake of despising the natives; more than that, they were at conflict among themselves, and the home government was chiefly felt in unsettling questions which had once been settled in New Zealand, displacing officials who had won general confidence, and legislating as if it understood everything where nothing but the residence of years could enable one to judge at all. So that Buckle's theory of the superior race destroying the inferior, when brought freshly in contact with it, seems destined to another, we may hope a last illustration, along the Wakori River.

THE same work which Henry Colman did years ago on a grand scale to make Americans familiar with the immense advancement of English agriculture, Elihu Burritt has done in a lively volume of "Notes by the Way,"* detailing most interesting and successful experiments of various kinds in making barren land and even mountain streams productive, improving the breeds of animals, and raising the character of the English peasantry. The seven hundred miles from south to north were really done on foot, nothing of interest by the way was neglected, the common people told their own story by the chimney-corner of the village-inn, and a vast amount of interesting matter for all classes is given in the learned blacksmith's spirited way. No man could have done this better than our friend Burritt; whom ten years' philanthropic labors in Great Britain had made universally known, whose hands had been hardened at the same humble toil that he was preparing to report to the world, whose sympathy with struggling industry no one could doubt, whose hope of the better time coming shines brightly through every cloud, even the immense consumption of beer by the besotted farmers of England.

Many of the details given must be new to general readers;—the fish-farming upon the river Tay, for instance, where twenty-five wooden troughs laid so as to be fed from a mill-race hatch salmon enough to make the river produce at least two hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth of fish annually, by a process which seems to be simplicity itself, and which is copied as far away as Australia. Several of these benefactors of the public are new names on this side of the water;—the Quaker Cruickshank, for instance, who early conceived the idea of utilizing the cold and unfertile county of Aberdeen by raising a superior race of short-horn cattle; and who now possesses the finest herd in the world, whose hardy progeny are bought at great prices and carried all over the earth, to the real benefit of mankind and the substantial profit of the raiser. The largest measure of praise in the volume is bestowed upon the late Jonas Webb, who turned the stony, water-soaked acres of Dartmoor into immensely productive

* Walk from London to John O'Groat's. By ELIHU BURRITT. London: Sampson Low. 1864.

grainfields through the agency of liquid manure; and whose breeds of sheep are now grazing on our own prairies, on the steppes of Russia, the vast plains of Australia, and all over Europe. Nor is the Miller of Houghton forgotten, who devoted the princely income of his mills to making those around him happy by making them good, holding public festivals for children, and generously aiding every religious enterprise.

If material for the life of a saint can anywhere be found in this nineteenth century, it will certainly be in the *Journal of Eugénie de Guérin*.* No record of Catholic piety and self-sacrifice gives a more exquisite picture of human and divine love blended, than this record of a life spent almost wholly in obscurity and in the narrow round of domestic duties. We know not which most to admire,—the devotion of this sister to her brother, or the devotion of this soul to God. The *Journal* is a long record of self-communion, intended for no eye but that of the dear brother; yet the love that flows out in it is a gushing love, which no words can measure and no bounds can contain. She loves this brother, as Jesus loved his brethren, “unto the end”; and even beyond the end, for when Maurice is dead she keeps a *Journal* for him “in heaven,” and the affection never wanes or falters. Her *faith* is like that of Saint Catherine or Saint Theresa, as deep, as burning, as blessed, as aspiring, yet there are no vague raptures, no mysticism, no morbid self-reproaches;—she is always happy in her belief and in her prayer. Her fervor of confession never betrays her into fanaticism, and the zeal is not merely tempered by charity, but all infused with this beautiful grace. There is not a harsh word in all the volume, toward man or beast, toward rival or sinner. The meditations on death are cheerful, and their sadness is only an autumn garb of beauty.

It is creditable to the French Academy that a work of this kind, which has neither fine writing, nor profound thought, nor scientific precision, nor pretension of any kind, which only reveals the wealth of a simple, devout, and loving soul, should receive its prize of honor; that these wise men of our age should allow to the almost mediæval faith of a credulous maiden, who found such virtue in masses and confessions, and believed most firmly in healing by miracle, the reverence of their suffrages, because she had loved so much. Such a book as this will go far to convince the sceptical that the “lives of the saints,” as they are called, are not wholly mythical, and that there is no exaggeration in the stories of devotees. It will be a better argument for the Catholic Church than the logic of an orderly succession, or the charm of an imposing ritual. In all our reading of memoirs, we have rarely found so fascinating a book.

THE Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Congresses are justly charac-

* Eugénie de Guérin, *Journal et Fragments*, publiés avec l'Assentiment de sa Famille. Par G. S. TREBUTIEN, Conservateur-adjoint de la Bibliothèque de Caen. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Française. Neuvième Édition. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1864. 12mo. pp. xii., 449.

terized by Senator Wilson * as witnessing the inauguration of a new era in our national councils, namely, the era of Antislavery Legislation. "For nearly two generations, the slave-holding class, into whose power the government early passed, dictated the policy of the nation." This class, whose aggressive policy had been persistently urged, at last retired from Congress at the signal of the Rebellion, and the half-century of *Slavery* legislation came to an abrupt close. Then the band of devoted men, who had resolutely but almost fruitlessly opposed the encroaching tide of slavery, commenced a series of Antislavery measures, which will render ever memorable the Congresses of 1861 - 65.

In the volume in question, the Senator has done a good work by presenting in chronological order these several measures, showing the form of the original bills, the various amendments, presenting the course of the debate, the several votes upon the bills, and such other detail as serves to give the reader at a glance an intelligent understanding of these remarkable enactments. The principal measures thus considered are, Slaves used for War Purposes made Free; Fugitive Slaves not to be returned by Persons in the Army; The Abolition of Slavery in the District of Columbia; President's Proposition to aid States in the Abolition of Slavery; The Prohibition of Slavery in the Territories; Hayti and Liberia; Education of Colored Youth in the District of Columbia; Colored Soldiers; Amendment of the Constitution; Repeal of the Fugitive Slave Laws; Pay of Colored Soldiers; A Bureau of Freedmen; Reconstruction of Rebel States; The Coastwise Slave-Trade; Confinement of Colored Persons in Washington Jail.

Two things must especially impress the reader of this volume. One is the pertinacity, the venom, and the utter disregard to the logic of events, with which these measures were opposed in every stage of their progress; and the other is the elevated tone generally assumed in their advocacy. It is not alone that the friends of freedom in both houses no longer scrupled to call things by their right names, nor hesitated to arraign the former one-sided legislation of their body as the cause of present disasters, but, abandoning often the customary grounds of expediency and immediate public good, the passage of these bills is urged on grounds of pure justice and abstract right, as something the nation owes, not only to a long-suffering and much-abused race, but to itself and to humanity. The contrast between these lofty sentiments, which acquire an intensity of conviction from the events of the past four years, and the narrow, selfish, and often brutal and indecent character of the opposition, is vastly significant.

The service done by the Senator, in thus placing in juxtaposition the temper and spirit of the two classes, causing them to testify of themselves, is only second in importance to that rendered by giving us in a clear and connected form the *facts* as to the legislation already accomplished, and showing what remains to be done.

* History of the Antislavery Measures of the Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth United States Congresses. By HENRY WILSON. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 1864.

WE had been in the habit of regarding Mr. Herbert Spencer as fairly enough ranked, in the general apprehension, with Comte and the "Positivist" School, although an independent thinker, differing very widely in details from the comparatively elementary and rude form of the doctrine announced by Comte. This general judgment is not, indeed, contradicted by his recent curious pamphlet; * though we own to a little surprise at the clear, definite, and numerous statements of a difference, which Mr. Spencer considers so radical, as to make his only relation to the French philosopher that of an opponent, differing profoundly on all fundamental doctrines, save those which we inherit in common from the past. We cannot follow him in his enumeration, which is extremely interesting and instructive; but we do him no more than justice in repeating and recognizing his claim to a position wholly independent, if not radically hostile. The essay on the Classification of the Sciences, which makes the body of the pamphlet, deserves careful study, as unquestionably the most complete analysis yet given. As a curiosity of diction, we have observed in this little work a percentage of words of un-English origin as high as thirty-eight. This we consider to be near the extreme limit of pardonable style.

WE hope to present in January the result of a careful examination of the new edition of Webster's Dictionary.† At present, we state only a few features of this great and admirable work: 1. The careful revision of the entire work, and especially the etymology, in the light of a recent scholarship; 2. Its typography, (wholly new,) a great improvement on its predecessors, in which the column of leading words is much more readily caught and followed by the eye; and, 3. The great fulness and value of its supplementary tables, including one, extremely curious and interesting, of noted characters, places, etc. in the world's literature of fiction and the drama. The number of pictorial illustrations is increased to something like three thousand. In the inevitable tendency to make a Dictionary into a condensed Encyclopædia, it is difficult to anticipate greater abundance and completeness than we find in this.

* The Classification of the Sciences; to which are added, Reasons for dissenting from the Philosophy of M. Comte. By HERBERT SPENCER. New York: D. Appleton & Co. pp. 48.

† A Dictionary of the English Language. By NOAH WEBSTER, LL.D. Springfield, Mass.: G. and C. Merriam. 4to. pp. 1840.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Life, Times, and Correspondence of James Manning, and the Early History of Brown University. By Reuben Aldridge Guild. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 8vo. pp. 522.

Life of Jean Paul Friedrich Richter, compiled from various Sources, preceded by his Autobiography. By Eliza Buckminster Lee. Third Edition. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 589. (A new edition of this standard and exquisite biography, uniform with the late beautiful issue of Richter's writings.)

Memoir of Mrs. Caroline P. Keith, Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church to China. Edited by her Brother, William C. Tenney. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo. pp. 392. (To be noticed.)

The American Conflict; a History of the Great Rebellion in the United States of America, 1860-64; its Causes, Incidents, and Results; intended to exhibit especially its Moral and Political Phases, with the Drift and Progress of American Opinion respecting Human Slavery from 1776 to the Close of the War for the Union. By Horace Greeley. Vol. I. Hartford: P. D. Case & Co. 8vo. pp. 648.

A Report of the Debates and Proceedings in the Secret Sessions of the Conference Convention for proposing Amendments to the Constitution of the United States, held at Washington, D. C., in February, A. D. 1861. By L. E. Chittenden, one of the Delegates. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 626.

History of the Peace; being a History of England from 1816 to 1854. With an Introduction, 1800 to 1815. By Harriet Martineau. Vols. I, II. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 455, 500. (A careful notice of this important and timely reprint will be given in January.)

POETRY.

Dramatis Personæ. By Robert Browning. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 262.

Poems of the War. By George H. Boker. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 12mo. pp. 202.

Poems by David Gray. With *Memoirs of his Life.* Boston: Roberts Brothers. 16mo. pp. 239. (To be noticed.)

The Poems, Sacred, Passionate, and Humorous, of Nathaniel Parker Willis. New York: Clark and Maynard. 24mo. pp. 370.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. New York: Clark and Maynard. 24mo. pp. 407.

Chimasia; a Reply to Longfellow's Theologian; and Other Poems. By Athos. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 12mo. pp. 96.

Poems by Bayard Taylor. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 32mo. pp. 419. (Blue and Gold.)

JUVENILE.

Walter's Tour in the East. By Daniel C. Eddy. *Walter in Damascus.* 18mo. pp. 220;

American History. By Jacob Abbott. Vol. VI. *Revolt of the Colonies.* 18mo. pp. 288;

The Florence Stories. By Jacob Abbott. *Florence's Return.* 18mo. pp. 252;

- The Child's Cotton Plant. (Illustrated.) pp. 16;
 Mamma's Talks with Charlie. Reported by Aunt Susan. 16mo. pp. 120. — New York: Sheldon & Co.
 The Young Crusoe; or, Adventures of a Shipwrecked Boy. A Story for Boys. By Dr. Hanley. (Illustrated.) Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 16mo. pp. 270.
 The Ocean Waifs; a Story of Adventure by Land and Sea. By Captain Mayne Reid. With Illustrations. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 366.
 Seaside and Fireside Fairies. Translated from the German of George Blum and Louis Wahl. By A. L. Wister. Philadelphia: Ashmead and Evans. 18mo. pp. 292. (In beautiful style, illustrated, green and gilt.)

EDUCATION, ETC.

Our World, or First Lessons in Geography, for Children. By Mary L. Hall. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 177. — (An accomplished teacher has, in this volume, done a very needful work. It tells children about the earth just what they ought to know, just what will keep their attention and remain in their memories and kindle their curiosity; and this in a manner which is not puerile, though simple and childlike. Natural wonders and historical associations are made to illustrate all the details of lands and seas; and though there is no direct moral instruction, there is an undertone throughout of charming sentiment. Everything about it is good, — the arrangement and balance of the parts, the style, and the spirit.)

1. Primary Geography. By F. A. Allen;
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Willson's Larger Speller, with Synonymes and Definitions. By Marcus Willson. New York: Harper and Brothers. pp. 168.

A Dictionary of the English Language. By Noah Webster, LL. D. Springfield, Mass.: G. & C. Merriam. 4to. pp. 1840.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do all to the Lord Jesus. A Sermon by Rev. E. B. Pusey, Canon of Christ Church, Oxford. Boston: E. P. Dutton. (Devout, practical, and excellent. Sold for distribution, at one cent a copy.)

Crusoe's Island; a Ramble in the Footsteps of Alexander Selkirk. With Sketches of Adventure in California and Washoe. By J. Ross Browne. New York: Harper and Brothers. 12mo. pp. 436.

Tit-Bits; or, How to Prepare a nice Dish at a moderate Expense. By Mrs. S. G. Knight. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 12mo. pp. 124.

Lindisfarn Chase. By T. Adolphus Trollope;

Not Dead Yet. By J. C. Jeafferson. — New York: Harper and Brothers.

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